Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

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THE PARAMOUNT ISSUE

COOLIDGE OR CHAOS

BY THE EDITOR

ONCE upon a time an obviously apposite and somewhat searching question was propounded to the richest man in the world. It was this:

"To what do you ascribe the unequalled success of your endeavors?"

Mr. Rockefeller looked meditatively across the lawn for a moment and then replied quietly and gravely:

"We never deceived ourselves."

It was a simple answer, but he seemed to consider it sufficiently comprehensive and said no more.

The most apt deduction of the present time, we should say, would be that there is deeper philosophy in business than in politics.

How dearly do our men of mystery, now termed Boards of Strategy, cherish illusions! Witness the confident assertions now being made by the representatives of the three candidates for President respecting the determination of approximately thirty millions of voters who will go to the polls two full months hence. Mr. Coolidge is to "sweep the country"; Mr. Davis is to "win in a walk"; even Mr. La Follette's prospective poll has increased from five millions to fifteen millions in a fortnight.

All this conforms strictly to political tradition. To strengthen the weak-hearted, to stiffen weak knees, to point the way to the

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wagon bearing the band—such are the purposes of the skillful directors, who hope thereby to sway the feeble-minded. It is an amusing and not wholly absurd custom. No serious harm can ensue unless—but mark you this—unless we "deceive ourselves". Therein lies peril. To underrate an adversary is no less foolish in politics than in war.

The simple truth is that never before in our history have there been fewer sound bases, either in popular psychology or in trustworthy information, upon which to rest an intelligent forecast of the result of the coming election.

A useful purpose, nevertheless, may be served, for reasons which shall be made manifest, by dispassionate examination of the situation as it exists today.

What would be the result if the election were to take place next week? To our mind the answer is plain. Neither Mr. Davis nor Mr. La Follette could be expected to win. Assuming that Mr. Davis's minimum of 139 electoral votes from the South were increased by 8 from West Virginia, 3 from Delaware, 8 from Maryland, 18 from Missouri, 8 from Nebraska, 3 from Nevada, 10 from Oklahoma, 15 from Indiana, 24 from Ohio and 13 from California—an incredible supposition—he would still lack a majority.

Mr. La Follette, whose highest hope is to reach second place, admittedly would have no chance of attaining to first.

The only question is, Could Mr. Coolidge obtain a clear majority over the two combined? Let us see. Conceding to him, as one might do safely at the present time, New England, the Middle States, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Utah and Oregon, he would secure 218 electoral votes. He would require, for a majority, 48 additional from the following aggregation of States:

Wisconsin	13	Montana	4
Minnesota	12	Wyoming	3
Iowa	13	Colorado	6
Missouri	18	New Mexico	3
North Dakota	5	Idaho	4
South Dakota	5	Arizona	3
Nebraska	8	Washington	7
Kansas	10	California	13
Oklahoma	10		

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Could Mr. Coolidge, *next week*, obtain 48 votes from this group of States? We doubt it.

In any case, whether our misgiving be correct or not, one fact stands forth as clear as the noonday sun. This campaign has resolved into a contest, not between the Republican party and the Democratic party, not between Coolidge and Davis, but between Coolidge and No Election.

That is the sole practical issue. A vote for Coolidge would be a vote for a President to be elected by the people. A vote for either Davis or La Follette would be (1) a vote for a President to be selected by a House of Representatives chosen two years ago; or (2) for a President to be designated first as Vice President by a Senate, of whose members thirty-two were elected six years ago; or (3) by a Secretary of State, for whom not a single vote for President would have been cast. Which of these three would actually be installed in the White House, in the event of no election, is a problem, which finds no solution in precedent and none that is clear in the Constitution and statutes.

The method of procedure, in the event of no candidate receiving a clear majority of electoral votes, is provided by the Twelfth Amendment to the Constitution, which reads as follows:

The electors shall meet in their respective States, and vote by ballot for President and Vice President, one of whom at least shall not be an inhabitant of the same State with themselves; they shall name in their ballots the person voted for as President, and in distinct ballots the person voted for as Vice President; and they shall make distinct lists of all persons voted for as President, and of all persons voted for as Vice President, and of the number of votes for each, which list they shall sign and certify, and transmit, sealed, to the seat of the Government of the United States, directed to the President of the Senate; the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and House of Representatives, open all the certificates, and the votes shall then be counted; the person having the greatest number of votes for President shall be the President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed; and if no person have such majority, then from the persons having the highest numbers, not exceeding three, on the list of those voted for as President, the House of Representatives shall choose immediately, by ballot, the President. But in choosing the President, the votes shall be taken by States, the representation from each State having one vote; a quorum for this purpose shall consist of a member or members from two-thirds of the States, and a majority of all the States shall be necessary to a choice. And if the House of Representatives shall not choose a President, whenever the right of

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choice shall devolve upon them, before the fourth day of March next following, then the Vice President shall act as President, as in the case of the death or other constitutional disability of the President. The person having the greatest number of votes as Vice President shall be the Vice President, if such number be a majority of the whole number of electors appointed, and if no person have a majority, then from the two highest numbers on the list the Senate shall choose the Vice President; a quorum for the purpose shall consist of two-thirds of the whole number of the Senators, and a majority of the whole number shall be necessary to a choice. But no person constitutionally ineligible to the office of President shall be eligible to that of Vice President of the United States.

Two instances of no choice by electors are recorded. The first was in 1800, three years before the Twelfth Amendment was adopted, and the second was in 1824. In each case the House of Representatives finally chose a President by a majority vote. Neither, therefore, affords a precedent for the prospective situation, which involves a virtual certainty that no one of the three candidates could obtain a clear majority of votes by States in the present House of Representatives, which would be called upon to make a choice.

Each State, as provided by the Twelfth Amendment quoted, would have one vote, and twenty-five would be requisite to a choice of one of the three candidates who had received the largest number of votes by electors.

The ballots in the House of Representatives as now constituted, making no allowance for possible deaths or resignations of members, would be as follows:

FOR MR. COOLIDGE

California
Colorado
Connecticut
Idaho
Illinois
Indiana
Iowa
Kansas
Maine
Massachusetts
Michigan
Minnesota
North Dakota
Ohio
Oregon
Pennsylvania
Rhode Island
South Dakota
Utah
Vermont
Washington
Wyoming

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FOR MR. DAVIS

Alabama	Nevada
Arizona	New Mexico
Arkansas	New York
Delaware	North Carolina
Florida	Oklahoma
Georgia	South Carolina
Kentucky	Tennessee
Louisiana	Texas
Mississippi	Virginia
Missouri	West Virginia

FOR MR. LA FOLLETTE

Wisconsin

EQUALLY DIVIDED

Maryland	New Hampshire
Montana	New Jersey

Nebraska

Totals: Coolidge, 22; Davis, 20; La Follette, 1; not counting, under the precedents established in 1800 and 1824, 5.

Mr. Coolidge would lack three of a majority, Mr. Davis five and Mr. La Follette twenty-four. The suggestion of a transfer, by the Farm *bloc*, of Wisconsin and four additional States from Mr. Coolidge to Mr. Davis, thus giving the latter the requisite twenty-five, may be disregarded. If the Democratic party had nominated a Radical for President, such transference would have been within the range of conjecture, but the fact that Mr. Davis, whom Mr. La Follette and his followers depict as "the Wall Street candidate," is vastly more offensive in their eyes than Mr. Coolidge, definitely eliminates the possibility. Nor is it conceivable that the Democrats would join with the recalcitrant Republicans in voting for Mr. La Follette.

Clearly, there could be no election of a President by the House of Representatives.

Simultaneously,—that is to say, on February 11 next, as provided by the Statutes,—while the House of Representatives would be balloting in vain for a President, the Senate would be

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the two officials as possible Presidents by succession. If the eligibility of the Vice President should be established and recognized, Mr. Bryan would be installed in the White House for a full term of four years. The accession of the Secretary of State, on the contrary, would be subject to the following proviso contained in the Act of 1886:

> Provided, That, whenever the powers and duties of the office of President of the United States shall devolve upon any of the persons (Secretary of State, et al.) named herein, if Congress be not then in session, or if it would not meet in accordance with law within twenty days thereafter, it shall be the duty of the person upon whom said powers and duties shall devolve to issue a proclamation convening Congress in extraordinary session, giving twenty days' notice of the time of meeting.

The implication of this proviso conveys the unmistakable intent of the statute that the Secretary of State should act as President *ad interim*, only, in the words of the statute, "until a President shall be elected," at a time and in a manner to be prescribed by the Congress, which he is charged to "convene in extraordinary session," presumably for that purpose.

The final determination of these legal points would lie unquestionably in the Supreme Court, but how the questions involved could be submitted to, and adjudicated by, that august body while the House of Representatives and the Senate still possessed authority to elect respectively a President and a Vice President, i.e., prior to noon of March 4, is a puzzle in court procedure, from which a layman, to say nothing of a lawyer, retreats in dismay.

The political situation would be less complex. We have set forth certain very practical reasons for the surmise that Senator La Follette and his associates would coöperate with the Democrats in electing Mr. Bryan Vice President. There is another that would appear to them as hardly less cogent. They are aware, of course, that no tenure of office is fixed for a Secretary of State and that consequently Mr. Hughes would continue to hold his present position, irrespective of the expiration of the term of President Coolidge, and, in the event of no election of either President or Vice President, might, and probably would, assume the duties of the Chief Magistracy, from which, even

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though serving only *ad interim*, he would exercise a large measure of control over subsequent proceedings.

Inasmuch as Mr. Hughes is also a Wall Street lawyer, between office-holdings, and quite as offensive in Mr. La Follette's eyes as Mr. Davis himself, it is hardly conceivable that the Radicals would hazard a possibility of his elevation to the Presidency for so much as a day.

Wherefore we are convinced that, in the event of no election, Governor Bryan would be chosen Vice President before March 4; that his title to the vacant Presidency, if challenged at all, would be confirmed, through broad construction of the fundamental law, upon the ground that the Constitution, like Nature, abhors a vacuum and never contemplated an empty chair at the head of the Government; and that on March 4, Vice President Bryan would be duly inaugurated President of the United States for a term of four years.

Even though, in the end, the outcome should be that anticipated, there could not fail to be, in the meantime, immeasurable confusion and utter chaos, with all attendant evils, the very recital of which would be little short of terrifying, spelling, in the grave words of Senator Borah, "as tragic a situation as, outside of actual war, could arise in a republic".

We conclude as we began:

Neither Davis nor La Follette can, at any time, win a majority of votes in the Electoral College.

It is doubtful if Coolidge could obtain a clear majority now or next week.

Looking to November then, the Paramount Issue is:

COOLIDGE OR CHAOS.

And Chaos spells Calamity.

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A CORRECTION

THE following communication was addressed by George Harvey to the Hon. George W. Wickersham, formerly Attorney General of the United States, on December 28, 1923:

I am somewhat mystified by a statement, in your interesting article in the current number of *Foreign Affairs*, to the effect that, in my speech in London on October 23, I declared that "the national American foreign policy is to have no foreign policy".

You naturally take exception to such an assertion and cite the "Monroe policy" as "the most notable" of "certain well-defined principles which have governed our international relations" and, in confirmation of your point, you refer to Secretary Hughes as having recently restated the Monroe policy as "a distinctively American policy."

"Evidently," you add, with perfect logic, tinctured with gentle irony, "our recent Ambassador to Great Britain is not in accord, on this point at least, with the opinion of the Secretary of State."

Undeniably this would be the fact if your premise were correct. It does not happen to be. What I really said was this:

"It is not unusual, especially in democracies, for a political Opposition to chide an existing Government for having 'no foreign policy'. The accusation is made frequently in my country of whatever Administration happens to be in power. But it has no basis in fact. The United States has a National policy with respect to foreign relations—a distinct and clearly defined policy, from which there has been no deviation in a century of time. . . .

"It is not, technically and precisely speaking, a National policy. It is an American principle. We are accustomed to refer to it as a doctrine—the Monroe Doctrine; it is really a dictum, the only dictum ever declared by a President of the United States, without legislative sanction, which possesses the full authority of fundamental and international law. . . .

"The Monroe Doctrine is no less sacred in our eyes now, when we are rich and powerful, than when we were poor and weak. It continues to be, in all its phases, the cornerstone of our National policy, and must be recognized and accepted as such in all international transactions."

These were my exact words, as they appear in the original manuscript, which lies before me, and as they were published in the London newspapers, copies of which I should be happy to send to you if you should care to examine them.

You will readily perceive that they comprehend the exact opposite of the phrase which you quote, namely, that "the American foreign policy is to have

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no foreign policy", and conform precisely with "the opinion of the Secretary of State".

Although the report upon which you based your misquotation seems not to have been carried by the Associated Press, I do not doubt for a moment, of course, that you regarded your information as authentic. Experience has taught me that hasty transmission by cable is responsible for many erroneous reports, but a complete reversal such as this account conveys is so rare that I should really like to know where it appeared. Nevertheless I do not consider the matter of sufficient importance to ask you to bother about it especially. The thought simply occurred to me, upon chancing upon the reference in *Foreign Affairs*, that you might like to avoid possible reiteration of an inadvertent misrepresentation.

In any case, any slight annoyance which I might, perhaps naturally, have felt is more than counterbalanced by the amusement which I derived from your kindly reminder, that "another American national policy, based upon Washington's farewell advice, has been to avoid 'entangling alliances'" and that "surely, Mr. Harvey can hardly have forgotten the changes rung upon this policy by him and those with whom he was associated in the conduct of the campaign against membership in the League of Nations."

Upon this point I can give you full assurance. Indeed, speaking with perfect candor, there have been times when I suspected that my recollection of the excellent admonition referred to was even more distinct and vivid than your own. But that is beside the mark.

Mr. Wickersham responded promptly, under the dates, December 31, 1923, and January 4, 1924, as follows:

I am much distressed to think that I should have misrepresented in my article in *Foreign Affairs* what you said in your London speech on October 23. I am not sure just what newspaper I had before me when I wrote. My impression is that it was *The New York Times*, a paper upon which I generally rely for accurate reports of speeches and communications of public men. The statement as I read it was just what I quoted and gave me a pointer for the article I then was thinking of.

Had what you quote from the manuscript you used been published, I never should have thought of using it in connection with the theme of my article. The next time I am where I can lay my hands on a file of newspapers I will endeavor to find the report from which I quoted.

Meantime I can only express my very great regret at having used an inaccurate report in commenting on your utterances. I will prepare a brief note and ask the Editors of *Foreign Affairs* to insert it in their next issue, so as to relieve you from the continued imputation of making the statement as quoted. Thank you for writing me.

Referring again to your letter of the 28th ultimo, I have now found the edition of *The New York Times* to which I referred in writing my article in

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Foreign Affairs. In its issue of October 24, 1923, the account of your London speech is given on pages 1 and 3. It does not quote your entire speech, as you will see, if you look at it. It makes quotations of various parts, and then occurs the paragraph to which I referred, which reads as follows:

"The Ambassador then said that the national American policy was to have no foreign policy. He discussed the Monroe Doctrine, which he incidentally declared was of American origin exclusively and absolutely and continues to this day a purely American principle," etc.

It is rather odd that the correspondent in transmitting it should have failed to quote just what you said, as you give it in your letter of the 28th ultimo, and attempted to summarize it so inaccurately, but you will readily understand from this how I read the communication.

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The first number of *Foreign Affairs* to appear following the above correspondence was published in March, 1924, and a second number was published in June, five months after the receipt of Mr. Wickersham's two letters. Neither contained any reference to the matter.

In view, therefore, of Mr. Wickersham's inability to persuade his associates to insert his brief note in correction of the misquotation, for whose publication they were responsible, conformably to the established custom of reputable public journals, the only course left to the one most concerned seems to lie in printing in this REVIEW the above letters and the portion of his speech bearing upon the subject mentioned, to wit:

THE AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY

It is not unusual, especially, in democracies, for a political Opposition to chide an existing Government for having "no foreign policy". The accusation is made frequently in my country of whatever Administration happens to be in power. But it has no basis in fact. The United States has a National policy with respect to foreign relations,—a distinct and clearly defined policy, from which there has been no deviation in a century of

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time. Indeed, as a circumstance not devoid of current interest, it was promulgated just one hundred years ago, come the second of December, when the event will be duly celebrated throughout the length and breadth of our land.

It is not, technically and precisely speaking, a National policy. It is an American principle. We are accustomed to refer to it as a doctrine,—the Monroe Doctrine; it is really a dictum, the only dictum ever declared by a President of the United States, without legislative sanction, which possesses the full authority of fundamental and international law. The Constitution is the chart and the Dictum is the compass of our Declaration of Independence. The three comprise a matchless whole in the development of modern civilization resembling the trilogies of antiquity. Each is unique, yet perfectly adapted to its respective purpose and closely related to the others. First appears recognition by the Declaration of inherent rights, then regulation by the Constitution of liberties attained and, finally, segregation by the Dictum of a hemisphere,—all essential to the preservation of political freedom throughout the New World.

The mere survival of these bold and original tenets of government, without material change, for so long a period of time affords sufficient evidence of the wisdom of the early statesmen of America. But that is not all. When we consider further the development of a few scattered colonies comprising barely three million souls into the mighty Republic of today, with more than a hundred millions sheltered by its flag, the outcome can be regarded as hardly less than one of the marvels of the world.

With the Declaration of Independence is associated the name of Thomas Jefferson; with the Constitution, that of James Madison; but both were composite documents, enriched and fortified by scores of minds working unjealously in unison to a common end.

So, too, with the great Dictum. It bears the name of James Monroe, as indeed it should, since its definite promulgation fell to his lot and rightfully yielded signal fame. But the records indicate plainly that he did not regard the pronouncement as his own when he made it. He spoke his own belief, truly, but also the beliefs of others and only after earnest consultation with his Cabinet.

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"Indeed," writes one competent historical authority, "if it had been his own decree or ukase, it would have been resented at home quite as vigorously as it would have been opposed abroad."

One misapprehension, however, should be dispelled. That is the impression conveyed by careless recorders of history that the principle is of European origin. Such is not the fact.

The Monroe Doctrine is of American origin exclusively and absolutely and continues to this day a purely American principle.

It has also become as distinctly a part of our fundamental law as if it had been written into the Constitution. Although lacking specific legislative sanction, the Congress has invariably taken its validity for granted and on more than one occasion has constructively reaffirmed it. Never, in point of fact, has a resolution or a measure bearing upon the Doctrine been even introduced in Congress except in support of it; never has there been one opposed to or questioning it. Every President, moreover, who has referred to it at all has reasserted it with steadily increasing emphasis.

It is sometimes urged that even though thus ingrained by usage in our fundamental law, it has never received formal acceptance by European Powers, and therefore cannot be regarded as holding international recognition. To which, the answer is that international law, like the English common law, is no more than precedent sanctioned by usage, "little more," in the words of Lord Chief Justice Russell, "than crystallized public opinion."

Applying the accepted test, we find that the principles underlying the Dictum are as old as our Government itself; that each of the Latin-American Republics has at some time adhered to it; that no European or Asiatic Power has ever formally protested it but rather, by acquiescence, has tacitly assented to it; and that, therefore, at this closing of a full century of its existence in enhanced strength and vigor, the United States is fully warranted in considering and upholding the Monroe Doctrine as a part of the modern international code of the civilized world.

And what precisely is this dictum of the United States, this unique possession of the Western Hemisphere? Its original scope and meaning may be stated simply in three parts:

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1. No more European colonies on the American continents; no interference with those already established, but no territorial expansion thereof.

2. No incorporation or extension of European political systems on the Western hemisphere.

3. No interposition by Europe in the political affairs of the American Republics; no participation by the United States in the political broils of Europe.

This is the living part of the Monroe Doctrine which confronts us today. It comprises two distinct pledges, of which each is the essential corollary of the other,—a fact which in logic and in morals constitutes the basis of the structure. In theory, as at the beginning, the one precept perfectly balances the other. But in practice we now observe for the first time a complete reversal of respective attitudes. A century ago and for long thereafter probable encroachment by Europe was a menace to America; the United States, with a total population of barely ten millions, boldly forbade it. Today the probability of interference has ceased to be even a possibility, in the face of an invincible hundred millions. Then, the only question considered by a European Power in contemplation of aggression in America was one of prospective profit and loss, rather than of success or failure. Now, the mere thought of such an undertaking would never enter the most adventurous of minds. Prescient, indeed, was the inspired Milton when, turning his sightless eyes to the West, he murmured:

"Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks: methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

To perceive in this remarkable vision our own Republic of today, is to indulge in no idle boast; it is merely to recognize what all the world knows to be the simple truth.

Reverse the picture. When our sagacious elder statesmen pledged, in return for their demand for "no interposition by Europe" in American politics, "no participation by the United States in the political broils of Europe," the great Powers on this side of the ocean could but smile indulgently at their pre-

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sumptuous tender of payment in kind so trifling as to be negligible. Of what value to them was such an offering? What had they to fear from a few ill-knit colonies thousands of miles away? What harm or what help could ever spring from a land so distant and so desolate?

What ill or good, indeed, then! But now! How marvelous is the transformation wrought by a short century of time! We have not changed. We keep our promises. We would not impose our will upon Europe or upon any part of Europe. And we shall not now or ever hereafter "participate in the political broils of Europe." Let that be understood.

The Monroe Doctrine is no less sacred in our eyes now when we are rich and powerful than when we were poor and weak. It continues to be, in all its phases, the cornerstone of our National policy, and must be recognized and accepted as such in all international transactions.

Does this involve or imply selfish aloofness from the trials and tribulations of the world, or unwillingness to help our friends? Not at all. Your own philosopher-poet expressed to perfection the American aspiration when he wrote, with that touch of genius which only Kipling now retains:

"Help me to need no aid from men,
That I may help such men as need."

More prosaically, but with no less sententious accuracy, our Secretary of State, Mr. Hughes, only the other day epitomized the same idea in even fewer words:

"Not isolation, but independence, is the cardinal principle of the Republic."

One further declaration I would add to complete the thought and emphasize the purpose. It is by President Coolidge. These are his words:

"The constant need of civilization is for a practical idealism which does not attempt to perform the impossible, which does not seek to reform merely by an act of legislation, thinking that it can unload its burden on the Government and be relieved from further effort; which does not undertake to assume responsibility for all humanity, but realizes that redemption comes only through

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DOWN TOWN ANNEX

sacrifice. It is this kind of practical idealism that is represented in the history of our country, a deep faith in spiritual things, tempered by a hard common sense adapted to the needs of this world. It has been illustrated in the character of the men who planted colonies in the wilderness and raised up States around the church and the schoolhouse; who bought their independence with their blood and cast out slavery by the sacrifice of their bravest sons; who offered their lives to give more freedom to oppressed peoples; and who went to the rescue of Europe with their treasure and their men when their own liberty and the liberty of the world was in peril, but when the victory was secure, retired from the field unencumbered by spoils, independent, unattached and unbought. Such has been the moral purpose that has marked the conduct of our country up to the present hour. The American People have never adopted and are not likely to adopt any other course."

Combine these three utterances, as set forth, the theory by Kipling, the principle by Hughes and the application by Coolidge, and you have the Monroe Doctrine, the American principle, unchanged and unchangeable by any President, any Congress, or any Court, for the simple reason that it is implanted in the will of the American people, who alone in the United States possess sovereign powers.

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LAW AND THE CHANGING ORDER

BY MARVIN B. ROSENBERRY

Justice of the Supreme Court of Wisconsin

MANY persons are profoundly disturbed by the development which our law has undergone during the period since the Civil War. It is practically impossible for any citizen, unless he be a lawyer, to find the law, and even a lawyer is quite likely to go astray in any field except the one in which he specializes. Not only have legislative enactments been multiplied beyond all precedent, but numerous regulatory bodies have been created with vast powers—partly administrative, partly executive, and at least quasi-judicial. The law has many sources. The lines which separate one field of law and governmental activities from another are dim and wavering. Individual liberty, including the right of free contract, has been greatly limited and circumscribed. Many changes have taken place in the legal order, the significance of which is little understood by those who have not made a special study of the subject. On the one hand there are those who would preserve our law as it existed fifty years ago without change; and on the other hand, there are those who would greatly impair, if not completely destroy, our constitutional system.

Let us consider some of the reasons for these changes. As a basis of discussion and for the purpose of illustration, let us contrast very briefly a cross-section of American life as it was developed a hundred years ago in the Middle West, with a cross-section of the life of the same section of today. It is only within the last decade that we have passed from a nation predominantly rural to one predominantly urban. If we examine an average home of a hundred years ago, we shall find that all of the simpler processes of manufacture were carried on within that home. Baking, canning, preserving, weaving, spinning, dressmaking, making of ordinary clothing, and many other simple manufacturing processes were done within its four walls. Upon the farm were produced

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all the principal articles of food and it supplied most of the raw materials used in manufacturing. The slaughtering of animals, the preservation of meats, the making of tools of the simpler sort, were understood and practiced upon every farm. The family was an economic as well as a social unit. Every member of the family had a distinct responsibility for its success, for upon that depended the supply of food, clothing and comforts of life for each member. This made for family solidarity, for a unity of family interest, for the upbuilding and maintenance of strong family ties. The home was the center of instruction. The family altar was a reality, not a myth. People lived out of doors more than in the house, and dealt constantly with the irresistible forces of nature. Each family was surrounded by other units whose interests were of the same sort. Between these units there existed a community of interest which rested upon a common experience, common desires and common ambitions. The family was but little dependent upon the adjacent village, though there were to be found the grist mill, the blacksmith shop, the wagon shop, the shoemaker's shop, the tannery and the woolen mill. These institutions, together with the local store through which came the silks, spices and other luxuries and semi-luxuries from the outside world, supplied all the needs of the community, and upon that simple basis society had been organized for hundreds of years. Dynasties might rise and fall, governments might come and go, but life flowed on in a steady, almost unvarying stream. Traditions, both family and national, were strong. The sense of personal rights and political responsibility were keen, sharpened as they were by the action and reaction of the frontier. There were great families who occupied in some respects at least the position of feudal lords, but they were few and far between and their aims, sympathies, purposes and ambitions conformed very largely to those of the entire group. It was for a society such as this that our Federal Constitution and earlier State Constitutions were framed.

Let us observe what has happened to this social structure in the last hundred years with the introduction of improvements in transportation and the coming of the so-called industrial age. One after another the simple manufacturing processes have been

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taken out of the home and out of the small community, and concentrated in large units, mainly in great centres of population. Even the farmer of today depends for his flour upon the great milling centres of the country. Shoes are made not by the village shoemaker, but in specialized manufacturing plants where forty or fifty or even a hundred people may work upon a single pair of shoes. Canning, preserving and baking have been taken from the home and are in the hands of large operators with hundreds and often thousands of employes. Not only have spinning and weaving long since left the home for the factory, but nearly every thing we use is made ready to wear or serve, involving a still greater extension of the factory system. The village blacksmith shop and wagon shop have become the automobile industry, upon which the country spends annually a sum equal to the national debt at the close of the Civil War. The local store still struggles for existence in competition with chain stores and the catalogue houses. The ancient stage coach has given way to the modern railway train. Great organizations of employes have sprung up able to enforce their demands. The pressure for standardization and mass production is so great that Mr. Arthur Pound finds it difficult to say who is master—man or machine.

This change in our national life has come upon us with overpowering swiftness. Some indication of the rate of change is indicated by the fact that more iron and steel have been produced and used since 1900 than in all the previous history of the world. In the Middle West it has come with perhaps the greatest speed. We have passed within the span of a single life from a frontier agricultural community to a complex industrial society. The dominant note of the life of our day is struck not upon the farm, but in the city.

Let us examine a little more minutely what has happened to the family unit with the taking of all of these processes out of the home and rural community and into the factories. First of all, we must note that with the processes there have gone the members of the family who formerly did the work in the home, to do that work in the factory to which it has been transferred. As a consequence, the home no longer functions as it did a hundred years ago. One member of the family goes to work in one field of effort

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and another in a different field. There is therefore much less family solidarity. Diversity of occupation makes for diversity of interest. Family ties and restraints are much weakened. The shift from the home to the factory has resulted in the creation of a new set of human problems. These relate to education, social welfare in all its manifold aspects, the creation of character building agencies to supplement the home, the promotion of public health, and like matters.

With the increase of population and the increasing use of machinery, there has developed a change in the nature of our problems. Consider a single illustration. Under the conditions of a hundred years ago, the earnings of the family were received and distributed by the head of the family. While the earnings were the product of their joint effort, the family was so far a unit that its earnings belonged legally to and were in fact actually received and distributed by its head. If others not members were employed, all obligation to them was discharged when they left and their wage was paid. Those who were permanently members of the family expected ultimately to share the accumulations of the group through inheritance or by devise. The home is no longer, except in a very limited sense, a producing unit. It has become instead a disbursing unit. The processes of production are carried on elsewhere. The earnings of the individual members of the family are brought to the home and they are there disbursed. Consequently the division of the proceeds of productive effort no longer rests with the head of the family, but with the management of the corporations which carry on the productive enterprises in which the members of the family are engaged. The struggle for a just distribution of these funds has created the wage question, which in its larger aspects is often denominated the struggle between labor and capital. This change or shift has created an entirely new set of relationships as to which there was no standard or tradition, and the consequent necessity for regulatory legislation of many kinds and sorts. The new relationships are in many particulars analogous to the old, but they are not the same. Under the old system, when a member of the family was injured, the duty of caring for him devolved upon the family and it was done at the expense of the family. At

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first the factory system made no provision for accidents to one of its family, so to speak. Consequently, within recent years, workmen's compensation laws have been enacted in most of the States to meet the situation. In the same way laws relating to payment of wages, establishing minimum wages, fixing hours of labor, prescribing working conditions, have been enacted in an effort to adapt ourselves to a life organized upon an industrial basis.

In view of the fact that we have to a considerable degree lost one social and racial tradition and have not as yet had an experience sufficiently long to gain another, it is not strange that there is in the public mind much confusion, that there is much misdirected effort, and in many instances, a total failure to visualize the situation as it in fact exists. Races and peoples have a strong tendency to carry forward the standards and traditions of the past. An example is the shaking of hands to bind a bargain, which has probably never had, certainly not for some hundreds of years, any legal significance, and yet every one of us would feel that a bargain upon which the parties had struck hands had a stronger sanction than it would otherwise have. So our people as a whole have a strong tendency to think in terms of the past rather than the present. While many of the leaders of political and social thought have quite clearly recognized the fundamental character of the trend of our time, it is only dimly apprehended by the great mass of our people. It may be said without disparagement that some of those whose apprehensions are quite dim, occasionally find their way into legislative bodies and into public offices. There they endeavor to force a complex industrial society into the legal and social traditions applicable to a rural agricultural society. To be wholly frank, it must also be said that many industrial managers have not yet realized the change in relationship and still regard their business as having no other than a private significance.

In an effort to readjust society to these fundamental changes, there has been the greatest outpouring of statutory law the world has ever seen. Statute is piled upon statute, administrative agency upon administrative agency, and to the great body of statutory law has been added a mass of administrative orders, with the force of law, until in the general confusion we have almost

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lost our place. The enactment of these various laws and the making of these various orders have given the world the most remarkable exhibition of the trial and error method ever seen. As a people, we are quick, inclined to be impatient, and somewhat superficial. We are not willing to wait for results and are restive under restraints, even though they have been set up by ourselves for our own protection. The crucial period in this process of readjustment will come no doubt within the next fifty years. No one can now regard the adjustment as nearing completion, nor can we be certain that the fundamental principles upon which it is to be finally worked out are as yet clearly marked out.

It cannot be truthfully said that all lawyers or even all judges have perceived the fundamental nature of our problems and guided themselves accordingly. The social trend of our time is fundamental rather than superficial. We are, so to speak, turning a corner in social development. We are in the process of passing from one great tradition into another. We are endeavoring to adjust the political and social concepts of an age predominantly rural and agricultural to one which is predominantly industrial and commercial. Human relationships have been vitally altered in many ways. If industrial society is to continue on its present basis, those who have gone out of the home into the factory must there have the safeguards, the guidance and the fair share of the proceeds of industry which they formerly enjoyed as members of a small economic unit, because no form of society can long exist which does not do substantial justice to its members.

We cannot crowd the present industrial order into the legal molds which gave the rural agricultural order its permanence and stability. They are two different things. The process of adjustment, however, must follow some legal principle. Before the process is completed, we must make a final choice as to the fundamental underlying principles upon which the new order is to be based, and we are today as a people engaged in doing that very thing. The choice will not be made at one time. It will be partly a matter of judgment, partly a matter of development and growth. The ultimate choice lies between our constitutional system which upholds the right of private property even under an industrial order, and a more or less speculative untried system,

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which in one form or another lodges complete control over our liberties and our property in the state. It makes no difference by what name you call this second concept—names are immaterial. Nor does it matter how respectable a disguise it wears. Under our Constitution and the old order, we had attained to the highest degree of personal liberty and personal rights that has ever been enjoyed for any considerable time by any people within the historic period. We had escaped from the bondage of feudalism, from the tyranny of kings and parliaments, and safeguarded ourselves against the whims and oppressions of majorities. In face of the fact that with the coming of the industrial order, society has tended again to rearrange itself in classes, with those having the greatest financial power at the top and those having less financial power at the bottom, in a general way typifying the old feudalistic order from which we struggled so hard to release ourselves, there has again sprung up a demand for a release from constitutional restraints, and a return to parliamentary supremacy. It is calmly proposed to depart from a government of laws to a government of men.

One of the anomalous things is that although the Revolution of 1776 was as much a revolt against the tyranny of parliaments as against the tyranny of a king, it is now proposed to lodge in Congress, which is a parliament, the supreme power to do the very things which the Constitution was set up to prevent Congress from doing. The Revolutionary War was brought on as much by the Stamp Act, the Search and Seizures Act, and the Taxation Acts passed by Parliament, as by the Orders in Council made by the King and his ministers. While the Declaration of Independence was addressed to the King and Parliament was not specifically mentioned, Parliament was equally, if not more responsible than he, for the conditions which drove the colonists to action. It is now solemnly proposed that we return to the system, our escape from which we have supposed for one hundred fifty years to be our greatest blessing.

Whence comes the demand for this change of system? It is not too much to say that it comes from those who, having a clearer vision of the nature of the change which society is undergoing, are impatient because this change cannot be effected at

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once and completely. They are not willing to wait until the beginnings of a new tradition have been established. They wish the transformation to be made immediately. They wish to pull up the plant now and then to see if it is growing. Conceding that their motives are of the best and that they are actuated solely by a desire to promote the general welfare, can it be said that they act wisely? If here and there measures designed to aid in the process of adjustment to the new order are held to be in violation of constitutional restraints, that is no reason for throwing overboard the whole constitutional structure.

Many articles have been written to show that the power of courts to declare void laws which contravene constitutional limitations is derived from the Constitution itself. Certain it is that power is the only thing that distinguishes in substance our constitutional system from the parliamentary system of Great Britain. Whether we shall abandon our own system and return to theirs in whole or in part is a political question, a discussion of which is not germane to the matter which we are considering. It is not strange that among the most thoughtful and patriotic of our people there are differences of opinion. The deep-seated tendency which causes us to carry forward our traditional concepts of social and legal relations is so strong that it is difficult in many cases for us to distinguish between these concepts and fundamental constitutional principles. It is charged, and not without reason, that courts have in certain instances declared laws unconstitutional because they contravened the social and legal concepts of the judges rather than constitutional principles.

For instance, in *Adkins v. Children's Hospital* (43 Supreme Court Reporter, 394) the minimum wage law for women enacted for the District of Columbia was held unconstitutional because in the opinion of the court there was no ascertainable relation between the health and morals of women and their wages. In criticism of that decision, it has been said that whether or not there was such a relation was a question of fact, the determination of which was primarily for the legislative branch. Chief Justice Taft dissenting said:

> With deference to the very able opinion of the Court and my brethren who concur in it, it appears to me to exaggerate the importance of the wage term of

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the contract of employment as more inviolate than its other terms. Its conclusion seems influenced by the fear that the concession of the power to impose a minimum wage must carry with it a concession of the power to fix a maximum wage.

It is difficult to see how it can be said that statutes regulating hours of labor, working conditions, times and method of payment of wages, all of which limit freedom of contract, are valid and constitutional, and that a law which fixes a minimum wage is a "naked, arbitrary exercise of power," that cannot be allowed to stand under the Constitution of the United States. If what the Chief Justice says is true, the minimum wage law under consideration in the Adkins case was held to be unconstitutional because it contravened the traditional concepts of the rights of individuals held by the judges concurring in the opinion rather than a constitutional principle.[1] In some cases the court could see the relation dealt with by the legislature; in the Adkins case it could not. The fact that an act of Congress or of a legislature may be held invalid by a court for some reason other than the plain violation of a constitutional provision, exhibits no doubt the greatest weakness in our system.

But what is the proper remedy? Because imperfection crops out here and there, shall we destroy the entire system? While it is at times charged that judges are ultra-conservative, reactionary, behind the times, and not in sympathy with the ideals of the majority, yet it is not charged that they are seeking power for their personal aggrandizement as executives sometimes do, or that they are playing politics, and shaping their decisions for their personal political advantage as legislators have been known to do. Are our hundreds of years of experience under the parliamentary system such as to warrant the people in conferring upon our legislatures—State and National—unlimited power? Has any other system over any considerable period of time produced better results than has ours? Concede that courts have here and there erred and have mistaken their own legal concepts for constitutional principles, yet that constitutes no justification for a change from the constitutional to the parliamentary system. The Constitution itself provides a method by which mistakes may be cor-

[1] See Groat, *Economic Wage and Legal Wage, Yale Law Journal*, March, 1924, p. 489.

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rected. Experience shows that the Constitution is not difficult of amendment, for the conscience of a people is not bound by a decision which contravenes its ideas of justice. Whatever system is adopted or devised, it must in the end depend upon the wisdom and capacity of the men who administer it, and therefore perfection should not be expected.

That the transition from the older more individualistic order to the newer more complex industrial order is well under way is indicated in numerous ways. A comparison of the laws enacted more recently in the exercise of the police power and for the regulation of individual and group activities with those enacted in an equal number of years in any prior period, makes the truth of this at once manifest. The order of development is of interest. First came a marked increase in the development on the material side, the production of consumable goods. At first increased social pressure was not noticeable, due no doubt to our constantly expanding frontier, which for a time equalized it. With the closing of the frontier, however, which is said officially to have closed in the last decade of the nineteenth century, greater and greater adjustments have been necessary and by statute and decision there has been a conscious effort to facilitate and direct the process of adjustment; hence the rapidly increasing mass of statutes in the last thirty years, which marks the second phase of the transition.

Last of all has come a willingness on the part of the great masses of our people to adjust their thinking and conduct to the new situation. Here the tendency to carry forward the standards and traditions of the past is most strongly exhibited. Industry is manned by individuals who are yet thinking in terms of the old individualistic order. Whatever they are willing to do or say or have done or said as to the duty of others, they refuse to conform in their own affairs to the demands of the newer order. Our material growth and legal development have in many respects outrun the ability of the people to adapt their thought and action to the changing order. The development of statutory law cannot too far precede the acceptance of the new order by the people. If it does, there is consequent loss and reaction and the ground must be traversed again with greater difficulty than in the first in-

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stance. Witness the progress of laws to regulate the hours and wages of labor. In order to demonstrate that the process of adjustment is proceeding by the application of fundamental constitutional principles to the relations growing out of the new order, it is only necessary to refer to the great mass of decisions of recent years holding valid legislative enactments regulating hours of labor, wages, conditions of employment, sanitation, housing; laws prohibiting the adulteration of foods and drugs; zoning laws, trading stamp laws, decisions impressing property engaged in public service with a public use, and many others. Many people feel that in thus adapting our legal system to the demands of the newer order, we have departed from the fundamental principles of the Constitution. That is not true. The law deals with legal relations. We have altered our legal concepts so as to make applicable fundamental principles to relationships which did not exist before. For instance, the law of master and servant under the old order embodied the principles which now govern and will continue to govern the same relationship in the new order, but under the new order there was no tradition which threw upon the economic unit in which the individual was employed responsibility for injury and death. Therefore the law has attached to that relationship responsibility on the part of the master in that respect. This works no change in principle but adapts the general principle which had operated under a simpler social order to the conditions as they exist at the present time, and compels industry to bear the burdens properly and necessarily incident thereto as a part of the cost of operation. This in the main it had done in one way or another through all previous time.

The development has proceeded to some extent in a fragmentary and illogical way, but nevertheless it proceeds in accordance with certain underlying fundamental principles. Referring again to the relationship of master and servant, there has been an attempt to carry over into the new order in the form of written law those duties and obligations which the master and the servant recognized and were accustomed to discharge as a matter of tradition under the old order. For instance, the safe place statutes are designed to insure for every work-

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man in industry the same protection the head of the family would have felt it necessary to provide for his children and employes under the old order. It is because the change from the home to the factory broke the tradition that regulation of the situation by law became necessary. A new relationship was set up which had no such tradition. The beginnings of a new tradition are apparent. Profit sharing schemes, representation of labor in management, industrial insurance, plant organization of various kinds, are indications of an attempt to solve the problems of adjustment by mutual effort rather than by more rigid coercive statutory measures. The underlying principles along which development should proceed are indicated by Dr. Carver in his *Essays in Social Justice*[1] as follows:

> It may as well be admitted that the old liberalism erred in assuming a general harmony of interests and in concluding that government control and regulation should be limited to mere protection from violence. The new liberalism must correct this error by recognizing the conflict of interests and extending the control of government to all cases where individual interests conflict. The new gospel of individualism must therefore proclaim three things: *1.* The absolute necessity for the suppression of all harmful methods of pursuing one's self-interest. *2.* The absolute freedom of the individual to pursue his self-interest in all serviceable ways. *3.* The absolute responsibility of the individual for his own wellbeing, allowing those to prosper who, on their own initiative, find ways of serving the community, and allowing those who cannot to endure the shame of poverty.

If the process of adjustment proceeds along these lines, there is no reason why the purpose of the Constitution to promote the general welfare and to secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity should not be achieved in an orderly way under constitutional restraints.

In this transitionary period, we are more and more thrown back upon fundamental principles. The difficulty is that many persons seek to apply these principles to the new order in exactly the way they were applied to the old order. If the change from the one order to the other had come more slowly, the adjustment would have been much easier. In no field is the maxim "Make Haste Slowly" more applicable than in the development of the

[1] Page 159.

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law. However, we must meet conditions as they are and not as we would like to have them.

We must adapt our thinking and our conduct to social facts as they now exist. We may some day free ourselves from the influence of some of the fallacious political concepts of the eighteenth century. While in a very real sense government rests upon the consent of the governed, the activities of man are limited or governed in innumerable ways to which he is never asked to consent. The compact theory of society should never have had a place in our juristic thinking. It may have served a useful purpose, but many unwarrantable inferences are derived from it which have no application to modern life, if indeed they were ever applicable at any time. We are members of one body and we must, in the face of that fact, take up and discharge our appropriate functions. We are not unattached individuals, wandering in social space, giving our consent here and withholding it there. What we need in the field of jurisprudence is more thinking with reference to the facts as they exist and less exposition of eighteenth century philosophical concepts. We need a clearer apprehension of what is necessary to do justice under the present order and less vindication of the concept of natural rights under the old order.

We must restate our ideals in terms of our present day experience. Above all we must not substitute restraint and oppression for liberty, exploitation of class by class for justice, or, in the name of equality, restore class privilege under the law.

MARVIN B. ROSENBERRY.

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THE POLICY OF POLITICAL DETACHMENT

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

A NATIONAL foreign policy is the result of the logic of circumstances: it is not the result of caprice. It is created and established by a succession of men, not by one man.

These circumstances may be misunderstood and misinterpreted at times. Nations may be led by reasons of expediency and the exigencies of the moment to deviate from a settled policy. The dynamic power of a national policy, however, like the force of a glacier, will continue as before in spite of incidental obstacles and temporary deflections.

The truth of this observation may be seen in the development and operation of the national policies of any of the great Powers: of England in the defence of her Empire; of France in the search for security through the principle of Balance of Power; of Italy in its demands for economic independence; of Japan in its solicitude concerning its interests in Asia; and of the United States in its devotion to the Monroe Doctrine.

Such policies inhere in the very nature of things. They may not be safely scorned or casually abandoned unless the basic circumstances which produced them are substantially altered. The maxim *rebus sic stantibus* applies with peculiar force to them. These alterations of circumstances, like the great climatic changes which alone can affect a glacier, must be of profound and far reaching effect to warrant the abandonment of a long tested national policy. The burden of proof is not on those who resist changes in national policy: it rests on those who demand them.

The foreign policy of the United States toward Europe was based on the fact that Europe had a set of political interests distinct from those of this hemisphere. This fact was recognized very early by Washington, Adams, Jefferson, and Monroe. Men came to the New World to get away from certain European

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institutions and conditions. They sought a new order of things. They protested against European intolerance of civil and religious liberty. They were weary of dynastic rivalries and of predatory nationalism. They abhorred the European system of diplomacy in accordance with the principle of Balance of Power.

This great game of international politics had involved the American Colonies in more than one war of imperialism. By the time of the Holy Alliance, after our people had attended the practical school of experience and observation during the Napoleonic wars, they came to the conclusion that American foreign policy could never tolerate the extension of European rule or the intrusion of the European game of politics in the affairs of the free independent nations of the New World.

The Monroe Doctrine was not so much the creation of one man or of several men as the inevitable logic of facts and events. We were glad to be entirely free from all connection with European politics. We warned Europe to mind its own business, and we devoted ourselves to the agreeable task of minding our own.

Under the operations of this beneficent national policy the nations of the New World found needed moral support in their infancy, and escaped the strain and the curse of European politics. They have had but slight knowledge of the tortuous operations of the pernicious principle of Balance of Power. This kind of game, fortunately, is foreign to the thoughts and the instincts of the peoples of this hemisphere. They have been able to achieve a free development that has proved of immense benefit to the world.

There are but few persons who openly advocate the abandonment of the Monroe Doctrine in its entirety, though there are some who advocate the abandonment of one half of it, namely our policy of nonparticipation in the political affairs of Europe. Such persons evidently believe that there has been a substantial alteration of the circumstances on which that policy has been based. It is true that in 1812 through the clever duplicity of Napoleon we found ourselves drawn into a European war, and, unwittingly, on the wrong side of the contest for balance of power. We were glad to withdraw and thankful that we had no part in the Con-

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gress of Vienna. The New World had no desire to attempt the impossible task of "redressing the balance of the Old".

It is true that a century later the insensate ambitions of a feeble imitator of Napoleon drew us again into a European war. We entered it deliberately of our own free choice. We threw our weight against the enemy of all free nations throughout the world. We fought for ideals. We impressed these ideals on the hearts of many Europeans. We endeavored to have them embodied in the peace settlement. We went far in our eagerness to see these ideals realized in actual practice. We asked for no territorial or other rewards. We withdrew our troops from Europe and reaffirmed our loyalty to the traditional American policy of minding our own business. We abstained from any attempt to dictate to the European nations a settlement in detail of their many political problems. We accepted no responsibility either moral or otherwise for the solution of these problems.

The wisdom of this course would seem to be justified by all that has transpired since the Armistice in 1918. We have learned to our disillusionment and sorrow that the nations of Europe with rare exceptions have been unable—perhaps because of this very logic of circumstances that controls national policies—to abandon the old diplomatic game of Balance of Power. They did not seem to find in the League of Nations—with or without the United States—the means of advancing their various interests or of obtaining the security they required.

This inability of Europe to alter essentially the rules of the game of international politics was evidenced in the treaties that ended the war. Austria was denied categorically the right of self-determination and became an object of charity. Hungary was mutilated and millions of Magyars placed under foreign domination. Punitive measures were adopted against Germany to keep that nation in a permanent state of inferiority or vassalage. The Eastern Question was treated very much in the same manner as by the Congress of Berlin. The Treaty of Sèvres sought to restore impossible situations and conditions. It was accompanied by separate agreements between Great Britain, France, and Italy defining their special privileges in Anatolia. The acute needs and moral claims of the peoples of the Near East

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were forgotten. Greeks and Turks were pitted against each other to suit the rival aims of European politics.

It would be invidious to adduce other instances to stress the discouraging fact that the nations of Europe for the most part have been unable to accept and to apply to international politics the ideals of this hemisphere. They are all too apparent to the thoughtful and candid student of world affairs. The recent incident at Corfu alone is sufficient to make one justifiably skeptical of any basic alteration in the methods of European diplomacy.

The burden of proof is certainly with those who argue that circumstances have so fundamentally changed as to warrant the abandonment of the traditional American policy towards Europe. Their arguments rather have the trend to create the impression that the establishment of the League of Nations has completely altered conditions in Europe and that its beneficent activities have brought about a new era. They assert that the presence of the United States would have insured this stupendous alteration of circumstances, and that our absence has been responsible for much that is to be regretted. This, of course, is nothing but sheer speculation, and there is small profit in speculation concerning the problematic effects of things that never happened. We can only deal with things as they are.

The League of Nations is no longer an issue for theoretical or partisan discussion. It has been functioning actively for nearly five years. It has to be judged by its acts. In actual practice it has proved to be primarily a European concern and its interests are in the main of a political character.

The presence of many non-European nations in the League does not make it a world association. Its interests and activities are what determine its nature and these are found to be mainly European and political. A mere enumeration will suffice: The Silesian dispute; the Aaland Islands controversy; the Vilna and Memel questions; the quarrel between Albania and Jugo-Slavia; the Corfu incident; the rehabilitation of the finances of Austria and of Hungary; the boundary of Carelia; and other matters, some of which have been carried by the Council of the League even to the Permanent Court of International Justice. It is difficult to see how the non-European members of the League are

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concerned either immediately or remotely in these complicated diplomatic problems affecting most intimately the nations of Europe.

Turn to the various non-political activities of the League, such as the relief of starving peoples in Russia and Greece. The mere suspicion of ulterior political aims on the part of the European nations rendered the efforts of the League in Russia of slight avail and made independent American action all the more imperative. Take the commissions of the League concerned with problems of transportation, communication, hygiene, of economic and other matters. They are preoccupied almost entirely with the European aspects of these problems. Take the great question of disarmament. The recommendations of the League's special commission on this subject are based on the sensible conclusion that it is primarily a *local* problem depending on "regional understandings" among groups of nations having inter-related interests. General disarmament in Europe awaits on local disarmament; and world disarmament awaits on Europe.

This is entirely natural. The European nations have a most complicated series of political and other problems of a continental nature. Their first duty is to regulate such matters among themselves. World questions must necessarily remain in the background. The League of Nations with its headquarters at Geneva in the very heart of Europe could hardly be anything else than primarily a European concern.

In the light of all the circumstances the United States can not rightly be expected to abandon its traditional policy toward Europe. The American people are apparently convinced five years after the Armistice that they have done wisely in refusing to accept any responsibility whatsoever for the peace settlements at Paris and for any other political adjustments reached by the nations of Europe. The Treaty of Versailles is generally discredited, and the truth of the statement made by General Smuts to President Wilson is now realized, that "the peace may well become an even greater disaster to the world than the war was."

The League of Nations was cursed from its inception by its complete identification with the Treaty of Versailles. The reparations provisions alone have hung like black clouds over the

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League. The impossible attempt was made, as a French observer shrewdly remarked, "to organize the future before they had liquidated the past".

The United States was more than justified, therefore, in its refusal to ratify the Treaty of Versailles, and in its ratification of a separate treaty with Germany that affords the just basis for a durable peace between the two nations. With no selfish purposes, the United States remains in the fortunate position of amity and sympathetic understanding with the nations of Europe. We are happily freed from the necessity of pronouncing judgment on their contentions and policies. We are able to exercise a friendly moderating influence at times through our maligned "unofficial observers", as was notably illustrated at the Lausanne Peace Conference. It was there recognized that the tactful disinterested attitude of our delegates aided immensely in the restoration of peace in the Near East.

The unfortunate attempt of some Americans to interpret the traditional policy of this country as one of selfish indifference is greatly to be deplored. It is in flagrant misrepresentation of the facts and is therefore most unjust. Never before has the world witnessed so generous a demonstration of practical sympathy and support in the billions of dollars lavishly poured out in gifts, loans, and in personal sacrifices, as that of the American Government and of the American people since the Armistice. Those lovers of mankind, The American Society of Friends, in their ministrations of mercy throughout Central Europe and Russia, have been visible witnesses that the American people are in no way committed to a policy of selfish isolation and unconcern respecting the interests and welfare of the peoples of all other lands. The Red Cross alone has spent over one hundred millions of dollars in its relief work in the Near East and the United States Congress has been prompt to prove our desire to help the stricken people of Japan. Only the blindest partizanship can minimize the significance of these facts.

Further striking proof of the fact that the United States is not pursuing a policy of selfish isolation is to be found in active cooperation in the non-political interests of the League of Nations. Such devoted friends of the League as the author of the Bok Plan

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and Raymond B. Fosdick have generously testified to the value of this coöperation.

It appears that the United States Government has been represented in the League Committees on Health, Anthrax, Opium, Customs Formalities, Communications and Transit, Traffic in Arms, and the Trade in Women and Children.

Furthermore, individual Americans have rendered important services to the League in various capacities. Among these should be mentioned the names of Abram Elkus, chairman of the commission appointed by the League in the Aaland Islands dispute; of Elihu Root, the most influential member of the Commission of Jurists that drafted the Statute of the Permanent Court of International Justice; of Norman Davis, chairman of the League's commission which settled the differences between Poland and Lithuania concerning the Memel district; of Henry Morgenthau, chairman of the League's Committee of Control in connection with the international loan to Greece to take care of its many refugees; and of Jeremiah Smith, High Commissioner for the League in the financial rehabilitation of Hungary. The achievements of General Dawes and of Messrs. Young and Robinson in the solution of the reparations problem are particularly deserving of consideration. Further evidence is not needed to demonstrate that the American people and their Government are thoroughly alive to all that makes for human brotherhood and for world welfare. The family of nations is too intimately interrelated to permit of a policy of selfish isolation even if we so desired. There is no such isolation on the part of the United States. The issue is narrowed down simply to the question of the wisdom of maintaining our traditional foreign policy.

Our survey of the international situation would seem to indicate that the greatest service we can render to the cause of human brotherhood and world peace is to reaffirm our policy of independence and non-participation in the political concerns of Europe.

We cannot afford to become implicated in the decision of European political questions either for domestic or for international reasons. Our nation is unique in being a great gathering place of the peoples of all lands. It is an international forum in itself. The

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election of a Senator or of a Representative must not be allowed to depend on what our Government may think of the merits of Italy's claims to Fiume, or of the French occupation of the Ruhr. In the difficult process of fusing the various races in our midst we cannot invite disruptive discussions concerning the official attitude of the United States in the many intricate political situations constantly arising in Europe.

We have our own domestic problems to settle. We have our own "regional understandings" to be negotiated and put into practical operation with the other nations of this hemisphere. We literally have our own business to mind. It is a solemn trust which we fail adequately to meet. We cannot permit European nations either through the League of Nations or by other means to intervene in the carrying out of this trust.

The larger aspect of this policy of political detachment is seen to best advantage in the Washington Conference for Limitation of Armament. The results there attained may not prove to be as important as we may have hoped. The Conference, however, illustrates most effectively the strength of the American policy. Without the constraints of a formal organization where embarrassing issues may be unexpectedly raised and national susceptibilities affronted, we are free to invite other nations at any moment to join in the consideration of specific difficulties affecting world peace. This may be done in such a way that without any suggestion of coercion, moral or otherwise, nations may come together to discuss such matters as they may desire to discuss and are eager to adjust.

While the League of Nations is wrestling with the problem of disarmament, the United States may be in a favored position, as intimated by President Coolidge, to take the initiative at the right moment in summoning an international conference to deal with that thorny problem in a manner that will not awaken the distrust or hostility of peoples eager to lessen the burden of armaments but also determined to safeguard legitimate national interests. They evidently view with great confidence the political detachment of the United States with respect to such interests and controversies.

Norman Davis, in his interesting account of his part in the

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work of the commission of the League of Nations concerning Memel, asserts that his ability to negotiate a settlement of this controversy was largely due to the fact that he was an American, and that it would have been difficult for the League to settle it "without being able to enlist the services of an American or persons from influential nations not directly concerned in the controversy. . . . Of course, an American appointed officially by the United States would have had more influence. . . ." Leaving aside the question as to the permanent value of the settlement approved by Mr. Davis and by the League in this instance, it is difficult to see much logic in his assertion that his influence as an impartial mediator and arbitrator would have been enhanced had he been officially designated by the United States. On the contrary, if the United States as a member of the League had been drawn into a discussion of this whole painful controversy between Poland and Lithuania, or of such a distressing crisis as arose over the bombardment of Corfu by Italian warships, its mediating influence, either directly or indirectly through one of its distinguished citizens, would have been considerably weakened. Are not such men as Norman Davis, Elihu Root, and Jeremiah Smith immediately available and deserving of special confidence because of the very fact that they are citizens of a nation enjoying a complete detachment from the political controversies of Europe? We appear to possess internationally a position of signal advantage. We have a sacred responsibility. The other nations of the world in the midst of their traditional prejudices, their rival interests, and bitter dissensions must be able to count confidently on the friendliness and the dispassionate sense of justice of this country. There must remain at least one great nation aloof from European intrigues and disputes to serve, not as the schoolmaster, the preacher, the policeman, or the court of final appeal, but in the lofty rôle of the friend of all. The cause of world justice and of world peace demands that in the face of misunderstanding, calumny, and clamor, we remain faithful to those American ideals which are eventually to prove the salvation of all free peoples.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

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THE BRIDGE BETWEEN THE AMERICAS

BY BAILEY K. ASHFORD, M. D.
Colonel in the Medical Corps, U. S. A.

AN arrangement has been made between Columbia University and the Insular Government of Porto Rico by which, with the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene of the island as a nucleus, a School of Tropical Medicine will be founded in San Juan, Porto Rico, under the administration and with the participation of Columbia University. This School will open for students on November 1, 1924, and its first session will be centred at the Institute pending the erection of buildings and a large hospital. At present the United States has no institution of this kind in the tropics, although some excellent schools of tropical medicine are affiliated with northern universities. This insular school will endeavor, not to compete with these, but, on the contrary, to furnish clinical material on a large scale and demonstrate the actual working out of tropical sanitation to extend further the work of northern schools, all in the atmosphere of a typical tropical country under the American flag.

Despite a remarkably low mortality for hot climates, Porto Rico possesses a profusion of diseases peculiar to all tropical countries to which an American would be likely to go. Here uncinariasis (hookworm disease), sprue, malaria, filariasis, a variety of fungoid skin diseases, and the interesting nutritional and deficiency problems of the tropics abound, and yaws, blackwater fever, schistosomiasis, dengue, and other affections peculiar to these latitudes can be easily demonstrated. The island is rich in small hospitals, dispensaries and laboratories. Its Health Department, presided over by an energetic young Porto Rican who is a graduate of an American medical school and also an ex-officio member of the Institute, presents a remarkable opportunity for the study of a model centralized sanitary service with laboratories, an anti-plague rat service, tropical tuberculosis service,

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and a leper settlement. Here also is an important station of the Federal Public Health Service with its Quarantine Station and all of the machinery for preventing the introduction of communicable diseases from without. Here are two branches of the International Health Board (Rockefeller Foundation), one working on hookworm disease, another on malaria. Finally, toward the end of the course there will be a medical expedition to the mountainous interior, where a month will be spent in studying the prevalent diseases of the agricultural laborer at close range, from the view point of field clinical and laboratory work.

This school is a response to an urgent demand for greater familiarity, not only with academic tropical medicine, but with the normal living conditions of the tropics and the contact with the sick by which may be acquired the necessary familiarity with clinical tropical medicine. The demand for such a centre can be understood when we bethink ourselves of the large tropical and subtropical estates managed by Americans, in which the prevention of disease and its treatment among laborers play a leading hand in the ultimate success of great business enterprises such as occurred in the building of the Panama Canal.

When the Pilgrim Fathers first landed from the Mayflower, the city of San Juan de Puerto Rico was entering upon its second century of existence. It was over a hundred years old when Jamestown was first settled and Hudson made his maiden trip up the river which bears his name. It had buildings and fortifications which are still standing and, some of them, still in use, when St. Augustine, Florida was settled.

If a map of the United States should show its component parts in shades of red, deepening with the density of population, Porto Rico would shine as a garnet. Were deepening shades of blue to denote the degree of culture of the literates, the island would be quite blue enough to satisfy the most exacting.

For this is an old civilization. There are 1,299,809 inhabitants living in 3,435 square miles of territory, or 378.5 persons to the square mile. While 55 per cent. of the population is illiterate, when the island became American, only a quarter of a century ago, this illiteracy was at least 77 per cent. The eagerness of the people of Porto Rico to prepare their youth for the intelligent use

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of American liberty is seen in the circumstance that they are spending 42 per cent. of their budget or $5,000,000 a year on the education of their masses.

But it is not easy for us to quote "culture" in known values, and we have averred that Porto Rico possesses a high degree of culture.

For many years prior to the advent of our flag, Porto Rico was one of the standard-bearers of an ancient and noble race in America. To this island, where neither revolution nor abject poverty aroused irreconcilable hatred of the Mother Country, came Spanish tradition, the feudal nobility of Spanish character, and her pure blood, to blend happily and contentedly with the descendants of gay and happy-go-lucky Andalusia. The people of Porto Rico are the sons and daughters of those whose precept it is to preserve the illusions of life in order to attain happiness.

Now, "culture" is by no means the only qualification of importance in the make-up of a people, though powerful among assets. Nevertheless, the degree of culture of a people is a tremendously important feature from the standpoint of a university, and some of the outstanding factors in Porto Rican culture should be specifically mentioned in order that we may know something of those among whom we are thinking of establishing a centre where all of this Western World may meet and exchange ideas.

The Porto Rican is adaptable, very gentle, and happy-hearted, albeit conservative in his forms of social usage. His family loyalty is positively remarkable, his devotion to his island wholehearted, his hospitality patriarchal. He avoids being disagreeable because he prefers to keep in a good humor and dislikes to hurt others' feelings. He treats others as he would like to be treated by others, he puts his self-respect above all other considerations, and, like most island people, he has the most unadulterated conception of personal liberty, liberty of thought, of speech, and of action. While he has a very keen sense of humor, he also has an exuberant imagination and takes naturally to art, poetry, music and philosophy. Above all, he seeks to couch his thoughts in pure and elegant expression, and has a strong taste for the ideal. That the ideal is seldom attained does not seem in the least to dampen his enthusiasm.

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If I were to select among all his good qualities one which seems to me most to recommend him, I should single out his hunger and thirst for knowledge. The people who want to learn generally do learn. They are quick to absorb new ideas and their intuitive perception is keen. Guided by this passion for knowledge and experience, a pilgrimage to the old country in ante-bellum days was a biennial pastime for wealthy planters and business men. In Spain and France their sons and daughters were educated and back to Porto Rico they came to sustain the standards of old Europe.

And now that they are Americans, hundreds wander to Continental and English-speaking America, drawn by this lust for knowledge, many of them without being able to speak a word of the tongue of the Republic in which they have put their trust and for which they have so genuine and deep a respect. That this trust and respect are genuine and deep is easy to prove, for nearly every family of consequence born and bred to Spanish ways is sending its sons and daughters to receive their higher education in the United States, and they return Americans in America's broadest sense. Until we have more of that kind of Americans, loyal in their heart of hearts to the United States, but with an intelligent bond of sympathy with Spanish-speaking countries to our south, we shall never make real friends in South and Central America.

This, in a few words, is the race and tradition of Porto Rico,—a race of pure blood, pure Spanish blood. This race predominates in the highlands and urban centers and rules in all the island.

But Porto Rico has more. It has 49,246 negroes and 301,816 mulattoes, nearly one-third of the total population. One of the most creditable features of the island character is race tolerance. The colored man never became the enemy of the white man, because he was always kindly treated. He was liberated from slavery without war or fear by the goodwill of the Porto Rican people. Negroes live contentedly by the side of the white man without attempting to force themselves on his social group because they have their own—but this is the reason, and not racial prejudice.

There are, however, still other nationalities to link Porto Rico with the outside world. The French influence comes mainly

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from Corsica. There are English families, Dutch families, German families, and a particularly fine stock of the old Spanish families which originally settled in Venezuela but have made Porto Rico their home. There are 32 Chinese and 4 Japanese.

The number of continental Americans is about two thousand, perhaps one-fourth of them being from New York. Those who have made their home there long, and especially those who have married there, give daily evidence of a union which will bring great satisfaction to the United States as it has already brought to the island new ideas, material progress, and the progressive uplift of the submerged mass.

The influence of American culture on the island is tremendous. Not the traditional formula of polite society so much as that special culture which we are proud to call Americanism. Not the Americanism which seeks to turn Porto Rico into a poor imitation of some particular section of the continental States, but the Americanism which seeks to bring Porto Rico into the Union with all that is distinctively Porto Rican and not hostile to the National Constitution, traits and customs.

Let us take a cursory glance at trade conditions. The island must produce the most valuable of money crops in order to support the population, enormous for its small size. This it does. The great industry is sugar; next comes tobacco, and next coffee, both of the latter products being of a peculiarly high grade. The fruit and garden truck industry and needle work are important factors in making Porto Rican trade what it is.

A few figures will show the resources of this little land: In 1922, the total value of exports was $72,172,571, as against $8,583,967 in 1901. In 1922 the total imports amounted to $64,175,149, an excess of exports over imports of $7,997,422. Ninety per cent. of this external commerce is with the United States. Of the total value of exports in 1922, $40,820,330 is credited to sugar, about $15,000,000 to tobacco, and $4,300,000 to coffee, the market for coffee being practically all outside the United States. The property valuation in June, 1921, was $303,200,578.

The island is one of the summits of a mighty submerged mountain chain, once 27,000 feet high, and the deepest part of the Atlantic lies but a hundred miles north of it. It is the fourth in size

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of the Antilles. Its temperature is equable, ranging from 78 degrees Fahrenheit in January to 82 degrees in August. Its minimum at the coolest points is 57; its maximum in the hottest is 99. The average humidity is 77. The rainfall amounts to 60 inches per annum in San Juan, 45 inches in Ponce, and 135 inches in the forest reserve of Luquillo; as a rule not falling below 100 inches throughout the mountainous interior.

When Columbus was asked at the Court of Spain to give an idea of the configuration of this island, he drew from his doublet his crumpled handkerchief and threw it upon the table without remark. And so it is today. Porto Rico is a rectangle, 100 miles by 35, with a narrow coast strip and a mountainous interior. These mountains are wooded or cultivated to their tops, and are disproportionately high for the size of the island, ranging from 2,500 to 3,500 feet. It is on the littoral that we find a green carpet of waving cane, interwoven with citrus fruit orchards. On the slopes and in the foothills we find tobacco, and in the highlands coffee grown under shade and intermingled with bananas. In a thousand rivulets and mountain torrents stream the waters that make the island a poem in green and gold.

Over all is the seal of the tropics, the royal palms, upstanding like enchanted soldiers uniformed in green and white, with their plumed heads and their eternal salaam to the dancing blue sea. The scenery resulting from this combination of mountain, stream and fertile lowland, is extremely varied and beautiful. When we first occupied Porto Rico we found 267.4 kilometers of macadamized road. Many of the 68 towns were only reached by steep and rough mountain trails. Today we have 1,375.5 kilometers of macadamized roads and no one of the 78 towns of today is without communication with the coast.

When we reflect that of the 1,300,000 inhabitants, over 1,000,000 live in the country districts, we cannot be surprised to find these verdant hills dotted with dwellings, all picturesque, most of them thatched huts, many of them fine old plantation residences.

The scenery of Porto Rico is that of a model for what Theodore Roosevelt called a tropical Switzerland in miniature. Its beauty is feminine. One speaks of it as "beautiful", never as "grand". All is sketched in curves. The mountains have no angles; all are

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exquisitely moulded, all are clothed in rich green, all are garnished with flowers. Yet there are dizzy precipices looking into cool ravines and high shelves cut out for the road in solid rock from which the crumpled handkerchief of Columbus and the inimitable blue of the American Mediterranean can be contemplated.

One might go on describing what is destined to be the favorite objective of our incessant travellers of the North, but one feature of the island must be emphasized. It is impossible to find for its size more varied scenery in any part of the American tropical world; mountain scenery, views of mountain and sea combined, great tracts of sugar land, miles of fruit trees, queer kopje-like cave hills, picturesque towns, all reached by shaded roads as smooth as a floor, all full of roadside detail. Nor is it easy to find many countries in the tropics where a man can work in a tropical city like San Juan and in two hours, by a variety of good roads, reach a number of mountain towns from 1,500 to 2,000 feet high, where he can sleep cool all the summer through.

To the man who knows that the real life of a people is comprehended only when he can converse with them in their native tongue, will be given the key to the heart of Latin America. For lack of that knowledge that key is not quite yet ours. "If they knew us better we should be better friends;" the Latin- and English-speaking Americas are each entitled to say that of each other. Only by the establishment of a scientific and cultural centre where the best of the America of the North may mingle with that of the South shall we ever work out our tropical problem. But it must be worked out in the tropics. Lectures, books, statistics, even the study of an exotic language, are more or less dead things. A university where tropical problems are worked out under Northern skies is merely a dissecting room. The life of the tropics must be lived and our senses must be sharpened to receive new impressions before we can hope to realize the benefits of a healthy Latin America or understand the vagaries that differentiate it from the normal.

Porto Rico lies midway between North and South America, standing at the eastern entrance to the Caribbean Sea, and at the gate to the Pacific through the Canal. It is 1,000 miles from Havana and Panama; from 1,400 to 1,800 miles from

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New York, New Orleans, Vera Cruz, and Galveston; from 3,000 to 3,600 miles from Rio Janeiro, Santiago de Chile, Cadiz, and the nearest point of the African continent (Cape Verde). It is only about 650 miles from Kingston, Jamaica, and Caracas, Venezuela. It lies just across the Mona Passage from Santo Domingo, and is the central link in the Antillean chain of islands where Europe first planted her several flags, where her trade with America first flourished, where rival European States in their respective islands fought desperately at close range, and where the feudal system evoked the first cry for American liberty in the deeds of the Buccaneers.

If one picks up a map of the Western World and gives it a mere glance, Porto Rico can be seen to be ideally situated, not only as a commercial distributing depot for North and South America, but as a gathering place for the best minds of both continents under tropical conditions. To the American from the United States seeking special knowledge of Latin America, the language, customs and living conditions can be learned under the best conditions and with the highest degree of profit. Certainly educated Porto Ricans come nearer than any other population in Latin America to being bilingual. In this densely populated country, under American institutions, but still preserving the best of Latin America, the breaking-in process will be gentle and most agreeable, and the application of American ideals to tropical conditions can be most readily realized.

On the other hand, the citizen of one of the South or Central American republics will be able to live as he would at home, speaking his own language and at the same time absorbing the essence of American thought in the United States direct from its representative men. To him, also, the breaking-in process would be gentle. He obtains the point of view of the Northern land in circumstances to which he is accustomed, and brings the genius of his race to broaden our American life in these Southern countries.

Thus, there is much to recommend Porto Rico as a meeting place for the minds of the two great civilizations which inhabit the Americas. But there is a special reason for choosing medical science as the basic element in this intellectual *entente*. There is a reason for selecting Porto Rico, the best reason in the world;

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the island has already accomplished something, through the medical sciences, toward the betterment of our Western World. For it was Porto Rico that first focussed attention upon a great scourge of both North and South America; that first, in 1899, announced the nature of the anæmia and physical deterioration of the agricultural laborer of tropical and subtropical America; that first demonstrated the endemic presence of hookworm disease in America, at least north of the equator; that first, in all America, devised and carried out a plan for combating this disease on a large scale. With the persistent financial support and faith of the people of Porto Rico, over 300,000 persons were treated by its official commission for a disease which caused in 1900 the death of 12,000 persons, nearly one-third of the total deaths from all causes.

At the close of that campaign, and in large part due thereto, the mortality of 42 per 1,000 fell to around 21 per 1,000 and has never since materially risen; the efficiency of the laborer, estimated by some two hundred and twenty-five of the island's prominent plantation owners, rose over sixty per cent.; the pale ghosts that by their steady labor had saved their country's commercial life were more and more rapidly transfigured into the image of normal men.

Out of this campaign, in 1911, the Institute of Tropical Medicine and Hygiene was founded for the purpose of investigating tropical diseases in the island, and its members, the original group which had carried the anæmia campaign to a successful issue, founded that institution with the solemn determination to cause it to evolve, some day, in some way, into a School of Tropical Medicine.

Through the initiative of several Porto Rico statesmen, a great American university, Columbia, sent a commission to the island to look over the field for the establishment of such a school, and that university has formally decided to administer, with the coöperation of the Insular Government, the first School of Tropical Medicine under the American flag in the tropics. The interest of the island itself in the enterprise has just been attested by the passage, by the Insular Government, of an act appropriating $100,000 for a new School of Medicine building, with a permanent endowment by the Island of $30,000 a year for maintenance.

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This is not a dream, an experiment, but a fact, and a fact that meets a great need. England has her schools of tropical medicine, situated in the tropics; so has France; so had Germany; so have other countries. The United States has such schools, but not in the tropics. Laboratories and lectures are of inestimable value, but without clinical material in abundance, without personal contact with the normal life of the tropics, one can hardly expect that the abnormal can be accurately sensed or even well understood.

Of the vital elements missing in all schools of tropical medicine in temperate climates, that is, the actual demonstration of pathologic alongside of normal conditions, and sanitary machinery actually in operation, Porto Rico has an inexhaustible supply. Thus her School of Tropical Medicine will come as a welcome complement to similar schools in northern countries, working, not in competition with them, but in practical extension of their aims and ideals.

The first step has been taken, the cornerstone laid, for what may become a great span in the bridge of comprehension between English-speaking America, on the one hand, and Spanish- and Portuguese-speaking America on the other. But other spans must be built, and here we must leave the realities to scan the future and see one after the other of our great universities of both North and South America making extensions similar to that of Columbia, to group with her in a great Pan-University Confederation, a Pan-American University, a super-university of post-graduate schools, each independent in itself, each representing a separate division of human knowledge; a School of Tropical Agriculture, of Pan-American Commerce, of Tropical Climatology, of Tropical Architecture, of Inter-American Sanitation, of the American languages—the list would be as long as the demand.

Such a centre would compete with no one university; it would serve all as an extension. It would not be a National enterprise, a purely governmental institution. It would be a great and spontaneous effort on the part of American higher education to erect a splendid causeway for international progress and international peace. It would be the triumph of all that the University stands for, that is implied in its name. Into this conception, with good

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grace all of our American universities can enter, as well those of North as those of South and Central America. Are other bridges in the building elsewhere? So much the better. There is many a dark gulf to cross before Pan-Americanism becomes something more than a rhetorical expression.

I have tried to outline the plan by which a feasible and necessary extension of our American university life may come in contact with, influence, and be influenced by the university life of the other American republics. It is costly, it may be thought a chimera, but some such movement will come to fill a long-felt need, if the seeds of dissociation, which constantly threaten to take root to our mutual disadvantage, are to be prevented from falling into ground fertilized by reciprocal ignorance.

BAILEY K. ASHFORD.

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THE MEXICAN PROBLEM SOLVED

BY GEORGE CYRUS THORPE

"It is a new Mexico that faces the world in pride and confidence," wrote Señor Roberto V. Pesqueira, Confidential Agent of the Government of Mexico, to the American Secretary of State in 1920. "From border to border there is peace. Not a single rebel remains in arms against the Federal Government, and a whole nation thinks in terms of law, order and reconstruction. . . . A first task, of course, is firm and enduring friendship between Mexico and the United States. Our business is to set this friendship on foundations so firm that it cannot be shaken by the attack of reaction. Permit me, therefore, to deal with certain slanders that have not only prejudiced the people of the United States, but which have aroused much bitterness in my own country. Mexico cannot but feel deeply grieved over the charge that she intends or has ever intended to disavow her obligations. President de la Huerta, as well as President-elect Obregon, have on repeated occasions publicly declared that Mexico will respect all rightful claims duly proved as such, submitting herself to the recognized principles of international law. The Mexican Government is prepared to establish a joint arbitration commission to pass upon and adjudicate the claims presented by foreigners on account of damages occasioned during the revolution. Any claim that cannot be adjusted by means of direct negotiations between the claimant and the Mexican Government will be submitted to the consideration of this commission, whose decisions will be deemed final and binding."

These overtures were made, as has been said, in 1920. Yet American-Mexican diplomacy bore little real fruit until President Coolidge's recent proclamation of two conventions signed and ratified in the early part of this year.

At the conclusion of the negotiations of the American-Mexican Commission in Mexico that marked the resumption of Mexican-

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American diplomatic relations and made the general and special conventions possible, President Coolidge, in a letter to Mr. Charles Beecher Warren, one of the plenipotentiaries, expressed his great satisfaction over the "fine piece of work, looking to the guarantee of peace and stabilization of economic and political relations throughout this continent."

Now, indeed, the long-standing "Mexican problem" is on a fair way towards the happy solution of Señor Pesqueira's forecast, and more than half a century of Mexican claims and counter-claims are submitted to adjudication. The General Claims Convention between the United States and Mexico proclaimed by President Coolidge on March 3 last provides for the creation of a General Claims Commission for the settlement of all claims by the citizens of each country against the other arising since July 4, 1868, with the exception of claims for losses or damages growing out of revolutionary disturbances in Mexico. The excepted claims, incident to revolution between November 20, 1910, and May 31, 1920, inclusive, are to be the subject of a Special Claims Commission to be convened in Mexico, provided for by a Convention proclaimed by the President on February 23, 1924.

By the treaty terms the Chief Executive of each of the High Contracting Powers was to name one member for each commission, the third member to be selected by mutual agreement if possible, otherwise by reference. President Coolidge appointed ex-Governor Nathan L. Miller of New York as Commissioner of the United States on the General Claims Commission, and Ernest B. Perry, a distinguished attorney of Lincoln, Nebraska, for the Special Claims Commission; both men of important judicial experience. President Obregon similarly named two of Mexico's foremost lawyers, Señor Licenciado Don Aguiles Elorduy and Señor Licenciado Don Fernando Gonzales Roa, as Commissioners of the United Mexican States for the respective commissions. In the selection of the third member and umpire of each tribunal the two countries were in accord, each country's first choice being Cornelis Van Vollenhoven, of Holland, for the General Commission, while Doctor Rodrigo Octavio, of Rio de Janeiro, was uncontested as umpire for the Special Commission.

Of no less interest to American claimants is the selection of the

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American Agent who is charged with the general responsibility for the presentation and prosecution of all American claims cognizable by the General Claims Commission. This task will be in the hands of Colonel Henry W. Anderson, of Richmond, Virginia, the Republican candidate for Governor of that State in 1921. During the World War he took an active part in Red Cross activities in the Balkan States, and his distinguished success was recognized by Servia, Roumania, Greece, Russia, Montenegro and Italy, in token of which he was many times decorated by those countries. He is a practising attorney of Richmond and has been identified with many important enterprises.

The General Claims Convention is similar in its terms to the Treaty of July 4, 1868, and, indeed, refers to the Claims Commission created by the latter for the rules of procedure of the proposed Commission. The commission may fix the time and place of meeting, either in the United States or Mexico. Except for injuries incident to recent revolutions, claims may comprise:

(a) Losses or damages suffered by persons or by their properties; or (b) losses or damages originating from acts of officials or others acting for either Government and resulting in injustice and which claims may have been presented to either Government for its interposition with the other since July 4, 1868, and which have remained unsettled: or (c) any other claims which may be filed by either Government within the time hereinafter specified.

Claimants against Mexico must be citizens of the United States, and claimants against the United States must be citizens of Mexico; whether, in either case, corporations, companies, associations, partnerships or individuals. Citizens claiming by reason of losses suffered by any corporation, company, association or partnership, must show that they have, or have had, a substantial and bona fide interest in such damaged organization and that an allotment of their proportions of the organizations' losses has been made to them.

The time for filing, with the Commission, claims accruing prior to September 8, 1923, is limited to the year following the date of the Commission's first meeting, unless a delinquent claimant can show reasons for delay satisfactory to the majority of the Commissioners, in which case the claimant may be allowed an exten-

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sion of time not to exceed six additional months. Claims accruing after September 8, 1923, may be filed with the Commission at any time during its duration.

Articles I and II declare that claims shall be examined and decided "in accordance with the principles of international law, justice and equity." But no claim shall be disallowed or rejected "by the application of the general principle of international law that the legal remedies must be exhausted as a condition precedent to the validity or allowance of any claim."

> In general, the Commission shall adopt as the standard for its proceedings the rules of procedure established by the Mixed Claims Commission created under the Claims Convention between the two Governments signed July 4, 1868, in so far as such rules are not in conflict with any provision of this Convention. The Commission, however, shall have authority by the decision of the majority of its members to establish such other rules for its proceedings as may be deemed expedient and necessary. . . .
>
> Each Government may nominate and appoint agents and counsel who will be authorized to present to the Commission, orally or in writing, all the arguments deemed expedient in favor of or against any claim. The agents or counsel of either Government may offer to the Commission any documents, affidavits, interrogatories or other evidence desired in favor of or against any claim and shall have the right to examine witnesses under oath or affirmation before the Commission. . . .
>
> The decision of the majority of the members of the Commission shall be the decision of the Commission. The language in which the proceedings shall be conducted and recorded shall be English or Spanish.

The Commission must hear, examine and decide, within three years after the date of its first meeting, all claims filed; but if any claim or claims filed within that period have not been decided prior to the termination of the Commission, the two Governments will by agreement extend the time. The time limit for the Claims Commission of 1868, which was to have concluded its functions in 1871, was extended from time to time to November 20, 1876. In this connection the Extension Protocol of 1873 is interesting:

> Whereas the Convention between the United States and the Mexican Republic of April 19, 1871, stipulates that the Commission to which it relates shall be extended for a term not exceeding one year from the day when the functions of the said Commission would terminate pursuant to the Convention of July 4, 1868, which year will expire on the last day of this month, and whereas

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a Convention for the still further prolongation of that Commission has been signed, but, owing to unavoidable circumstances, has not seasonably been ratified by the parties:

Now, therefore, be it known that the undersigned . . . have deemed it advisable . . . that the apartments heretofore occupied by the said Commission shall, with the papers and books relating to the business, continue in the custody of the respective secretaries thereof, until the pleasure of both Governments in regard to the further prosecution of the business of the Commission shall be definitely known.

Every claimant before the Special Claims Commission must be an American in citizenship, whether a corporation, company, association or partnership. If an American individual is a claimant by reason of losses or damages suffered by a corporation, company, association or partnership, in which citizens of the United States have, or have had, a substantial and bona fide interest, such individual claimant must show that his proportion of the loss or damage suffered by such organization has been alloted to him. That claims have, or have not, been presented to the United States for its interposition with Mexico, is immaterial.

Claims comprise losses or damages suffered by persons, corporations, companies, associations or partnerships, or by their properties, during the revolutions and disturbed conditions which existed in Mexico from November 20, 1910, to May 31, 1920, inclusive, due to any act by the following forces:

(1) By forces of a government *de jure* or *de facto*.

(2) By revolutionary forces as a result of the triumph of whose cause governments *de facto* or *de jure* have been established, or by revolutionary forces opposed to them.

(3) By forces arising from the disjunction of the forces mentioned in the next preceding paragraph up to the time when the government *de jure* established itself as a result of a particular revolution.

(4) By federal forces that were disbanded, and

(5) By mutinies or mobs, or insurrectionary forces other than those referred to under subdivisions (2), (3) and (4), above, or by bandits, provided in any case it be established that the appropriate authorities omitted to take reasonable measures to suppress insurrectionists, mobs or bandits, or treated them with lenity or were in fault in other particulars.

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The time for filing claims with the Special Claims Commission is limited to the period of two years following the date of the Commission's first meeting, except, where satisfactory reasons are shown for delay, an extension not exceeding six months may be granted. The procedure is to follow that of the commission of 1868. The Commission will be bound to decide any claim within six months after the conclusion of the hearing, and to conclude all hearings and to render decisions in all claims within five years from its first meeting.

The total amount awarded in all the cases decided in favor of the citizens of one country shall be deducted from the total amount awarded to the citizens of the other country and the balance shall be paid at Washington or at the City of Mexico, in gold coin or its equivalent to the Government of the country in favor of whose citizens the greater amount may have been awarded.

Each government shall pay its own commissioner and bear its own expenses. The expenses of the Commission including the salary of the third commissioner shall be defrayed in equal proportion by the two Governments.

The Commission may decide that a property or right be restored to the claimant in addition to the amount awarded for loss or damage sustained prior to the decreed restitution. At the same time the value of such property or right is to be determined. The Government against whom such decision is rendered may elect between restitution in kind or compensation. If the compensatory alternative is chosen, the Government affected must file notice to that effect with the Commission within thirty days after the decision and the amount fixed as the value of the property or right must be paid forthwith, in default of which the property or right is to be restored immediately.

The two Governments engage to consider the decision of the Commissions as final and conclusive upon each claim decided and to give full effect to such decisions. They further agree to consider the result of the proceedings of the Commissions as a full, perfect and final settlement of every such claim upon either Government. And that every such claim, whether or not filed and presented to the notice of, made, preferred or submitted to the Commissions, shall, from and after the conclusion of the proceedings of the Commissions, be considered and treated as fully settled, barred and thenceforth inadmissible, provided the claim filed has been heard and decided.

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Although the language in the Convention of 1868, as to conclusiveness of awards, was as strong as that contained in the present conventions, and awards are, on their face, final and conclusive as between the United States and Mexico, it does not follow that an unjust award obtained, for example, through fraudulent evidence, would be paid to the fraudulent citizen claimants. They are not parties to the conventions. All evidence must come to the tribunal through government agents. The presentation by a citizen of a fraudulent claim on false testimony is an imposition upon his own Government. In the case of *Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, versus Key,* (110 U. S. 63,) the Supreme Court said:

> When it is alleged that a decision of an international tribunal against a foreign Government was obtained by the use of fraud, no technical rules of pleading as applied in municipal courts should be allowed to stand in the way of the national power to do what is right.
>
> Every citizen who seeks the intervention of his own Government against another for the redress of his personal grievances must necessarily subject himself and his claim to their requirements of international comity.

In that case the Secretary of State withheld, from payment to a citizen claimant, a large award made under the Treaty of 1868, upon evidence that it was obtained by fraud, and the two Governments negotiated a convention for a rehearing of that claim.

In *Alling and another versus the United States,* (114 U. S. 562,) it was held that a claim against the United States for moneys awarded by the Commission under the Treaty of 1868, and paid by Mexico to the United States in accordance with the award, was a claim growing out of a treaty and was excluded from the jurisdiction of the Court of Claims.

Practically every petroleum, copper, gold and silver mining company interested in Mexico has suffered damages resulting from revolution. It has been estimated that those claims will aggregate at least $100,000,000. Over 50,000 persons are involved. Claims will cover the Madero revolution, the Huerta affair during the Wilson administration, the Carranza and Obregon revolutions and the recent one led by De la Huerta. Confiscation of oil properties under Article 27 of the Carranza Constitution will be another large item. Vast tracts of land were

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affected by the provision made in the Constitution of 1917 for taking large landholdings for division into small parcels without adequate compensation for the owners.

Article 14 of the Constitution of 1917 provides: "No law shall be given retroactive effect to the prejudice of any person whatsoever." Article 16 provides that "no one shall be molested in his person, family, domicile, papers, or possessions, except by virtue of an order in writing of the competent authority setting forth the legal ground and justification." Article 27 reads in part:

> The ownership of lands and waters comprised within the limits of the national territory is vested originally in the nation, which has had, and has, the right to transmit title thereof to private persons, thereby constituting private property. Private property shall not be expropriated except for reasons of public utility and by means of indemnification.
>
> The nation shall have at all times the right to impose on private property such limitations as the public interest may demand as well as the right to regulate the developement of national resources, which are susceptible of appropriation, in order to conserve them and equitably to distribute the public wealth. For this purpose necessary measures shall be taken to divide large landed estates; to develop small landed holdings; to establish new centers of rural population with such lands and waters as may be indispensable to them; to encourage agriculture and to prevent the destruction of national resources, and to protect property from damage detrimental to society. Settlements, hamlets situated on private property and communes which lack lands or water or do not possess them in sufficient quantities for their needs shall have the right to be provided with them from the adjoining properties, always having due regard for small landed holdings. Private property acquired for the said purposes shall be considered as taken for public utility.
>
> In the nation is vested direct ownership of all minerals or substances which in veins, layers, masses or beds constitute deposits whose nature is different from the components of the land, such as minerals from which metals and metalloids used for industrial purposes are extracted; beds of precious stones, rock salt and salt lakes formed directly by marine waters, products derived from the decomposition of rocks, when their exploitation requires underground work; phosphates which may be used for fertilizers; solid mineral fuels; petroleum and all hydrocarbons, solid, liquid, and gaseous. In the nation is likewise vested the ownership of the waters of territorial seas. . . .
>
> In the cases to which the two foregoing paragraphs refer, the ownership of the nation is inalienable and may not be lost by prescriptions; concessions shall be granted by the Federal Government to private parties or civil or commercial corporations organized under the laws of Mexico, only on condition that said resources be regularly developed, and that the legal provisions be observed.

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Only Mexicans by birth or naturalization and Mexican companies have the right to acquire ownership in lands, waters and their appurtenances, or to obtain concessions to develop mines, waters, or mineral fuels in the Republic of Mexico. The nation may grant the same right to foreigners, provided they agree before the Department of Foreign Affairs to be considered Mexicans in respect to such property, and accordingly not to invoke the protection of their governments in respect to the same, under penalty, in case of breach, of forfeiture to the nation of property so acquired. Within a zone of 100 kilometers from the frontiers, and of 50 kilometers from the sea coast, no foreigner shall under any conditions acquire direct ownership of lands and waters.

Commercial stock companies shall not acquire, hold, or administer rural properties.

The federal and state laws shall determine within their respective jurisdictions those cases in which the occupation of private property shall be considered of public utility.

During the next constitutional term, the Congress and State legislatures shall enact laws, within their respective jurisdictions, for the purpose of carrying out the division of large landed estates, subject to the following conditions:

(a) In each state and territory there shall be fixed the maximum area of land which any one individual or legally organized corporation may own.

(b) The excess of the area thus fixed shall be subdivided by the owner within the period set by the laws of the respective locality; and these subdivisions shall be offered for sale on such conditions as the respective governments shall approve, in accordance with the said laws.

(c) If the owner shall refuse to make the subdivision, this shall be carried out by the local government, by means of expropriation proceedings.

(d) The value of the subdivisions shall be paid in annual amounts sufficient to amortize the principal and interest within a period of not less than twenty years, during which the person acquiring them may not alienate them. The rate of interest shall not exceed five per cent per annum.

(e) The owner shall be bound to receive bonds of a special issue to guarantee the payment of the property expropriated. With this end in view, the Congress shall issue a law authorizing the states to issue bonds to meet their agrarian obligations.

All contracts and concessions made by former governments from and after the year 1876 which shall have resulted in the monopoly of lands, waters, and natural resources of the nation by a single individual or corporation, are declared subject to revision, and the executive is authorized to declare those null and void which seriously prejudice the public interest.

The American contention is that there can be no taking of lands or other property of American citizens legally acquired prior to May 1, 1917, without indemnification in cash at the time of taking. The Mexican Supreme Court, in *Amparo* proceedings

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instituted by five oil companies, rendered decisions in 1921 and 1922 to the effect:

(1) That Article 14 of the Constitution, providing that "No law shall be given retroactive effect . . . ", differing from the same article in the Constitution of 1857 requiring that "No retroactive law shall be enacted", is for judicial, not legislative, application and that when the Constitution contains retroactive provisions they must be applied retroactively.

(2) That the part of Article 27 of the Constitution referring to petroleum and other sub-soil substances cannot be considered to be retroactive as not injuring "previous and legitimately acquired rights".

(3) That Article 27 did not apply to leases or contracts made by owners of lands for prospecting for and working petroleum, whereby the privileges of the owners "were translated into positive acts" and the lessees or holders of these contracts had acquired rights to the injury of which the constitutional provision for the nationalization of petroleum could not be applied.

Hence, petroleum properties in process of development before May 1, 1917, when the Constitution took effect, are protected from a retroactive application of the provision in question.

Rights of American citizens in lands containing petroleum or other sub-soil substances, acquired, but not developed, before May 1, 1917, do not come under cover of these decisions.

Another issue is the right of Mexico to confiscate sub-soil interests in lands owned by American citizens prior to May 1, 1917.

The aggregate of claims of Mexican citizens against the United States presumably will be much smaller than the aggregate of American claims against Mexico. They embrace principally damages arising out of the Pershing Expedition into Mexico in pursuit of Pancho Villa, the naval landing at Vera Cruz, and affrays between Mexican and American troops in which citizens residing along the Rio Grande border were injured.

The Claims Commission under the Treaty of 1868 awarded $4,125,622.20 to American citizens and $150,498.41 to citizens of Mexico. The balance between the two credits was faithfully discharged by Mexico. Indeed, Mexico paid in spite of grave doubts, entertained by our own high officials as well as by Mexico,

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as to the validity of the evidence that secured a large part of the American award. (See *Frelinghuysen, Secretary of State, v. Key*, (110 U. S. 63,) in the matter of La Abra Silver Mining Company.)

The International Committee of Bankers on Mexico, of which Thomas W. Lamont was chairman, reported in 1922 that the external obligations of the Mexican Government held by foreign investors, together with the National Railways debt, and certain internal loans, approximated a billion pesos, represented as follows in terms of American dollars:

Secured debt	$128,684,000.00
Unsecured debt	68,806,000.00
Railroad debt	243,734,777.00
Interior debt	67,606,000.00
Total	$508,830,777.00

which does not include bonds of the Huerta issues held by banks as collateral, nor bonds of the so-called DeKay issue which the Government does not recognize. The unpaid interest that had accumulated at that time approximated 400,000,000 pesos.

The committee also reported, after estimating the situation, that, "under prudent and economical management of its affairs by the Mexican Government" it could provide for the service of its debt for 1923 and the succeeding four years. To that end the committee entered into an agreement on June 16, 1922, with the Minister of Finance of Mexico.

As the Commissions are in their nature judicial tribunals whose members must make and subscribe a solemn declaration that they will decide "in accordance with the principles of international law, justice and equity", it scarcely need be said that they will look to precedents established by the commission organized under the Convention of 1868, and by the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany. Each claim will have its day in court. Of course, the decision in, and determination of, typical cases presented to the Commissions naturally will dispose of groups of cases for the individuals in whose behalf they are presented will recognize such determinations as in the nature of *res adjudicata*.

In view of the features of claims under the jurisdiction of the

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Special Claims Commission, that tribunal's inquiries naturally will be in many respects similar to those of the Mixed Claims Commission, United States and Germany.

Before submitting a claim, the claimant should ask himself:

(1) Was he, at the time of the alleged infringement, and is he, a citizen of the United States? If so, he should submit the best obtainable evidence of his citizenship—birth certificate, if native-born; court certificate if naturalized. If the claim is that of a corporation, certified copies of articles of incorporation are required. If a partnership, the contract of partnership.

(2) Was claimant injured in person or property through acts of revolutionary or mutinous forces in Mexico? If so, he should submit proofs of the specific injury complained of.

(3) Was the injury sustained during the period between May 20, 1910, and May 31, 1920, inclusive?

(4) If he claims for a loss, damage or injury sustained through ownership of a substantial and bona fide interest in an injured corporation, company, association or partnership, he should submit evidence of his interest therein, proof of the injury, and that his due share of the loss has been apportioned to him by such organization.

(5) Does his claim involve a property or right that can, and should, be restored to him? If so, what is the value of such property or right?

(6) Was the injury complained of the proximate result of an efficient cause attributable to the forces mentioned above?

(7) What sum of money would recompense him for his aggregate injury?

The General Claims Commission will seek answers to similar inquiries except that, instead of being interested in revolutionary acts between May 1, 1910, and May 31, 1920, it must consider every class of injury otherwise arising since July 4, 1868, through wrongful acts of the United States or Mexico, or their agents, and it must be satisfied that the claimant at the time of the alleged infringement was, and is, a citizen of the country now presenting his claim.

GEORGE CYRUS THORPE.

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AMERICA'S IMMIGRATION POLICY

BY ROY L. GARIS

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THE important provisions of the Immigration Act of 1924, signed by President Coolidge on May 26, are: (1) it preserves the basic immigration law of 1917; (2) it retains the principle of numerical limitation as inaugurated in the act of May 19, 1921; (3) it changes the quota basis from the census of 1910 to the census of 1890; (4) it reduces the quota admissible in any one year from three to two per cent.; (5) it provides a method of selection of immigrants at the source rather than to permit them to come to this country and land at the immigration stations without previous inspection; (6) it reduces the classes of exempted aliens; (7) it places the burden of proof on the alien to show that he is admissible under the immigration laws rather than upon the United States to show that he is not admissible; and (8) it provides entire and absolute exclusion of those who are not eligible to become naturalized citizens under our naturalization laws.

While it was evident from the beginning that no law would please all, yet it is safe to say that at least eighty per cent. of the American people approve of the new provisions in the Act of 1924. The sources of opposition were and still are:

(1) Those who believe that the law is not sufficiently restrictive. For the most part this opposition was not a stumbling block.

(2) Those who believe that the law does not admit enough common laborers to do the rough work of the United States.

(3) Those who, while pretending to favor restriction, really want anybody and everybody except the insane, the criminal and the diseased, so that they may proceed to reap dividends from their particular lines of endeavor, whether the lines be mills, factories, steamships, newspapers of various languages, or the like, in addition to bondsmen, some lawyers, common crooks, and others who daily exploit the newly arrived alien.

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(4) Those of an international mind, who think that migrations should not be impeded, except possibly from China, Korea, Japan and India.

(5) Those who for religious, racial, or family reasons desire more of their own to be residents of the United States.

(6) Those who have been led to believe that the United States can go throughout the world handpicking bricklayers here, plasterers there, gardeners elsewhere and farmers at another place, and bring them, without thought of families, to our States; in other words, selection, distribution and supervision.

In order to expose further the character of this opposition, it is highly desirable and profitable that we analyze our traditional immigration policy to see if we have permanent legislation worthy of the name.

Three times in our history the exercise of the Presidential veto prevented the enactment by Congress of legislation that would restrict immigration by the application of a literacy test. These vetoes were by Presidents Cleveland in 1897, Taft in 1913, and Wilson in 1915. It is clear that both President Cleveland and President Wilson considered restriction of immigration to be contrary to our traditional policy, for each viewed a simple literacy test as "a radical departure" from such a policy. However, President Wilson stated, "If the people of this country have made up their minds to limit the number of immigrants by arbitrary tests and so reverse the policy of all the generations of Americans that have gone before them, it is their right to do so. But I do not believe that they have." These statements are deserving of serious consideration, solely that we may secure a proper focus on the facts of the situation as it exists today.

A great deal of cant and hypocrisy is being preached at the present day as to the motives that lie back of the attitude of the American Government and the American people toward immigration of the past. "A political asylum," "a haven of refuge," "a welcome to the oppressed," "a home for the persecuted"—these and like phrases are all fine, high-sounding expressions, and we believe in them as did our forefathers. But the fact is, they express a secondary and not the primary cause underlying the action of our people and Government toward the alien.

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This primary basis has always been what might be called selfish altruism. We have welcomed the immigrant, not because he was an alien, not because he was escaping religious or political persecution, not because he was down-trodden and oppressed, but primarily and essentially because we believed his coming here was for our own good as a people and as a nation. We have welcomed him only so long as, and no longer than, we believed this. When we had been made to realize that his arrival was dangerous and fraught with injury to us, we objected to his coming and took steps to prevent it—even from colonial times. And once having taken a step forward—once having put up a bar—we have never let it down again or taken a step backward.

Accepting for the moment as a fact the statement that a certain line of action has become our traditional policy, we can certainly successfully contend that mere precedent is not good argument in itself for the continuation of such a policy. The American people have never worshiped at the shrine of tradition, they have never made of precedent a fetish. There is no justification for continuing in one direction simply because that is the way we have been going.

Our problem today is not a question of consistency in following out a supposed traditional policy in regard to immigration, but it is a problem of the application of intelligence and the saving grace of common sense to the same economic and social phenomenon operating under entirely different conditions. These may or may not require the adoption of the same traditional policy; they may involve a complete reversal of that policy. It is the height of folly to maintain that our immigration problem today is the same and demands the same treatment as that of a generation or generations ago simply because it has the same word name. Conditions are fundamentally different and, what is even more important, we have had an opportunity through experience to become acquainted with certain facts which should enable us to approach the solution of the present aspects of the immigration problem with a greater degree of intelligence.

In the above and for the moment, we granted that there has been a traditional policy of virtually unrestricted, free immigration—a policy which, President Wilson clearly perceived, could

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be reversed if the American people so desired. The only question in his mind was that he was not sure that the people desired "to reverse the policy of all the generations of Americans that have gone before". Were he President today I am sure that Mr. Wilson would say that the American people have reversed what he conceived to be their traditional policy.

But has America, until the last decade, welcomed the immigrant with open arms and wild enthusiasm, as the advocates of free immigration declare? What has been her real traditional policy? What have been the views of the leaders of American thought from colonial days?

Between 1714 and 1720 fifty-four ships arrived in Boston with immigrants from Ireland. They were carefully scrutinized by the Puritan exclusionists. Cotton Mather wrote in his diary on August 7, 1718: "But what shall be done for the great number of people that are transporting themselves thither from ye North of Ireland?" John Winthrop, speaking of twenty ministers and their congregations that were expected the same year, said: "I wish their coming over do not prove fatall in the End." They were not welcome, and so most of them moved on beyond the New England settlements.

The Scotch-Irish came in such large numbers to Pennsylvania that James Logan, the Secretary of the Province, wrote to the Proprietors in alarm in 1729: "It looks as if Ireland is to send all its inhabitants hither, for last week not less than six ships arrived, and every day two or three arrive also." Not being welcome, these too pushed on to the frontier.

In 1717 the British Government entered on the policy of penal transportation, and thenceforth discharged certain classes of felons upon the Colonies. New England escaped these "seven year passengers". It is estimated that between 1750 and 1770 twenty thousand convicts were exported to Maryland alone. The Colonies bitterly resented such cargoes, but their self-protective measures were regularly disallowed by the selfish Home Government.

Benjamin Franklin, in a personal letter dated Philadelphia, May 9, 1753, wrote concerning the Germans of Pennsylvania: "Unless the stream of importation could be turned from this to

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other Colonies, they will soon outnumber us, that all the advantages we will have will in my opinion be not able to preserve our language, and even our government will become precarious."

From what has been said above it is evident that conditions in Pennsylvania were by no means exceptional. Professor McMaster says of the same period: "Diverse as the inhabitants of the States were in occupations, they were not less diverse in opinions, in customs, and habits. Differences of race, differences of nationality, of religious opinions, of manners, of tastes, even of speech, were still distinctly marked."

It is evident then that all of the Colonies received their share of human chaff despite their vigorous protests. But the important thing to note is that the thoughtful people of those days were against immigration even when there was land in abundance and opportunity beckoned on every hand.

The "yellow streak" in the population faded rapidly, for many of these men belonged to the class of the unfortunate rather than to the vicious and were the product of a passing state of society. No doubt the worst felons were promptly hanged, so that those who were transported—despite the protests of Virginia and the other Colonies—were such as excited the compassion of the court in an age that recognized nearly three hundred capital offenses. When we consider the fact that many were the victims of bad surroundings rather than born malefactors; that the larceny of a few shillings was punishable by death, and that many of the victims were deported because of religious differences and political offenses, or kidnapped and brought over to be sold as indentured servants, then the stigma of crime is erased. Under the regenerative stimulus of opportunity many of these persons reformed, and, therefore, one does not wonder that some of these transported persons rose to places of honor and distinction in the Colonies and that many of them became respected citizens. Opportunity beckoned then, but today the immigrant's labor is considered no more than any other commodity to be bought at the lowest price, while opportunity is like a jack-o'-lantern or like the pot of gold at the foot of the rainbow.

But be that as it may, before passing on, I desire to

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point out again the opposition in all the Colonies to the coming of new immigrants—an opposition which was so bitter that the new immigrants either themselves moved on to the frontier which was ever moving westward, or else forced the original inhabitants to do so. But today there is no frontier!

Very early in the legislation of our Federal Congress, in fact as early as 1798, statutes were enacted affecting the alien. The most important of these were the Alien and Sedition laws, both of which had for their object the removal of aliens from the United States. The Alien Law authorized the President, without trial, to order out of the country "any aliens he shall judge dangerous to the peace and safety of the United States" and, if they remained, to imprison them "so long as, in the opinion of the President, the public safety may require". In order that no alien might escape, sea captains were to make reports in writing of the names, ages, and places of birth of all foreigners brought over in their ships.

That early legislation was severe on the foreigner is attested by another law passed in 1798. A new Naturalization Act raised the period of necessary residence in the United States from five to fourteen years and provided that foreigners seeking naturalization must declare their intention five years before the time for obtaining papers. Even more stringent than these laws was another enacted in the same year which gave to the President the right, in case of war declared or invasion threatened, to seize, secure, or send away all resident aliens, whether natives or adopted citizens, of the hostile nati

When we recall the conditions e ing at the time of these acts—a young Republic with a new form of government surrounded by avowed and hostile enem s—there was some justification for this severe attitude toward foreigners in this country. Washington, Jefferson, and other founders of our Government favored such legislation and warned the country against the evils of excessive immigration.

These acts indicate clearly a hostile attitude by our Federal Government in its youth toward foreigners. Historical facts thus refute the contention of the past and present advocates of unrestricted immigration that we have always welcomed the

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immigrant with outstretched arms. Unable to protect themselves in colonial days, the States took drastic measures against foreigners almost from the beginning of their independence. Reference to these early statutes is important in that they were based upon conditions which have given tone and color to so much of the opposition that has manifested itself toward the immigrant at different periods in our history.

As early as 1804 a proposal in Connecticut to extend the franchise brought from the Federalists the charge that "never yet has an extension of the franchise failed to bring with it those triple horrors: Catholics, Irishmen, and Democratic rule". "Give to every man a vote and the ports of Connecticut would be crowded with ships swarming with patriots and rapparees fresh from the bogs of Erin, elections would be decided by the refuse of jails and gibbets, and factious men from Ireland would inflict on Connecticut just such a government as they have already inflicted on Delaware, on Pennsylvania, on New York."

In 1807 immigrants were characterized as "the vagabonds and wandering felons of the universe". Dire prophecies as to the submerging of our institutions, and the inevitable downfall of the Republic, abounded in the newspapers at the time so many Irish Catholics were coming to the United States. Through the sections of the country where the Irish settled, anti-Catholic riots were not infrequent, even necessitating at times the calling out of troops. In New York City at the spring elections of 1834 complaint was made by the Whigs that gangs of Irishmen "armed with stones and bludgeons drove them from the polls, attacked their committee in its own room, put the Mayor, Sheriff, and posse to flight and terrorized the city". In Boston in 1837 a mob attacked and sacked the houses of the Irish. There were also anti-foreign riots of more or less serious proportions in Cincinnati, Philadelphia and other cities. In Cincinnati the rioting was directed primarily against the German element.

In 1819 Congress enacted a law providing for an enumeration of arriving aliens, this being the first action on record of legislative attention to the subject of immigration itself. Opposition to immigration was soon crystallized. In 1838 the House of Representatives instructed its Judiciary Committee to consider the pro-

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priety of passing a law prohibiting the importation into this country of vagabonds and paupers.

The antagonistic attitude of a considerable part of the public manifested itself in the political parties of the time in what has come to be called the nativistic movement or "Native Americanism". Immigration and its effects became an issue of the very first importance and was the cause of one of the most remarkable movements in American history. The Native American Association, formed in 1837 in Washington, sought to cherish native American sentiment, to exclude foreign opinions and doctrines, to exclude foreigners from office under the State and Federal Governments, and to procure a repeal of the naturalization law. The opposition to foreigners holding office was quite general. In 1835 the platform of the Native Americans in New York stated: "Elevate no person of foreign birth to any office of honor, trust, or profit in the United States."

Immigration was a prominent issue in the election of 1844 which made James K. Polk President of the United States over Henry Clay. In the Pierce-Scott Presidential campaign of 1852 Scott was accused of "nativism" and this was a factor in his defeat. The historian, Rhodes, states that "this is the first Presidential campaign in which we light upon those now familiar efforts to cajole the German and Irish citizens", and ever since then the foreign vote has played an important part in deciding great questions of American policy.

In 1854 the opposition to immigration as manifested in the Native American movement became known as the "Know-Nothing Party", its official title being the American Party. Their cry now began to be Washington's famous order, "Put none but Americans on Guard Tonight." The country was shaken to its depths, yet all this agitation and opposition by the American public proved futile in the direction of restricting the volume of immigration, for the great, almost limitless West was still to be settled. There was still a frontier, still plenty of land, the immigrants were for the most part still willing to go West and settle on the land, while opportunity still beckoned.

Although the opposition to immigration was not strong enough to place any restrictive measures on the Federal statute books

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prior to the Civil War, yet a number of States legislated on the subject of immigration. As early as 1847 New York passed laws dealing with the situation. Massachusetts, California, Louisiana and other States also took action. However, the Supreme Court of the United States declared a number of these laws unconstitutional, and in a case in 1882 it stated that the subject of immigration "had been confided to Congress by the Constitution, and that Congress can more appropriately and with more acceptance exercise it than any other body known to our laws, State or National". From the very moment when this decision of the Supreme Court was handed down the Government embarked upon a national policy of regulating immigration.

The act of March 3, 1875, prohibited the immigration of alien convicts and of women brought in for purposes of prostitution. Under date of May 6, 1882, Congress passed and the President approved an act "to regulate immigration" by which was suspended for ten years the coming of Chinese laborers to our shores —a suspension not yet removed. The act of February 26, 1885, prohibited the importation of laborers under contract. The act of February 15, 1893, granted additional quarantine powers and imposed additional duties upon the Public Health Service. By 1907 there were as many as sixteen classes of aliens being denied admittance to the United States, and to these the act of 1907 added others. A number of other important acts were passed prior to the act of February 5, 1917, which, among other important restrictions, made provision for the literacy test. On May 11, 1922, an act was approved extending the act of May 19, 1921—the so-called 3 per cent. law—to and including June 30, 1924.

It was admitted by all that this 3 per cent. law was a makeshift, temporary, war measure to stem the tide of those unfortunates of Europe who were beginning to pour into this country in order to escape the misery and burdens which they had inherited from the World War. By extending this act to June 30, 1924, Congress had time to work out more or less permanent legislation to take the place of the somewhat arbitrary, unscientific restriction of a quota based upon the census of 1910. The country is virtually back to normal conditions. It was high time for us to face the

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problem fearlessly and frankly before Congress adjourned in June.

Our review so far has made it evident that from colonial times the American people have opposed the coming of immigrants into this country when they had to associate with them and enter into competition with them; that so long as there was plenty of land—a frontier—and the immigrants were willing to go to it, the problem was not acute; that the young Republic was forced in self-defense to pass drastic laws against the aliens; that with the passing of the years in the last century the opposition to immigrants became more and more crystallized and found expression in one restrictive measure after another until prior to the Act of 1924 less than 400,000 immigrants could enter the United States in any fiscal year under the 3 per cent. law; and lastly but most important of all, that once having passed a restrictive measure, the American people have never repealed it, but have expressed themselves time and time again to be in favor of more severe measures of restriction.

If America can be said to have had a traditional immigration policy, it has certainly not been one upholding free and unrestrictive immigration. On the other hand public opinion in America has upheld a policy of increasing restriction and this, if anything, has been her traditional policy. The American people want restriction, strict, severe restriction. The bars must be put up higher and more scientifically. Practical results are demanded. Does the Act of 1924 take steps in this direction? Does it grant what the public wants in concrete terms?

In the first place and without question, the American people wanted the Act of 1917 excluding certain classes to be continued and strengthened—the most important of these classes being idiots, imbeciles, feeble-minded persons, epileptics, insane persons, paupers, beggars, vagrants, persons afflicted with disease, criminals, polygamists, anarchists, persons likely to become a public charge, illiterates, etc. Such persons as these must be excluded even though they might be eligible for admittance under every other provision of the law. The Act of 1924 continues and strengthens the exclusion of such classes.

In the second place and beyond doubt, public opinion is op-

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posed to the so-called "new" immigration and desired its restriction to the lowest possible minimum.

At the present time European immigration to the United States may be divided into two groups, the "old" and the "new". The "old" immigration extended from the beginning of our national history to about the year 1890 and was derived chiefly from Great Britain and Ireland, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries. Thus practically all the immigrants to 1890 were predominantly Anglo-Saxon-Germanic in blood and Protestant in religion—of the same stock as that which originally settled the United States, wrote our Constitution and established our democratic institutions. The English, Dutch, Swedes, Germans, and even the Scotch-Irish, who constituted practically the entire immigration, were less than two thousand years ago one Germanic race in the forests surrounding the North Sea. Thus being similar in blood and in political ideals, social training, and economic background, this "old" immigration merged with the native stock fairly easily and rapidly. Assimilation was only a matter of time and this was aided by the economic, social and political conditions of the country. Even though those who were already here objected to others coming in, yet once in they soon became Americans, so assimilated as to be indistinguishable from the natives. Furthermore, in comparison with the present-day immigration it was relatively small in volume, while the abundance of free land and our need for pioneers prevented the rise of any serious problem.

In the period centering about the year 1880, and in particular in the decade 1880–1890, there was a distinct shift in the immigration movement. Whereas before 1890 most of our immigrants had been Anglo-Saxons and Teutons from Northern Europe, after 1890 the majority were members of the Mediterranean and Slavic races from Southern and Southeastern Europe. The great bulk of this "new" immigration has its source in Russia, Poland, Austria, Hungary, Greece, Turkey, Italy and the Balkan countries. It is in connection with this "new" immigration that the present immigration problem exists. Its solution challenges our attention.

As Professor Commons says: "A line drawn across the conti-

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nent of Europe from northeast to southwest, separating the Scandinavian Peninsula, the British Isles, Germany, and France from Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy, and Turkey, separates countries not only of distinct races but also of distinct civilizations. It separates Protestant Europe from Catholic Europe; it separates countries of representative institutions and popular government from monarchies; it separates lands where education is universal from lands where illiteracy predominates; it separates manufacturing countries, progressive agriculture, and skilled labor from primitive hand industries, backward agriculture, and unskilled labor; it separates an educated, thrifty peasantry from a peasantry scarcely a single generation removed from serfdom; it separates Teutonic races from Latin, Slav, Semitic, and Mongolian races. When the sources of American immigration are shifted from the Western countries so nearly allied to our own, to Eastern countries so remote in the main attributes of Western civilization, the change is one that should challenge the attention of every citizen."

The racial proportions of incoming aliens having thus undergone a remarkable change since 1890, the result has been "a swift and omnious lowering of the general average of character, intelligence, and moral stamina", with the result now that the situation is "full of menace and danger to our native racial stream and to our long-established institutions". The advocates of free and unrestricted immigration refute such a contention by pointing out that the same has been said time and time again for over a hundred years. They point to members of the old immigration and say that all that these needed was an opportunity. They go to great trouble to compare the present "new" immigration with the types which came to us prior to 1890, in order to establish their contention that the present "new" immigration is no worse than the former. However, I desire to point out in this connection a thought which I have not found expressed in the arguments answering the above contentions of the advocates of free immigration. It is simply this—that the comparison of the present "new" immigration with the lower types which came to us prior to 1890 is wasted energy. The vital thing for us today is not whether the present "new" immigration is equal to, superior to, or lower than the immigration of 35 years ago, but how does

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it compare with the "old" immigration of *today?* According to every test made in recent years and from a practical study of the problem, it is evident beyond doubt that the immigrant from Northern and Western Europe is far superior to the one from Southern and Eastern Europe.

In the Act of 1924 Congress adopted a suggestion of the writer that a simple and practical solution of the problems created by the "new" immigration—a solution based on scientific and historical facts—would be to adopt the census of 1890 instead of 1910 or 1920 as the basis for permanent legislation and future percentage laws. It is true that the 3 per cent. law based on the census of 1910 was primarily quantitative, but it was nevertheless qualitative to the extent that it kept from our shores millions of undesirables which this country could afford to do without. The two per cent. law based on the census of 1890 limits qualitatively to a much higher degree as well as numerically within safe boundaries. It closes the doors to all but a few thousand "new" immigrants each year. It will give us time to educate and assimilate those now here (a task of gigantic proportions, requiring many years). And yet such a plan does not exclude to a detrimental point those immigrants from Northern and Western Europe who might desire to come and who are easily assimilated. Such a provision is eminently fair and equitable, and yet it raised a storm of protest among the nationals whose quotas it reduced. But this is the invariable effect of any legislative proposals that are frankly framed for the benefit of America and Americans rather than for Europe and Europeans. And yet, as in the case of any bill, the character of the opposition may be the strongest kind of evidence of intrinsic merit.

There are many industries in this country which are dependent upon foreign labor if wage scales and working hours of past years are to prevail. Native American labor will not work twelve-hour shifts when eight-hour jobs can be had. Americans will not be satisfied with the living conditions or the fare that the foreign-born laborer is satisfied with.

The solution of the labor shortage in these industries is either a revised schedule of employment or a free entry of labor from foreign countries. Yet to open the gates again to the common

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labor of foreign lands would be to surrender much of what we have gained. It would but add to our domestic problems, since the great majority of this class are unfitted for citizenship.

Some industries have not kept pace with other American industries either in working hours or wages. A labor shortage in such industries will probably be a direct result of this condition. The thinking man comes to regard such industries as a place to seek employment only when all other places fail, and to be left as soon as a job can be obtained elsewhere. A revision of standards in some of our industries is what is needed right now. Happily some have seen the handwriting on the wall and are taking such a step. American industries can get all the labor they need if they will give labor a square deal and cease treating it as a commodity.

Indeed, the time is opportune for Americans to insist on an American policy, regardless of what our employers of cheap labor and our foreign born want. We have catered to them too long already and in consequence have been throwing away our birthright. The vital thing is to preserve the American race, as far as it can be preserved, and build it up with Nordic stock; intelligent, literate, easily assimilated, appreciating and able to carry on our American institutions. The percentage law based on the census of 1890 will in time automatically bring about such a result.

In a recent letter to me, the Hon. Roger W. Babson stated: "Of course I am in favor of an extension of our Immigration Service to the points of embarkation on the other side." Perhaps no other provision in the Act of 1924 has met with such general approval as the one which provides for a form of examination over seas. For several years it seemed impossible to work out a practical method and one satisfactory to the nations in whose ports such inspection takes place. Under the new law both non-quota and quota immigrants are required to file their written application under oath in duplicate before the United States consul in their country for an immigration certificate. These applications go fully into their past records, their family history, and into their mental, moral and physical qualifications. This process now enables us to weed out in advance those not qualified for entrance into the United States. A satisfactory examination there procures

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an immigrant certificate for admission here, provided that the quota has not been exhausted. However, the certificate does not exempt the immigrant from a final inspection and medical examination at the port of entry. The immigrant is subject to deportation if he or she fails to measure up to the Act of 1917.

The law provides that not more than ten per cent. of the total number of certificates allotted to each country may be issued in any one month, and a certificate is void four months after the date of issuance. The counting of these certificates is made abroad. A no more constructive provision could be imagined than this, for it eliminates the racing of steamships into the ports of entry on the first day of each month, it eliminates the necessity of immigrants being forced to return to Europe due to exhausted quotas, and at the same time it gives our consuls the power to prevent obviously undesirable aliens from coming to America.

The provision in the law abrogating the gentlemen's agreement with Japan, and excluding all Japanese laborers from the United States because of their ineligibility for citizenship, has been the subject of world discussion. Under this gentlemen's agreement Japan, not the United States, determined what and how many Japanese laborers could come to America. It was inevitable that this arrangement should be ended and Congress was within its rights in ending it, although it might have accomplished it in a more diplomatic manner.

It has been my purpose to explain briefly those provisions of the new law which have been subject to the most discussion in order to make clear that each provision is but a logical step forward in our traditional policy of increasing restriction of immigration in a more humane, scientific and constructive manner. The Secretary of Labor, Mr. Davis, said in a recent address, "There should be some immigration of the right kind, but we, not Europe, will say who shall come or we will not let any come." Certainly in the Act of 1924 we have taken important steps forward in the right direction toward permanent legislation worthy of the name.

ROY L. GARIS.

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PAUL CLAUDEL

BY BRIAN W. DOWNS

I

It will be an interesting task for the literary historian of some future epoch to assess in an impartial manner impossible today the nature, amount and value of the specifically Christian element in literature since Christianity became the official religion of Europe. Will he add any name to the short list of writers at once truly great and truly Christian, who stand immortal and unchallenged? It may be doubted. For, to confess a truth, however large the coöperation of dogmatic religion with art of all kinds may bulk in the vocal aspirations of moralists and divines, it is not an aim which producers and lovers of good literature have often had deeply at heart. Though from time to time there have been sincerely religious men, who, like Tolstoi, have wished to harness their artistic powers to the juggernaut of their creed; though there have arisen literary dictators, like the brothers Schlegel, who have wished to impose their faith on the literary movement of their time; yet when it has come to practice, posterity recognizes that those works in which these very prophets have put the best of themselves are those in which they have most resolutely waived their religious and ethical preoccupations. And where an ambition like theirs has been most fully realized, there the creative passion of the artist has shown itself feeblest. Richardson was as devout a man as Dean Farrar; but *Eric, or Little by Little* puts up a poor show against *Clarissa*.

The last of the many attempts to "bring religion into literature", as some of its advocates proudly style the process,—that of the French Symbolists, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, Huysmans and their like, with prayers on their lips (and in their hearts, they said) but blasphemy in their books,—may be blotted somewhat contemptuously from this roll of honor. One, however, among their con-

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geners and their immediate disciples has never varnished his eikons with dung or wavered appreciably in his desire to spread by precept and example the Christian Gospel in the world of the imagination. "Who would suspect," he once exclaimed, in the accents of one gazing down upon Jerusalem, "who would suspect while reading Rabelais, Montaigne, Racine, Molière, Victor Hugo, that a God has died for us on the Cross? This sort of thing must absolutely stop."

The daring zealot who uttered such words is not, as one might hazard, a pastor of one of the surviving Huguenot congregations; though his reading is all in Aquinas, he is not some zealous Dominican mindful of a time when all self-expression paid service of lip, and more than lip, to the Christian God in his church; but Paul Louis Charles Claudel, now, after long service in the consular and diplomatic services, the French Republic's Ambassador accredited to his Imperial Majesty of Japan. At the same time he takes his place, in the opinion of some, as junior fellow in the noble brotherhood of Dante, Herbert, Milton, Vondel, Calderon and Klopstock. It will be our prime concern to discover whether such a magnificent claim can be established with justice.

II

M. Claudel made his fame, and still preserves it among all but the smallest circle of fanatics, with a series of plays. At the time of writing this, twelve such stand to his credit, many in a bewildering variety of successive redactions. Two of the number, the musical comedy of *Proteus* and a dismally flaccid puppet play called *The Bear and the Moon* (1919), stand quite apart from the others and need not concern us, at any rate for the moment. But the common peculiarities of the remainder clearly deserve some present attention.

The typical Claudel play strikes as decidedly singular even an age habituated to the Muses' latter-day vagaries. The modern work that perhaps comes closest to it is M. Maeterlinck's. This is comprehensible enough, since both these poets, then young lions in their twenties, were launched into the arena precisely at the time (1890) that the Count Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, recently dead, stood at the apogee of his undeserved glory as a playwright;

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and they studied their art mostly in the leaves of his last production, *Axel*, a confused melodrama culminating in the suicide of its two protagonists, a young German earl with leanings towards Rosicrucianism and a lady of incomparable pallor and a pretty taste in practical jokes. From *Axel* Messrs. Maeterlinck and Claudel learnt—what the new philosophies hastened to corroborate—that human Intellect is naught in value and practical effect over against the urgings of the Will, and that human speech is a mere tattered veil, through whose rents a white gleam of meaning occasionally appears, but which for the most part serves to cover and obscure the messages no less of the Will than of the disprized Intellect. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam employed dialogue primarily to create "atmosphere", and, though differing in their own application of the general law, it was on this freak that they later seized with the greatest eagerness.

M. Claudel agrees too with M. Maeterlinck in moving the time of action in his most characteristic plays from the precise 1828 of *Axel* to a mythical, conventionalized Middle Age, and in utterly rejecting the Byronic disillusion which culminated in Villiers de l'Isle-Adam's most celebrated sentence: "Live? Our servants shall do that for us!"

After that they part company. M. Claudel never permits himself that abuse of the pathetic fallacy which M. Maeterlinck took over from their common inspirer, and, very notably, he differs from him in his dramatic treatment of Roman Catholicism. Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, devout believer as he was (rather after the strange manner of the latter Huysmans and of Baudelaire), had utilized certain externalities of Roman ritual for creating stage effect and enhancing that "atmosphere" of mystery and exaltation towards the all-important creation of which his energies were chiefly bent, and here M. Maeterlinck is content to follow him. But with M. Claudel a stage device, a mere accessory, comes to assume an importance nothing less than essential.

For all M. Claudel's plays (with the exceptions made) may justly be called modern miracle-*cum*-morality plays, the nearest equivalent we have to the Digby *Mary Magdalen* or *Everyman.* They exist for the sake of some strange occurrence, imputed to the direct intervention of God; and that fixes a great gulf between

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them and the puerile "Rosicrucianism" of *Axel* or the prowling *beguines* of *The Princess Maleine*—the elimination of which would merely affect atmosphere and not structure. Of two plays, which exhibit respectively M. Claudel's dramatic talent at its strongest and feeblest, we can say that the entire interest centres in supernatural happenings. In *The Seventh Day's Rest* (1901)[1], a powerful melodrama with many effective situations, an Emperor of China descends into the realms of Death and the Devil for the succor of his subjects afflicted by an inroad of ghosts, and on his return to earth his sceptre miraculously turns into a cross. In *Christmas Eve 1914* (1915) the murdered innocents from the Eastern Marches of France meet behind the lines in solemn glorifications of their Lord and their country, which the enemy's artillery tactfully punctuates with salvos precisely where the music requires them. Of M. Claudel's most celebrated piece, *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (1912), which the French Academy "crowned" and which has found its way on to the boards of most civilized countries, the interest, though not actually absorbed by the marvellous, as it is in the two plays just mentioned, certainly culminates in a genuine miracle: a dead child is brought to life and suckled by a virgin.

So one might go through the list. The two plays in which the plain spectator would detect perhaps least of the supernatural are nevertheless exceedingly instructive in this respect: *The Humiliated Father* (1920) (which exhibits another semi-pathological miracle) depends for its dramatic complication on the disregard of a foolish piece of advice bestowed by Pius IX, that pontiff who had himself declared infallible and became "Jesus Christ on earth"; the rationale of *Hard Bread* (1918) consists in the overt working out of the scriptural adage touching the Sins of the Fathers—an elaboration, by the way, practised also in *The Humiliated Father*. These plays, in brief, like *Mary Magdalen* and *Everyman*, serve primarily as object-lessons, to assert Eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to men. Their author avows it when he says of one of them, *The Exchange* (1901), that its theme is the incompatibility of Action and the Soul.

Again, like *Mary Magdalen* and *Everyman*, they suffer from an

[1] The dates given are those of publication, not of composition.

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over-simplification of the human agents through whom the necessary moral is inculcated. Characters tend to become, or to remain, mere flat types. M. Claudel is nearer akin to the poet of *The Faërie Queene* than to the creator of *The Pilgrims' Progress*. The reason may be found in the curious defence put up, not by a detractor, but by an admirer of his genius: "It does not appear that M. Claudel has watched the lives of others much or is greatly interested in them. His is a psychology of intuition." The fact however is certain. In *The Exchange*, for example, written for the most part in the United States as an indictment of graceless Anglo-Saxon business methods pushed into even the most sacred recesses of life, Marthe Laine, comely enough in her two dimensions, simply stands for The Good Wife and Léchy Elbernon for The Bad Wife. Marthe is a French Catholic, joined to her husband in sacramental union, and cherishing him in his life of homely toil: Léchy, an American actress, over whom a Baptist minister read his contractual marriage-service, who makes free with quotations from Pontius Pilate and goes through the world scattering and destroying, the doctrine of freedom in action and in love ever on her painted lips. The rule nevertheless admits of a few exceptions. Ysé in the haunting *Division of Noon* (1905) represents Everywoman, and no man, however hard he tries, can turn his Everywoman into a mere type. The passionate and somewhat too evil Mara serves as a welcome tonic to *The Tidings Brought to Mary*. And *The Hostage* (1911), the fount and origin of the trilogy embracing also *Hard Bread* and *The Humiliated Father*, actually boasts three such near-persons in the good priest M. Badilon, in the sweet wisp of resignation Sygne Coufontaine, and in the infamous turncoat Turelure, whom the hatred of M. Claudel galvanizes into a diabolical, Frankensteinesque simulacrum of life. It is worth remarking that in their total effect these three pieces are the most artistically satisfying of M. Claudel's miracle-*cum*-morality plays.

III

There then we have these ten pieces, lacking almost entirely the essentials and attractions for which we look in drama: The interest of plot and dramatic situation, in so far as we regard the char-

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acters as persons with a human destiny, is almost *nil;* and the same thing can be said of our interest in the *dramatis personæ* as character-portrayals. Most of M. Maeterlinck's plays lie open to the same criticism—though he can produce, with different means, the kind of "suspense" which we associate with a dramatic "situation". M. Maeterlinck moreover commands a medium, which, whether we condemn it as meretricious or not, undeniably has the merit, like Signor Puccini's music, of producing a very definite and very poignant emotional effect in a vast majority of the public. But M. Claudel is incapable even of this attraction. He employs as his linguistic vehicle a verse so very free that its laws and even its justification have hitherto baffled the critics. In effect, though unhappy actors and reciters resort to a kind of intoning in order to "get it across" at all, no one, without the printed book in his hand, would mistake their efforts for spoken *verse.* It is just, for the greater part, a kind of undistinguished pseudo-poetical prose, very uncongenial to the genius of the French language, cut up into irregular lengths—perhaps to mark breathing-pauses (as he himself seems to suggest in a passage in *The City* which is our sole clue to his intentions). It is however not merely undistinguished, but in places obscure, and in a two-fold manner: For one thing, because it is so involved in construction that to Frenchmen it reads like a translation from some foreign tongue; and, secondly, because, firmly embedded in its obfusc tissues, it can contain aphoristic tumors like these:—"And the other moment has known the honest Muses, blowers of the fire, hands, the child's good behavior, daughters of the old man" (*The City*, first version, act III), or "The human man, as a lonely traveller during a very hard frost withdraws himself into his horse's bowels, again seizes his female by the breasts" (*Golden-Head*, act III).

Such obscurity is not merely a weakness or a deficiency; it is a positive blemish, which a parallel deformity accentuates. As grave linguistic or syntactical harshness from time to time interrupts the even tenor of the speeches, so the edifying exaltation of the action every now and then comes crashing to earth over some very foul word or some incomprehensible or revolting incident. Very often the two, the abstruse and the beastly, go to-

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gether, as in the scene toward the beginning of *Golden-Head*, where, for no apparent reason, the hero spontaneously oozes blood over a faithful follower's head; and, to many, the suckling of the child by a leper at the climax of *The Tidings Brought to Mary* (a detail not to be found in its primitive form, *The Damsel Violaine*) may justly seem as disgusting as it is unnecessary. On a higher plane, the mental agony to which, particularly in the last act of *The Hostage*, the agents of the Roman Church subject Sygne Coufontaine is so revolting that the late Mrs. Meynell, devout Roman Catholic as she was, felt impelled to protest in the august pages of *The Dublin Review* itself.

To discover then the reasons for the attraction exercised by M. Claudel's dramas upon his fairly extensive international public and for the power which we all undeniably feel emanating from them, we are thrown back far from the world of phenomena in which he has of necessity set his actions and characters, to the spirit world of which, as we apprehend, they serve merely as the symbols. Their weaknesses and deformities, in the new light shed upon them, lose some of their unloveliness and much of their inexplicability, so that we can understand M. Claudel's own insensibility to their shocking nature and forgive it with the criticism made by much his justest and most commonsensical critic, M. de Tonquédec, when he observes: "God obsesses and fascinates him to such a degree that, from time to time, he comes to disregard everything else."

On M. Claudel's conception of God depends then most of his appeal as a writer and seer. But with the key (as it seems) to the treasure chamber thus placed in our eager hands we are conscious of a most disappointing dimness and disproportion when we open the door. The temple which we had pictured so stable and so satisfying, betrays surly, suspicious cracks and incompleteness. How can the architect be so blind to its blemishes? A historical account will perhaps explain much.

When M. Claudel left the celebrated Paris Lyceum of Louis the Great and obtained admission to the over-excited circle revolving about Mallarmé, the philosophy of the market-place was the materialistic monism associated with the name of Taine. It repelled him, and he sought refuge from its insistence alternately

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in debauchery and perusal of the recently "discovered" poet Rimbaud, of whom he later declared: "Others have instructed me, but Arthur Rimbaud alone has constructed me." At the same time he had ever before him the spectacle of one of his grandfathers slowly succumbing to cancer of the stomach. In such a condition of depressed spirits and exasperated sensibilities he attended vespers one Christmas Day in the Cathedral Church of Paris. His heart, he tells us, was of a sudden touched, and he believed. Belief, if it be not mere moral intoxication, presupposes an object of some sort; and though at this stage the particular object of M. Claudel's faith was to him (and remains to us) somewhat fogged, its general nature is easy, as it is important, to apprehend. The God, Whom with the help of "a five *sous* candle" the unhappy boy found as he leant against a darkling pillar of Notre Dame, was a Comforter, to stand between him and the maw of "Nothingness, this horrible brother who does not understand me." As Montaigne had said: "I love Him, because he is He," so M. Claudel declares: "As for Him, He is," and hopes loyally by this emphatic counter-check to preclude further theosophic speculation in himself and those interested in him.

This God, however, can and must be further defined. First and foremost, He is a Being, something or someone that can be loved, as M. Claudel cannot love abstractions such as Justice, Truth, Divinity, Beauty or Natural Law. His appeal is private and personal. He is the God of the great mystics, who were also great lovers. But M. Claudel appears to have his limitations as a lover. Too frequently he approaches his lover-God, not like a Donne or St. Teresa, but as a not very amiable or civilized type of young man considers his mistress, as someone cruel, exacting, capricious, fascinating perhaps, but not quite her swain's equal emotionally, morally, or intellectually. He becomes the God of whom M. Claudel, not greatly to our surprise, tells us, that man made Him and that priests hold Him in their hands and command Him. "God is not above you, but beneath you," he lets his model priest, M. Badilon, say.

The first, unofficial, personal conversion took place in 1886, when the poet was eighteen years old; not until 1889 did the second occur, when M. Claudel submitted himself to the formal busi-

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ness of reception into the Roman Catholic Church. On the rapturous first meeting and betrothal followed, so to speak, the affair before the Registrar. It had one highly singular feature: Though the bridegroom did not notice it, the bride whom he took before all men was not the same to whom he had plighted his troth, and in this mistake or imposture lies the crux of the whole "difficulty" about M. Claudel. The God Whom he accepted at the hands of the Roman Catholic priesthood was the traditional deity of their Thomist theologians, and the characteristics of Him to which they directed his chief care seem to have been those of which least traces are to be found in the old lover-God. They confronted M. Claudel, as M. Claudel now confronts us, with a fundamental discrepancy in his basic creed, which would largely nullify the effect of his first conversion and which, probably for that reason, he has endeavored to cover up ever since.

The lover-God had been arbitrary, as young women are: the new God was arbitrary too, but His caprice was the jealousy of Jehovah, omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; vainly did M. Claudel try, as from time to time he still fruitlessly endeavors, to reconcile the tenderness of the Comforter with the splendor and awfulness of the God of Hosts, to melt Him Whom man made into Him Who made man. "What invasion," he exclaims in such a moment, "of an empire or of a woman's body between pitiless arms, comparable to this seizure of our soul by God!" In the end, however, he can never completely identify his Lover with his Lord; he can but mass their characteristics, nebulous and irreconcilable as they are, and manufacture the chaotic figment of entity to embody them.

It has just been said that M. Claudel's admission to the Roman communion would largely nullify the effect of his first conversion, which by its implicit personal assurance (afterwards unavoidably weakened) served to scare away the bogeys that beset his sensitive, timorous soul. It would be idle to deny, however, that it compensated him for this in great measure. At no time have the lineaments of the God of his youth entirely faded from his memory, but they have inevitably grown dimmer. As they did so, his God-obsessed, God-craving mind turned for the comfort it needed to His successor and His sponsors. It came to accept everything

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that the Roman church—"Visible Word" of God, as he comforted himself by believing—told him; its legends, its philosophy (in so far as a mind essentially incapable of systems apprehends it) and, above all, its theory of authority.

The Utopia of his fancies accordingly, the Utopia within or near whose confines his plays are laid, is a well-ordered, agricultural world, with kings holding their tenure from the Church, with a feudal aristocracy and a graded but rigid caste-system, in which priests and fathers have almost unlimited powers in their own spheres and in which it is unpleasant to be anything but a father or a priest, and particularly unpleasant to be a woman. Jehovah sits on high, dispensing injustice and rewarding violence through his shogun at Rome: the fulfilment of Duty is the supreme virtue and includes even the Duty of Joy. Solomon, Alva and Cardinal Manning would probably feel very much at home in it, but it would provide no place, save in one of its many dungeons, for Socrates or Victor Cousin or Florence Nightingale. (If one would see to what extremes M. Claudel pushes his theory of authority, he has but to study *The Hostage*, the expression of the narrowest "Legitimist" views, the exaltation, as a matter of course, of the weak-kneed ecclesiastic Pius VII and of the scoundrel we all know as Louis XVIII, who aggravates our distaste of him by an offensive parade in a semi-sacerdotal capacity.)

But neither the internal assurance of supernatural friendship nor alliance with so powerful a stabilizing agent as the Roman Catholic Church finally and completely served its prime purpose for M. Claudel, the banishment of his almost ubiquitous fear, fear of the unknown in the realm of the unknowable and fear of man and of thought in the realm of the knowable. It always, M. Claudel guessed, remained possible for an acute mind to demonstrate the anomaly and insecurity of his position, to emit the still small voice of reason against which the most lusty and prolonged holloing and singing of anthems would little avail. And with his endeavor to obviate such a calamity, we come to the third stage in M. Claudel's religious history, the underpinning of ill-joined foundations.

It was an impossible task that he imposed upon himself in the first two, vital, parts of the work misnamed *Ars Poetica* (1907).

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On the one hand he meant to give an intellectual sanction to his creed of Emotion and Authority. On the other hand, destruction always having a savage attraction for him, he desired with an even keener ardor to discredit analysis and argument, to prove, that is to say the total inefficacy of the Intellect whose sanctions he was simultaneously courting. To set about this with even the slenderest prospect of success, he must plainly discard all old processes of thought and persuasion and have recourse to a new Metaphysic and, above all, to a new Logic. The manner of his quest he imitated from Mallarmé's *Divagations*. It stands, he claims, relatively to the old Logic as syntax does to accidence; but on examination we discover his analogy to be faulty: he achieves no extension of scope, but merely a substitution: for the Logic of the syllogism he gives us the logic of the Pun, the arbitrary assumption of the essential identity of objects and concepts because, after centuries of language corruption, the names by which they are symbolized jingle similarly in a language spoken by an insignificant fraction of mankind and probably unknown to the angels. *Connaissance* (acquaintance, knowledge, knowing, cognizance), for example, is the same thing as *co-naissance* (simultaneous birth, connascence); *naître* (to be born) as *n'être* (not to be); and so forth. The Metaphysic, partly reared upon this, is, naturally enough, the Metaphysic of Analogy, the Ethic that of the Parable. It is thus the apotheosis of caprice, private interpretation, individualism, that M. Claudel pretends to erect into the chief buttress of an edifice for housing and hallowing the geniuses of discipline, uniformity and authority.

IV

Outside quite a small set of his cultivated co-religionists, M. Claudel's theological, philosophical and sociological views will gain him as few admirers as his dramaturgical talents. But there are a number of works, so far excluded from our purview, on which, it seems probable, his future fame will rest much more securely than on those plays characterized as typical.

One of them *is* a play—though very different from the sanguinary gloom of *Golden-Head* and the saccharine radiance of *The Tidings Brought to Mary*. That is *Proteus* (1914), the operetta

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"book" already mentioned. It is clearly inspired by Halévy and Offenbach's *La Belle Hélène*, which in M. Reinhardt's recent revival M. Claudel doubtless enjoyed while he was consul in Germany. The chief butts of this farce are Proteus, represented as an old junk merchant of Naxos, and, as in *La Belle Hélène*, Menelaus: their ingenious bilking in an incongruous mix-up of classical myth and ultra-modern inventions provides a number of clever and really diverting situations. They reveal the author as possessing a well developed sense of humor, more Anglo-Saxon than Gallic, which, it is to be hoped, he may exercise again, pure, for our delectation, and perhaps even apply, in a manner that cannot fail to be salutary, to his own self-criticism when engaged on heavier work.

But there are also other pieces, altogether outside the dramatic pale: some memoirs and comments on his own work; a fantastic treatise on church architecture, forming the third part of the *Ars Poetica;* translations from the ancient Greek and from the English; an attractive travel sketch-book, *Knowledge of the East* (1900); and nine-and-a-half small volumes of more or less lyrical poetry. We shall find the greatest satisfaction that M. Claudel's work affords in these last and in certain passages from the plays, independent of their contexts, where the mere lyrical impulse has been powerful enough to sweep aside the obstacle of an obscure syntax and overstep the puny barriers of a grotesque prosody.

Purely as a poet, then, M. Claudel makes his prime appeal—as in their valuable studies both Mrs. Perrin (*Revue des deux Mondes*) and Mr. Middleton Murry (*Edinburgh Review*) insisted years ago, when they had much less *prima facie* lyric to go on. But he makes this appeal by no means with *all* his poetry. Often it is turgid, in the way described; often pitiably trite, as in the "primitivistic" versification of saints' lives; often broken beneath the burden of incoherent thoughts.

Much sifting has to be done. The result of it is remarkable. It squares almost exactly with that of an analogous, not altogether futile process, that of separating form from content. To put it bluntly, those passages which, for their beauty of sound and harmony of the images evoked, ravish the reader, have *no* "con-

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tent"—or a very minimum. Very rarely indeed does M. Claudel produce his greatest effects in any of the long harangues or rhapsodies which utter the profound ideas he believes himself pregnant withal or in the large pronouncements which lay bare before the public the earnest thinker and devotee in him. The *Five Great Odes* (1910) by reason of their greatness, are five great failures. It is for the most part with small purely lyrical "asides" or in the expression of very commonplace sensations that M. Claudel wins the title of poet.

The earliest example of this occurs already in his first work of importance, *Golden-Head* (1890), where it has as much relevancy to dramatic propriety and to the subject of the play as, say, the quotation in that place of Keats's *Ode to Autumn*, with which it has something in common:

The Muse sometimes strays on one of earth's paths;
And, taking advantage of the evening hour when they eat their pottage in the hamlets,
She passes by, barefoot, her hair bushed out by laurel-leaves, and, as she chants some verses, goes along the water-side
Alone, alone like some wild stag.[1]

Vignettes such as this are scattered, hardly with a lavish hand however, throughout M. Claudel's verse. Perhaps the most moving is that at the beginning of the poem *Pater Noster* in *The Mass over Yonder* (1919), which, on the eve of his departure for the wars, presents a middle-aged husband lying in bed side by side with his young wife, peaceably discussing their plans—a piece infinitely more effective in bringing home the desolation, even sublimity of war, than the sabre-rattling, large-mouthed jubilations attempted in *Three War-Poems* (1915). A longer achievement in the same placid mode is this, taken from *Corona Benignitatis* (1915):

When evening falls, blotting out rubric and majuscule,
When all my office is said down to the last chapter,
Without book or rosary I remain in this great crimson world.

[1] La Muse parfois s'égare dans un chemin terrestre;
Et profitant de l'heure le soir où ils mangent la soupe dans les bourgs
La passante aux cheveux hérissés de lauriers marche nupieds, chantant des vers, le long de l'eau
Toute seule, comme un cerf farouche.

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Two planets that hang obliquely, one low, the other high,
Are vanishing towards the sun which vanishes into this night of Pentecost
Like a silver falcon covering a dove of pearl.

All is hushed, but the spirit containing all things will not contain itself in me,
The spirit which holds all things together has the knowledge of speech,
Its inextinguishable clamor within me, like water that fuses and breaks into
foam.

This voice has neither speech nor language, pause nor sense,
Nothing but a cry, the modulation of Joy, Joy itself rising and falling.
O God, I hear my foolish soul within me as it weeps and as it sings.

While it is yet day and it is not night,
I hear my soul within me like a little bird in its joy,
All alone and ready to flit, like a swallow exulting.

When we come to the larger utterances, the first (perhaps the only one) to strike the reader as poetry of a high order throughout is the *Cantata for Three Voices* (1914), rightly so-called as a piece of music before all else, in which the poet astounds by his ability to produce in one medium the effects associated with another, as M. Ravel can make a part-song sound like a string-quartette.

It would be unjust to maintain that he has failed in *all* those speeches and songs on which, as we may imagine, M. Claudel the reactionary reformer, the aspirant to the Grand Manner, the devout Catholic, particularly prides himself (with a Christian pride, of course). The last poem quoted at length is, quite clearly, transfused with religious feeling; the volume *Corona Benignitatis* contains another fine poem of definitely religious content, *Commemoration of the Faithful Dead*—the *Three War-Poems* one in which the rhetoric really moves, called *Behind Them.* There are the great love-speeches of Jacques Hury in *The Tidings Brought to Mary* and of Mesa and Ysé in *Division of Noon*, blending the sublime with the beautiful. Still, all these instances are the outcome of simple emotion, and it is interesting to note that the last two are as dramatic in their essence as anything that M. Claudel has achieved: he himself, the man with the mission, the man of involved thoughts and pronouncements, is here altogether hidden from our view; he has projected himself completely into creatures of simple impulse.

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To sum up: When he is content to feel like a very simple, ordinary mortal and to sing unaffectedly with the voice God gave him, M. Claudel writes his best poetry, and it is poetry of a high order. But when he argues, when he tries to handle thoughts and ideas, he fails. He may be a good poet; but the weakness of his intellectual faculty, or his foolish scorn of it, will prevent his ever ranking, among mankind at large, as a great poet. He cannot after the last test compare with Dante or even with Donne. Similarly, he is not a great Catholic. The great Catholics have been great mystics, like St. Teresa, or great philosophers, like St. Thomas Aquinas; in both instances the greatness lies inherent in the sharpness of their mental or spiritual vision. Not a great Catholic poet, our verdict therefore must run; not even a good Catholic poet (for, in general, he seems best as a poet where he is least a churchman); but a good Catholic and a good poet.

BRIAN W. DOWNS.

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THE NORTH EAST CORNER

BY F. R. McCREARY

Slump shouldered, high shouldered, hills of New England!
Broad shouldered hills of New England!
You run round our coast,
Your feet are great rocks in the salt cold waters of the north,
And sand hooks, sand swords, warm and shining
In the sunnier waters of the south.
You make us a boundary on the west,
Glorious bed for our sunsets,
Green Mountains and Berkshires;
A boundary on the north,
Bald knobs and snow peaks;
And you run up and down through the heart of our country,
Up and down the white river that cleaves it,
Cleaves it and holds it together:
Your symbol eternal
Of the covenant you all swear together
Every dawn, every evening,
O hills of Connecticut, Massachusetts,
Hills of Vermont and New Hampshire,
Rhode Island and Maine.

I was born at your feet in the valley of the long river.
I would look from my grammar school desk and see you watching me
in the autumn
From under your purple-gray shawls;
I would stop my play in the summer and look up at you,
Soberly sometimes, sometimes laughing.
You, and my father, and my mother, knew me always.

There are pasture bars at the bottom of our hills;
I have pulled them out, I have leapt over them,
I have run, I have loitered, to the top of our hills,
And I have looked down, loving New England.

My tongue thick with your dust as the blueberry leaves;
My neck and my shoulders bearing your heat;

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Heat like some hot clinging animal leapt from your wilderness.
I walk your roads in July.
I walk your roads in December,
Jingling your cold in my pockets.
I walk your roads in April,
Snatching bits of your blue sky
To match with your blue sea;
And I walk them late in September,
Gathering armfuls of your haze and your smoke
To weave into blankets for winter-cold shoulders.

Do you outside of us see our towns and our cities?
Do you hear them as they suck at the rivers and streams,
Wheels, smoke, and white water over the dams,
The weft and the woof of our tumbling smoke water,
The shuttles, the spindles, of our down-tossing water?
Do you hear them at noon, hear them at midnight,
Our water hands busy,
Perpetually spinning,
Spinning America?
Do you lie awake in a Springfield hotel,
Listening to the shift and the shunt of our products,
The engine bells and the whistles
Taking us out and all over America?
Do you stand on the salt wharves of Boston,
Watching silent sails come in from the Banks with our fish cargoes,
Watching the foreign flags slip in,
The long dark knives of the steamers,
The boats from Europe,
South America and Asia?
Do you hear the whistles of our trains through the hills,
Winding in, winding out,
Weaving us together?
Do you hear the prayer meeting bells of our thousands of steeples
Stroking the evenings to silence,
Silence to take thought of our hill God and his many benefactions,
Many as the soft-speaking leaves
Of our many green forests?

Hills of New England,
I have gone to you in the hot summer noons,
I have lain on you long hours
Given you myself.
Together, you and I, we have looked down the valleys dreamily,

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Brattleboro, Springfield,
Hartford and Saybrook,
With the blue haze of Long Island across;
Bar Harbor and Boston, the hook of Cape Cod,
Fall River and Providence—
All yours, O hills,
You the mother,
And I, your lover,
Their lover.

Ride through the hills in the winter
With the slow creep of the stumbling stone walls
And the quicker step of the barbed wire fences;
Go through the apple trees,
Witch claw threats at a gray sky;
Pass towns with a white steeple,
A common,
A long black cannon and a flagpole;
See men who go into storms on heavy sledges
Huddled over snow-blinded horses—
And always, everywhere,
The white houses,
Sober, immaculate,
With the old days,
The dead days,
Stacked with the fence rails in inaccessible corners.

I walk at noon into the snow hills of March,
Up, up, and watch the river beneath me,
A bridge's great hand holding shore to shore,
The opposite hills, gray and white.
Are you afraid in the high silence of the hills?
Do you look back at your thin, winding footsteps
Wondering that you dared,
Longing to go down,
Yet gazing and gazing—
Stand there dumb and stricken?
Go then into the hill country of your own heart
And the hills will know you,
And you will exalt them.

Do we never laugh in New England?
Moon ball,
Fat golden squaw hunched on the hearth of the heavens,
You have seen us in the evenings of the late harvest;

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You have listened to the stamp of our feet on the barn floors,
To the ecstatic fiddles;
You have seen our boys and our girls making love in the corn shocks,
Then rising to dance again
Till the hills shook and trembled, gave in, and danced with them.

I turn over your earth in the springtime, O hills,
Rake it and smooth it
And plant white seeds with my fingers.
I go into the smooth fields of tobacco,
Slashing with a wet knife
The tall heavy stalks with their cumbersome leaves.
I walk into your meadows by night,
The hay remnants, scattered and drying,
Beneath my feet like the moonlight.
I climb on a ladder in June
Into the coolness of cherry trees,
And drop the red fruit into a brown basket slung on my arm;
And I climb on a ladder in September
Into the dying foliage of your apples,
The smell of the rot in the long grass,
The sight of the shocked corn and the orange-colored piles of the pumpkins
Holding me steady.

When I sleep, O hills,
I show in my face
The story of my ancestors,
And you too in your slumber
Tell of the hands that have made you,
The slow drag of the ice and its water,
The straight-footed tread of the Indian centuries,
The newcomers' axe,
The plows and the wheels of the late generations;
When you sleep you show these,
And serenity
Untroubled for the future.

On this night-quiet hill ridge of April,
High over the Sunday hushed city
With its lamp-lit suggestion of far-off streets,
Stand with me,
You from outside us, silently.
Stuff your throat and your breast all full with our darkness,
Full, full, and listen with me

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While the damp earth of April, the damp buds of April and the starless sky
Listen with us.
Up to us slowly,
Up to us, here quivering and eager,
Rung from a steeple, the prayer of the valley,
The notes of America.
Touch my arm, my throat, my breast,
I see your eyes,
Brothers American.

Little hills that I carry in the pockets of my breast,
My songs wherever I go;
Great hills, pinched into peaks by the long, strong fingers of the past,
Where my heart buckles down in humility,
Where my heart strides up into pride.
Hills, O hills,
I stand on the river bank loving you:
Eastern hills with a lone tree
Where the first clean tinkle of the dawn came faintly,
Yours the birth glory, the wonder of morning;
Western hills,
Where a line of black and white cows stood in a summer noon motionless,
Gazing into the north and the far menace of afternoon thunder,
Yours the death silence, the awful burden of perpetual sunsets.
Hills, O hills,
Life and death intermingled,
Life and death everlasting!

Night comes with hands of dark pansies
Over hills high and low,
And grandeur stalks on the ridges.
New England, New England, hills of New England,
Out of you and of you
The hills of New York, Pennsylvania;
Out of you the sharp, straight terror of the Rockies,
The great canyon and its impetuous prisoner, irresistible to the Rio;
Out of you and of you all these
And the singing inhabitants.
Rock wedge, hickory wedge of a nation,
New England, New England,
Arrow head of America, cradle of greatness,
Eternal old hills of New England!

F. R. McCreary.

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PROSE STYLE

BY W. C. BROWNELL

I

THE ART OF PROSE

WITH the forces at command of which I have spoken[1]—with attentive regard for order and movement and, under their influence, utilization of the abounding, if a little bit monotonous manner and personality today vouchsafed to us—is it quixotism to cherish among other æsthetic visions the ideal of a richer prose than that which is today our ideal, the ideal in a word of æsthetic rather than of purely communicative prose? Logically the thread I have been following would lead to such an ideal—one that should fuse style and manner, on terms implying both the disciplinary and the inspiring influence upon manner of the spirit of order and movement, and the endowment in turn of this spirit, which is of universal application, with the particular and personal character that in a talent of any value inevitably stamps and colors the concrete result. Only by this welding of what he can't keep out, with what consciously,—even if, in fortunate cases easily—he puts in, is the artist likely to achieve in anything like completeness the artistic potentialities of whatever problem he is attacking, of whatever conception he is endeavoring to realize, or of whatever subject he wishes to present, to develop, to communicate.

Naturally, what consciously he puts in is what costs him his effort and monopolizes his mind. *Hic labor, hoc opus, est.* Hence possibly the decline of style in a labor-saving age. Hence the rarity of that "power and skill with which the evolution of his poems is conducted" ascribed by Arnold to Gray, and of the pleasure we get when at any point we feel what Mr. Sherman has

[1] See THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, June, 1924

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called "the formative pressure of the tone and structure of the entire work." This last remark, indeed, may be deemed quite the formula for the view here taken—the "tone" being, let us say, altogether native and, if one chooses, originally instinctive, but consciously utilized together with the conscious "structure" as "formative pressure" throughout the work as a whole, and in that way inducing the sense and illustrating the spirit of style. At any rate the conscious field is the only one that *can* be cultivated, and, though laborious, its cultivation has hitherto been found profitable by civilization.

There is, however, another strain in the temper of the age hostile to this spirit of style besides that egotism and its derivative laziness which Spinoza deplored, I believe, above other human weaknesses. These latter traits are general and are vaunted rather than dissembled by those who illustrate them, to whom they wear the aspect of self-respect and inspiration. It is hardly unparliamentary therefore, to refer to them as general, if we bear in mind that the current egotism or self-respect does not exclude respect for others—who may be like-minded—nor the prevailing inspirational indolence conflict with the dominant industrial note that hums so steadily in various sections of the contemporary æsthetic field. But these are practical forces, in full and largely automatic activity, and at least so far as literary expression in English prose is concerned style has of late years suffered, I think, quite as sensibly from a definite theory that it is constituted by certain elements that in reality only condition it. Prose of course is vastly our most general as well as most copious medium of articulate expression and in spite of the flood of verse, bond and free, is what for the most part is understood in current discussion of the subject of style; it would be exact, I imagine, to say that though style is considered when poetry is discussed, when style is discussed prose is intended. The elements I refer to are simplicity and clarity—or, shaded a trifle, directness and precision. How much better, how extraordinarily much better it would be to concentrate these admirable qualities in the domain of thought rather than upon expression. The gain from such a transfer appears—in theory anyhow—the more you reflect upon it the more worth while. Then if your purely clear and simple style did

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not take care of itself, automatically following significance clear and simple, you could arrange for its doing so in the collegiate rather than in the post-graduate curriculum. The latter might preferably preoccupy itself with the æsthetic values of the subject.

In so doing it could hardly fail to realize the limitations of our prose ideal of simplicity and clarity and the advantage of enduing these qualities, even in instances where their heightening by emotional color is not called for, with the order and movement of style. That simplicity and clarity once attained will of themselves disclose this order and movement is a superstition, born perhaps of the difficulty of attaining them—a difficulty great enough no doubt to have its surmounting thus crowned if such things were arranged on the reward of merit principle. They are, however, arranged differently, and further effort is necessary even after thought is clarified before its expression becomes style, though I am proceeding on the presumption that we might not too tragically tax our indolence if we elevated our prose ideal enough to stimulate this broader and more exacting practice. No doubt we should have to try in order to find out about that. I think the experiment in any case would be an interesting one, and even if any elevation of our present ideal proved to involve considerably increased mental activity, that result might easily be worth what it might cost. Certainly when the heightening of emotional color is called for, when we feel stirred and wish to communicate the feeling, we might find that we succeeded better, even if we had to take greater pains, by confining ourselves less rigidly merely to stating the fact—if, in a word, we invoked the genius of order and movement, instead of the spirit of statistics. And undoubtedly we should find succeeding better agreeable.

Attic prose is assuredly admirable and Asiatic often meretricious, but it is quite possible to avoid the latter without attaining the former. The injunction "Cease to do evil" demands its sequel, "learn to do good." Otherwise lethargy ensues. And—at least so far as classification is concerned!—why should not our prose be some third kind, neither Asiatic nor yet Attic, but an eclectic with the virtues of both and the faults or failures of neither; or rather a development of our own needs and nature, guided by what these have to suggest to us. In the field of the imagina-

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tion we have amassed so much treasure of remembered experience, notably emotional, which the antique world did not possess, as to make exclusively rational concentration seem of necessity limited as an ideal, however much—however grossly in fact—we may need it as an element in both thought and style. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech suits us better than Pericles's funeral oration, so much has happened between their respective eras—Christianity for one thing, romanticism for another. And there is nothing in realism really to warrant an arid style.

To be driven by Burke's excesses to exaltation of Addison's sedateness betrays too clearly the didactic strain in Arnold's criticism. Not that there can be any objection made, especially in criticism, to desiring "that the good may prevail", which phrase from the *Agamemnon* he cites as the inspiration of all the higher literature since, as indeed it must still be unless one views the human scene with the dreamy eye of the ruminants of the field. If this animal attitude towards the function of literature were not so popular just now it would seem extraordinary—instead of wearisome—that holding it should be congruous with the possession of an emotional organization sufficiently sensitive to expand and contract in sympathy with the subject it studies, the thesis it expounds. But one need not be a thorough believer in the current doctrine of "Hands off! Let 'em have a good time," or a devotee of the art for art gospel, and may even take a human interest in human welfare, and still hold that literature and art are not really to be evaluated with sole reference to their exemplary reproduction in an indefinite future. So regarding them the eye of criticism is on the wrong object. For criticism the parent has a prior claim over the progeny. The latter might perhaps advantageously be left to the consideration of instructors of youth who no doubt best know how to serve their interests and secure their well-being. To instil is to criticism more pertinent than to instruct and, though more difficult, is also more decorous.

Arnold's preoccupation with education had every warrant, and its overflow into his criticism in the main the happiest result, but in this field it led him to develop a fondness for categories to which our indebtedness is great but which was not always quite consonant with his own critical genius. This fondness, joined

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with the fact that his æsthetic side was a shade academic, led him roundly to exile the æsthetic element from the domain of prose and bid it take refuge in that of poetry, where exclusively, he considered, it belonged. After quoting at length one of Ruskin's beautiful and moving passages and praising it heartily he adds: "All the critic could possibly suggest in the way of objection would be perhaps that Mr. Ruskin is there trying to make prose do more than it can perfectly do; that what he is there attempting he will never, except in poetry, be able to accomplish to his entire satisfaction." One may agree or not about Ruskin, but must reflect that there are practical difficulties in the way of turning so short a corner as that of a different art, whenever a writer inclines to quicken his expression with emotion, as when, to borrow from the passage in question, looking up from Swiss lakes toward Alpine heights one beholds, in Ruskin's words, "the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines." Considering the lack of solidity in his matter, and the submersion of form by color, the lack of serenity, in his style, Ruskin's prose no doubt often justifies speculation as to whether his position as a classic would not be more secure if, after receiving the Newdigate prize for poetry, he had continued to express himself in verse—that acknowledged antidote for his especial defect of emotional excess in expression. Even so he has given us a body of admirable æsthetic prose from which multitudes of readers have received pleasure justly to be called exquisite, as well as no small amount of the "fine writing" which does tempt taste to think longingly by contrast of the elevated composure which is Attic alone. His prose is, nevertheless, full of rapturous cadences well worth the tension of alertness in picking one's way through morasses of the meretricious even more extensive than his.

Burke's taste is certainly Asiatic on occasion. Arnold adduces a succession of citations exhibiting his prose as "somewhat barbarously rich and overloaded." Apparently he would have preferred Burke to write the Attic prose of Addison to which he gives the highest praise, content to call its ideas negligible. But had Burke written the prose of Addison, would he have called him our greatest prose writer? I think not. Face to face with this central question he would have thrown over his "prose of the centre,"

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or at least have been careful to distinguish it from distinctly prosaic prose. There is an element in poetry as in plastic art, for the absence of which wherever it is apt, we must in sober truth acknowledge that absolutely nothing can wholly compensate—the element of beauty, the æsthetic element. Why should prose be robbed of it? The fundamental weakness of prose poetry is not so much that the poetry is out of character as regards its mood, as that it is out of place in its form of expression. Prose may be anything but lyric in form and movement. Wherever it is pertinent beauty of any kind is priceless. To be cheated of it by categories would be inept.

It is nevertheless one of Arnold's signal services to his generation—and to subsequent ones—to have distinguished for them the province at once and the nature of poetry on the one hand, and of prose on the other. Everyone interested in criticism will recall his exposition, and the part played in it by what he called his "turn for the French." The French genius for prose, proceeding from the superiority of their intelligence to their genius and imagination—so that even in poetry it is their intelligence that is most marked and prose is their best, being their native, expression, as poetry is that of the English— clearly suggested, he maintained, that English prose had something to learn from French measure, restraint, clearness and conformity to recognized standards of tone and taste. All this was so sound, and at the time so impressive (being withal so unsuspected!), and has since become so thoroughly a part of our thinking and feeling upon this extremely central, and consequently widely suggestive, subject that it has been accepted as final even in those quarters unaffected by Herbert Spencer's conclusions on the same theme. There is certainly this to be said for Arnold's contention, that probably more than any other agency it is to be credited with having, in contemporary prose style, brought into disrepute the meretricious and the mediocre as these seductions solicit the cultivated writer. This is perhaps especially true among ourselves, our customary prose having no doubt, lagged a little behind that of Britain in moderating the magniloquence of its pre-Victorian phases, and being in Arnold's day even more in need of his austere counsels, though in even earlier days we were still further behindhand in

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substance than in style sometimes. At Harvard, I believe, they were discussing whether or no Adam had an umbilical cord long after Oxford had given up the problem in despair. But, significant as it was, there is also this to be added about Arnold's doctrine, namely, that the qualities it assigns to the nature of prose, though characteristic, are not of necessity as exclusive, and that the limits it assigns to its practice are not of necessity as rigid as his view implied. We fell in love with the disciplinary side of the doctrine and it is not to be denied that its inhibitions resulted automatically in stricter form as well as in purer taste, in positive values as well as in negative virtues.

But the categories "prose" and "verse" are too rigidly conceived when the æsthetic or emotional element of expression is strictly confined to one of them. Aside from the practical difficulties I speak of in possessing in its fulness—in any such fulness as Arnold did—the technic of both, the exclusion of this element from the realm of prose is too rigorous. Arnold's own prose practice is by no means always and everywhere consistent with this view. Nor was he unresponsive to the æsthetic note in the prose of others, from the Authorized Version to foreign languages. He has himself recorded being hypnotized to the point of "perpetually declaiming" some of the prose of Maurice de Guérin, the rhythm of which "had lodged itself" in his head. At that time obviously he was less didactic. But since no one who thinks at all systematically would, if possessed in any degree of the social instinct, do so solely to his own glory, and thereby hope wholly to escape the didactic contagion, I may acknowledge the conviction that it would be an excellent thing if we had more prose the rhythm of which lodged itself in one's head. The whole point is there.

Excluding prose from the realm preëmpted by formal poetry—where it is inevitably at a disadvantage and where by definition it has no business, having its own character which it compromises in leaving its own province—by no means involves its exclusion from the far larger domain of art, where if it have style it belongs. Without style it becomes what, in 1868, Scherer complained the prose of the Second Empire was becoming. Under the imperial régime, which he admitted might be the effect rather than the

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cause of the enervation of France that he deemed universal, but which in any case typified it, he maintained that "prose, which is an art, prose which has literary pretensions, is being supplanted by prose absolutely naked which is mere writing." This state of things he would not have been surprised to learn that our own democracy, which he was pessimistically inclined to misconceive, was later—itself now more or less "imperialized,"—to illustrate and even to idealize. The French however have a reliable passion for prose, as indirectly M. France attests in declaring that they do not object to poetry unless it be poetic. As to prose we are less fortunate, especially at the present day, when prose, plus the feeling that should give it style and make it art, is often popularly, though I imagine less now than recently, diverted into what is called free verse; and when, following the example of a race in its childhood and civilization in its dawn, our multitude of writers so frequently begin, even in college, with poetry, and if, like Wordsworth, deserted later by the Muse, unlike him, fail to cultivate in their subsequent writing any æsthetic spirit whatever. In fine, we are to ask ourselves if prose is an art or not. If it is and is composed only of clarity and simplicity, however difficult of attainment these qualities may be, it is reasonably clear that it is a reasonably simple one. We may be sure the masters of prose found the matter more complicated, more ambitious as well as more rewarding, imposing, in fact, success in the capture of Beauty and her imprisonment in an appropriately golden cage.

In the plastic arts there is plenty of appropriate prose which is nevertheless in its degree beautiful. Henry James happily speaks of Magdalen Tower as "that pearl of prose Gothic"; a great deal of beautiful sculpture is prose though not prosaic; similarly with painting. Indeed in painting there is only one of its various departments where poetry is obligatory, though in this one I think it should be so deemed under some effective penalty: the landscape-painter should certainly never forget that "the poetry of earth is never dead." The wisdom of protecting both poetry and prose from "prose poetry" is justified in the manifest interest of each; as a hybrid it is inevitably caricature. But poetic prose on the other hand, or for that matter poetic anything is no more poetry than, say, a sunset is a poet. Sentiment is in

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itself poetic and carries its perfume with it everywhere, into prose as well as into verse. And any plea for a richer prose than that which now, as it were, scudding along under bare poles, scurries to the haven of its conclusions, one may legitimately base on the universality of sentiment—on the unity of the æsthetic element and its claims to a more extended penetration of the domain of literature.

Of recent years the striking phenomenon of the expansion of journalism has tended to obstruct this penetration, journalism not only having little weakness for the æsthetic but acting more or less on the principle expressed by French irony in the saying, *Ôte-toi de là que je m'y mette.* In fact its own invasion of the domain of literature has been in such force and at so many points that one is rather driven to hope it may, like other invaders, content itself with material conquest and ultimately be assimilated by the higher civilization of the conquered. In political writing the standard of effectiveness perhaps automatically excludes the graces of expression; so far as these are in any degree excursions they must properly be suspect. So far as they may be classified under the head of fitness, however, they have obvious point, and style, being at least not an external embellishment but an inner order, appears with relevance; in, for instance, the successful simplification and calculated precision of the late Frank Cobb's daily application to current events of a pondered political philosophy. But such instances are none too frequent in the political or other fields, and as a rule the invading hosts of journalism, establishing themselves in all the border provinces of literature—notably in the much harried march of criticism—not unnaturally treat with contempt such laws and traditions of the country as hamper their rather exclusively temperamental equipment and expression. In daily journalism, of course, the time factor is remorseless and itself trims a writer's style of superfluities, and the inescapable "Go to it" of necessity is a command carrying with it so radical an inhibition, and so strict a construction, of irrelevance as to produce in the newspaper world, in spite of salient exceptions, a general stylistic result of conspicuous bleakness. In truth, what areas of excellent writing of all kinds, since the days illumined by the sun of eloquence, have stretched their

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"nude and sere" expanse beneath a leaden sky and shivered in the pale diffused twilight of a wan explicitness, exhibiting with chill detachment a prospect devoid of charm! There have been as I say, notable exceptions even in—perhaps especially in—the newspaper world, but it has undeniably felt the general frost.

This widespread refrigeration set in long ago more or less coincidently, perhaps, with the rise of the Manchester school and was very likely in some degree responsible for the dejected view Carlyle took of what he called the Dismal Science. The plantigrade tread of its resolutely inductive process might quite conceivably "get on" nerves as exposed as his. When his Reminiscences appeared—*consule Planco!*—I remember calling the acid but graphic characterization of his friend Mill's talk as "rather wintry" to the attention of the late E. L. Godkin—a Benthamite indeed in whom there was no other guile,—and enjoying the latter's amused and unusual accord with the Sage of Chelsea who (he did not believe much in sages) mostly provoked his impatience. There was nothing "wintry" about Mr. Godkin's writing any more than about his talk or himself. Arthur Sedgwick, his own style distinguished in much the same way, wrote of him: "Mr. Godkin's is what the best English has always been, pointed, strong and simple. For lucidity and directness it is unequalled among contemporary writers in this country or in England." And he continued, as we should expect him to: "The Essays are contributions to political and economic literature of the most solid sort." Precisely. However, solid political and economic literature is not literature save,—may one say?—in inadvertence; at least it lacks æsthetic claims and to imply that the best English has always been merely pointed, strong, simple, lucid and direct is to imply that the English of the masters of English is not the best. To assert this is not to assert that their English is pointless, weak, complicated, obscure and circuitous; only that it does something more than avoid these vices and illustrate their antithetical virtues.

This something is to illustrate the æsthetic element of style—style itself as distinct from statement, even from that rare and exemplary order of statement characterized by all the aforesaid virtues. Indeed this element also might have been pointed out in

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Mr. Godkin's writing. It followed rather rigidly the counsel of concealment of art by art; and its felicities are of course all the greater for being so distinctly not frippery but integral, though he certainly never soared and his sustained pressure of order and movement followed closely the contour of the subject. His distinction lay in conceiving his subject in relation to its governing principle and threading the detail which his erudition and experience amply provided in close company with this guide. This unified his essay, or article, and made the net impression it left as definite as its title. But if as a writer he divided with Curtis the primacy among our journalists, instead of holding it unchallenged, it was, I think, because he embodied so exclusively the Emersonian ideal, "See that you hold yourself fast by the intellect." His writing avoided emotional content or color, the writer evidently considering that "all that sort of thing" so far as it could be deemed pertinent at all should go without saying, not to say be reserved for private usage—a preserve of whose inviolability to poaching he was perhaps exorbitantly jealous; which is a little curious considering his fellowship with Burke. Undoubtedly he admired Burke less for his style than for his having as Arnold says, "saturated politics with thought." But if he had not in general so pointedly ignored the æsthetic element his prose must have been more persuasive, whereas, which was surely regrettable, it was pointedly not persuasive at all. His attitude was a little that of President Seelye on beginning psychology with a new class: "I shall not ask you to believe, but defy you to deny." With mature readers this was less effective than with college seniors, and though Godkin's belief was undoubtedly that American newspaper readers, as well as writers, particularly lacked maturity, he hardly allowed for the fact that as to this they distinctly disagreed with him.

Since his day the press has seen great changes. Mr. Talcott Williams, in his jewel of a book, *The Newspaper Man*, records them impressively as well as vividly. Perhaps in segregating its juvenilia in its other columns it has given its maturity the opportunity to expand editorially as, in many admirable instances, has markedly occurred, though there were certainly giants in those days; any old newspaper man would be recreant to forget it.

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And development in style has scarcely kept pace with this evolution. The familiar phenomenon in old days of a beautiful piece of writing has grown notably rare, and such a figure as Mr. Kingsbury wears in consequence an air of comparatively solitary survival. With more reason than elsewhere no doubt, but still even here not a justifying amount, in journalism as well as in literature of more permanent purpose, not merely the poetic but the æsthetic element entire has often been excluded from our prose in frigid disregard of its own æsthetic tradition.

Moments when the "craze" of "æstheticism" flourished naturally did this tradition no good, and perhaps it was because, like Pre-Raphaelitism earlier, it became spent with its own extravagances that the movement subsided, languidly resigning its torch to reactionary hands. In the sense that a man may be said to personify a movement it may be said that Oscar Wilde extinguished the flame that Pater had lighted. Mr. Yeats says that Wilde "believed himself to value nothing but words in their emotional associations and he had turned his style to a parade as though it were his show and he Lord Mayor." As in the Restoration reaction which succeeded the Puritan orgy of asceticism, according to Arnold, people said: "This type at any rate is amiss; we are not going to be all like *that*," sunflowers or not, and followed after the prophets of a new dispensation, the prophets of the present day, Samuel Butler and Shaw. I must quote what Mr. Yeats says of them, too: "He (Shaw) was right to claim Samuel Butler for his master, for Butler was the first Englishman to make the discovery that it is possible to write with great effect without music, without style either good or bad, to eliminate from the mind all emotional implication and to prefer plain water to every vintage. . . . Presently [after attending a series of Shaw representations] I had a nightmare that I was haunted by a sewing-machine that clicked and shone, but the incredible thing was that the machine smiled, smiled perpetually." One understands Wilde's remark about Shaw, also reported by Mr. Yeats, to the effect that "he had no enemies but was much disliked by his many friends." The author of the epigram, "Those who can, do; those who can't, teach," would be.

Clicking and glitter do vary the current clarity and simplicity

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on occasion but do not modify them emotionally. For such modification, once admitting the element of feeling to the realm of prose, once agreeing that prose need not always be prosaic, the most fruitful source both of inspiration and of guidance—aside from special study and attentive reading—I think myself would be fellowship with the other arts, the arts concerned with beauty as poetry is and as, in the same degree and for the most part, no doubt, prose is not. Our ideas are perhaps not very clear on this point. Very likely it is more or less vaguely held that beauty is an abstraction which, like style, no one can define; that in the prose explicitly devoted to it—as in much of the poetry and in fact a good deal of the plastic arts up to their latest phase—it oftenest appears as inanity; that, the masters apart, as heretofore understood and incarnated it is apt to be allied with conventionality; and that clarity and simplicity inherently possess a superior order of it after all. On the other hand our prose, at all events, sometimes possesses more than is recognized. Main Street, for example, seems to me quite as remarkable—more so, alas, than its successor—for traces of beauty in landscape and atmosphere and other pictoriality, intimately observed and vividly recorded, as for being Main Street. Yet I do not remember hearing or seeing any notice of its containing any beauty whatever. One could hardly have a better example, if I am right about the fact, of the general insensitiveness to the æsthetic element as shown by a general failure to recognize it when unexpectedly encountered.

The truth is that familiarity with the æsthetic field is not as yet a part of our general culture, and until it is, prose will be the last phase of our cultivated expression to realize its potentialities of beauty and therefore of style. Phases of painting at present equally laggard are likely to be less lasting, being not so much dull to beauty as radically divorced from it and therefore promising a readier reaction. I do not mean that the fine arts have not received conspicuous attention from English and American writers of distinction in this especial field. Quite the contrary. Our museums too are multiplying, as is well known, and there are striking instances by the score of the progressive dissemination of the plastic arts and of music among us. There is, however, a tre-

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mendous numerical disproportion between our writers and I will not say our practitioners, alone, but even our fine-art connoisseurs and professionals put together. Of course everyone who knows how to read and write is a partially—even though usually quite partially—equipped writer, whereas a difficult technic must at the outset be met and mastered in any other art. But the matter is essentially not one of numbers. Essentially it resides in the fact that the cultivated writer, as such, does not in the least feel a knowledge of æsthetic principles, data and phenomena to be incumbent on him. With this exception *nihil humani*, so far as it comes in his way, escapes his interest or at least pointedly disengages his responsibility. But the exception has only to be pondered to appear extravagant.

Naturally, there are reasons for it. Prominent among them no doubt is the belief that the fine-arts constitute an esoteric field from which the profane are warned off by the professional. This belief has been decidedly and I should say disastrously fostered by such artists as take their cue from Whistler's dictum that their work should be received by the public in silence—like mathematics, as Whistler said, or perhaps like medicine, a view unfavorable to its widespread absorption and rather more in accord with the initial reception of Whistler's own work, by the expert "remnant" composed of his fellow-artists. His work owed the beginnings of its subsequent vogue mainly, perhaps, to the critics and connoisseurs, unless we except Whistler's own talk about it—for which everyone now can see that we ought all to be grateful. However, the professional view also seems supported by the *a priori* consideration that those who handle the tools should be the best judges of the result. The retort that to judge of an egg it is not necessary to be a hen is hardly convincing refutation, though perhaps on a level with some of the discussion. If this had not been proved interminable, the *amour propre* of each side being enlisted, one might still further suggest the well-known difficulty of judging the forest when among its trees, and the likelihood of an equally serious, not to say far more extended, lay study of results matching a superior professional concentration on process. The result of the Squeers system of learning spelling by washing the window was the misspelling of "window", and half the expert world in the

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sphere of fine art can at almost any time be set against the other half on any burning question of *expertise*, the question itself only to be decided later by a general consensus including judges of greater detachment. Even if ever decided, one may add, since the courts of last resort will always be temperamentally divided. The point mainly pertinent here is that this close corporation view operates infallibly, if insensibly, to accentuate the apathy of the generally cultivated regarding a field which the workers in it guard so jealously from trespass. The public, debarred from entering, remains cold to invitations to look over the fence—even at last, it may be, for the mere "once over" glance. The sincere belief of executants, in a necessarily narrow and "intensive" practice, that nobody else does or can know anything about it seems, moreover, as I say, logically plausible enough to persuade the public that it is sound. It forgets that it is open to the critic to know at least all that the artist—many artists—can tell him, besides having resources of his own, and that unless silence is to be rigidly prescribed all around he is as a commentator something of an executant himself. At any rate the result of provincially forcing the esoteric note is not to quiet the critics but to estrange the public. It may be quite negligible as it affects the executant hierarchy, though one might have at least the same doubt about that as the innovating executant has about the academic. But its obvious effect on the general cultivated public is far-reaching.

And the prose writer as such, belonging essentially quite as much to the general cultivated public as to the profession of letters so far as any technical classification distinguishes them and, as regards the fine-arts, being altogether to be classed with this public, remains—in very much the proportion in which æsthetics is a sealed book to him—uninspired by the element of beauty, or, say, by a third of the ideal universe. Here and there a poet may arise destitute of acquaintance with the monumental and grandiose *corpus* of æsthetic expression that mankind began in the dawn of time and has been adding to ever since, and with its philosophy; nature may inspire as well as produce him. But the prose writer is likely to have to forego the element of beauty in some definite proportion to his ignorance of art. As regards the

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element of style in general, (the æsthetic element in his own style so far as his workmanship is conscious art) he must be at a palpable disadvantage if his equipment is defective and his inspiration limited by the absence of that intimacy with ordered and rhythmic beauty in which all art must live in order to be living art—major or minor, great or small, poetry or prose. In any case, minus art, prose will cease to have the style which is its æsthetic element. So far as prose is concerned Mr. Middleton Murry will be quite right in saying "there are styles but no style"—a logical result of his (not very consistent) exclamation elsewhere: "As if the effort to be unmistakable were not the very secret of style!" A secret then, one may remark, possibly possessed, but certainly not disclosed by linguistic pedants, such as, for a shining example, Fitzedward Hall, in whom this effort is most unmistakable—and most painful to the reader. "The true writer," Mr . Murry proceeds, "insists that the reader shall feel exactly what he intends him to feel." But what has the reader to do with the writer's effort "to be unmistakable"? If this effort is successful he will have a perception the more, but how is this perception to be converted into feeling? To feel exactly what the writer intends him to feel merely because the writer makes his meaning clear would often, even if possible, be decidedly risky. He might not like the feeling. The notion is exorbitant. As a mere means of securing cogency, sufficient style to engage the emotions has its value. The most elementary rhetoric prescribes the principles of persuasion as well as those of exposition.

However, the current theory of prose style as consisting of clarity and simplicity is more modest and does not involve illusions about the effect of one's intentions. What it involves is, as I began by saying, a confusion of what conditions style with what constitutes it. No one would deny the claims of clarity and simplicity as conditioning elements of style. Even if its burden is rococo its own structure should be simple enough to make definite and coherent the extravagance it is designed to exhibit. But neither clarity nor simplicity is properly to be called an æsthetic element unless it be made to count as one. Neither has anything intrinsically in common with order and movement, harmony and rhythm. In literary composition, in fact, they are not so much

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qualities of style as of diction and phraseology. Diction that is not simple lacks taste. There is no excuse for elaborating mere communication; modern euphuism anywhere is absurd. And phraseology that is not clear merely calls for clarification. But it is misleading to regard either clarity or simplicity as an æsthetic factor unless it be vivified into activity and become itself a sensuous element instead of a mere conductor, unless clarity be felt as clearness sensible, and simplicity be accented as such. To reduce style to clarity and simplicity and then reduce clarity and simplicity to imperceptibility in the interest of removing all "barriers" between writer and reader as has sometimes been advocated and recently rather naïvely praised in Hudson, for example, is, as regards style, to effect a reduction to absurdity. Style is interpretative not obstructive, but it is no more a mere vehicle than it is a barrier, and if qualities like clearness and simplicity are to replace or even to color it they must acquire its character—its character as an element, and an æsthetic element, of expression instead of as altogether a conduit of thought. Lucidity will elucidate not less nor more but better if it is made to count as envelope and atmosphere, thus increasing the sense of the whole in the substance to be communicated—made stylistic, in a word. Clarity in a landscape painter's technic, for example, is a lens rather than a vacuum. Its aim is not to aid the observer to scrutinize nature, but to enhance her—not being a scientific instrument but an æsthetic value; and in the same sense as that in which Arnold declares: "Truth of science does not become truth of religion till it is made religious," we may say that clarity does not become an æsthetic element until it is made æsthetic.

As to simplicity, it may very well illustrate taste without achieving style. There is more style as style, though style misplaced, in affectation than in artlessness, more in—to make the French distinction that Arnold domesticated—*simplesse* than in *simplicité*. The simplicity of Quaker costume has the effect of style only by contrasting, in its rarity, with the general apparel. A whole community in this tasteful garb might have order in the sense of orderliness, but its order would be inorganic and would lack movement—contrasting but tamely with, for example, the Spanish black that, even when excessive, unifies the rainbow of brilliant

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accentuation with which it is besprinkled and everywhere intimates the sense for style existent in Spanish carriage and character, and emergent, condensed and vivid, in Calderon and Velasquez. The Japanese practice of confining domestic decoration to one kakemono at a time in a room, though by giving relief to the picture it achieves a certain play of emphasis, should in the long run be felt as rather meagre in style. When an admirer of the Washington Monument alleged its simplicity in justification of his admiration he evoked the suggestion that no monument would be still simpler. The Greek "nothing too much" is a counsel of taste, and as applied to style should be supplemented by a caution against nothing at all. Leopold Eidlitz to whom the Victorian architecture of New York owed so much, offered, when the Brooklyn Bridge was building, to make the towers architectural. At the time public opinion would have sustained the official declination he met with, and the bridge remains the strictly engineering monument it was then considered and considered preferable to have it. Eidlitz was a native of Prague and would perhaps have given New York something comparable to the Karlsbrücke towers, not as appropriate as the Pont Alexandre III is to Paris, nor as splendid, but in any case a monument of style which it is still exasperating to remember we have lost. As it is we have the simplicity of masonry as masonry to console us. Subversive though the fact may be of Ruskin's theory of art, and though in given instances it may have more beauty, the cave as a place of worship has undoubtedly less style though more simplicity than the cathedral. The simplicity of the nude in art should surely have style but I imagine that the nude in life is apt to lack it. Perhaps devotees of simplicity at all hazards are so sweeping because in all deliberate art they scent affectation. But such timidity is in this category of circumstances too preponderantly moral. There is plainly simplicity and simplicity. That which is the result of simplification is quite different from either monotony or the miscellaneity that is practically undifferentiated—a principle scrupulously observed by the modern "window-dresser" in whose art style, too often neglected of other builders, finds a welcome refuge. The academic haberdasher whose "correct apparel" is instinct with style that is standard, is his congenial ally. New

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York, accordingly, particularly Fifth Avenue, owes to both a debt larger than is generally recognized.

As an achievement—during which it acquires its style—simplicity has quite other sanctions than the originally meagre. Exiguity of expression may give substance a salience of contrast equivalent to that of the emphasis of energy, but no more than this converse excess is blankness properly to be called style. Saint Gaudens's statue in the Washington cemetery which has fully as much style as the more complicated work more instinctive with him when he was not, as it were, working in unison with artists of the strain of LaFarge and Henry Adams—and they newly returned from the land of Nirvana—gets its style from its simplification. There is nothing simple in its conception any more than artless in its inspiration. Simplicity and the mystic or even the mysterious are mutually antithetical. The celebrated pentameter

A Mr. Wilkinson, a clergyman,

in parody of Wordsworth's simplicity, attributed to Fitzgerald, has a certain effect of style because it is, contrariwise, *simplesse*—Tennysonian simplicity, one may say, remembering Arnold's citation of *Dora* in illustrating the quality. What it parodies, is less the poet's poetry than his simplicity in deeming poetry that which but for his theory he would have seen as prose. Thus even subtleties as well as broader relevancies substantiate the quite radical distinction between simple simplicity and style. And just as clarity is only to be made æsthetic by density sufficient to render it perceptible, æsthetic simplicity must be the result of simplificaton in the treatment, given complexity in the theme.

One can, in fancy, see miscellaneity acquire style in the actual process of being simplified. One can, in fact, see in "modern art" the process itself apparently arrested for inspection often on the hither side of any result—other than the half-way effect of simplification proceeding instead of either style or simplicity attained. The notablest effects of the kind are reached in sculpture, perhaps, and by a reversal of the Beaux-Arts method of proceeding from the general to the particular. That of Elie Nadelmann has sometimes more than a theoretic interest—though plainly less for others than for the enthusiastic artist himself. Of course

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simplification may be carried so far as out of mere momentum to o'erleap style, as it were, and alight, a little dazed in featureless simplicity. On the other hand a theme may be too simple to simplify. People speak of simplicity as if in itself it were an æsthetic value, like size. Size includes its corollary, scale, and though even without scale it is often extremely impressive—its impressiveness as a compositional effect is due less to the artist than to our creating a relation by unconsciously assuming our own scale as an element of contrast, and any relation is a rudiment of style. I remember some one speaking of the impressiveness of the old Mullet post office at Broadway and Park Row to Eidlitz who replied that a pile of barrels of the same dimensions would have more—conveying, as unminimized by senseless modelling, a more unmixed sense of the superiority of size. Thus, possibly, the Pyramids—mountains, certainly—"lord it o'er us", as Sterling says is the Dædalian way.

However, featureless simplicity—either implicit in the theme or the result of exaggerated simplification clearly can't be helped out in this way. Like clarity, simplicity must itself actively contribute to that sense of the whole which it is also the function of style to accentuate in the parts. Converted into active values, both perform a stylistic as well as a rhetorical service in illuminating and vivifying those intrinsic constituents of style in the abstract, order and movement, harmony and rhythm. But surely neither their utility as rhetorical fundamentals, nor their stylistic value, once transformed from conditions into constituents of style, is impeached by denying their entire and exclusive sufficiency for a prose ideal that need in no wise exclude them in including the element of beauty as well. In fine if prose is an art and not merely a craft, one of the essentials of prose style is beauty. Conversely, certainly, any prose of which the burden is, even remotely, related to *belles-lettres* is irrefutably irrelevant in so far as it is not art, and unless it be science. But I think one may go farther and maintain that all prose in so far as it is *literature* is entitled to some measure of beauty and bound to the requirements of art—in which blend of privilege and obligation it is best sustained by the inspiration, and best forwarded by the guidance, of the spirit of style.

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II

ENGLISH PROSE TRADITION

It is singular that the claims of the element of beauty to count as a force in English letters should not today be more widely and cordially recognized in view of the unquestioned tradition of distinctly æsthetic English prose. This tradition has been handed on from one exceptional writer to another in a line curiously paralleling that of the general evolution of our prose into its present prim and prosaic, clear and simple, medium of communication. One must acknowledge nevertheless that aggrandizement of simplicity and clarity as elements of ideal prose style has strong historic, as well as intrinsic, warrant. English prose did not extricate itself from poetry without a struggle, and a struggle during which it was necessary to insist on these qualities as conditions of its individuality, of its *raison d'être* as prose, but a struggle also, of which it still shows the traces. It lost style as it acquired taste. At least its style, in gaining order, lost movement. Johnson's stateliness is static beside Milton's, however indubitably inorganic Milton's inexorable continuity. Moreover, as Balzac says, "where form dominates, sentiment disappears" and the Augustan age did not succeed in establishing the standards set by Dryden, Defoe and Swift without sacrificing its sentiment even in poetry, and of course even more notably in its prose. Defoe's prose after Sir Thomas Browne's is Amsterdam after Venice. Swift's irony is undoubtedly an active æsthetic element and, permeating the directness and precision of his style, makes it a miracle considered as a vehicle for his bitter genius, but as a medium his manner allowed it no warmth. Days and nights devoted to the study of Addison, supposing Johnson's counsel to have been followed, resulted in ridding prose of the purple patch—admirable achievement, to be sure—but also in extracting its color. The prose of Bacon and Milton, of Browne, of Jeremy Taylor, of Clarendon—was it necessary to jettison all that nobility to get rid of grandiloquence? If prose poetry is primitive and its satisfactions crude, which is certainly true, was the only alternative prosaic prose? There is naturally no gain without some loss, but in this case has not the loss been needlessly excessive? It is no doubt a great gain

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to have secured a medium in which the grammarian can converse with the grocer, and Bacon's Essays recast in the diction of Freeman, or even one still more strictly familiar, would advantageously popularize much wisdom. But it is surely possible to pay too high a price for such Benthamite blessings. Moreover they are so apt to come about of themselves, utility being the main principle of natural selection, that it is superfluous to preach them and fatuous to plume ourselves on their possession, as is now so generally done, out of due proportion and in neglect of their cost. "The world has grown grey from thy breath" might have been addressed by the poet to the utilitarian spirit with far greater reason than to the source to which the elevated uses of the world owe their suffusion with the emotion that electrified the world's spiritual elevation into conduct.

No doubt the rise, triumph and subsequent sway of natural science which calls chiefly for exposition—heedless of Ruskin's desire to inoculate it with reverence!—has had a powerful indirect influence in establishing our prose standard, having considerably taken over the field of history, for one example. Another example, more whimsical but also more general, is the fact that, through Herbert Spencer, science has itself expounded style, thus directly popularizing the clarity and directness fully adequate to its own uses. But the whole trend of modern general tendency has been to exalt unemotional prose in theory, and to confine practice within its limits, illustrating, and content with illustrating, the virtues of clarity and simplicity. Taste has developed in this direction and it would very likely be temerarious to assert that it could up to date have functioned more wisely than by functioning in the negative way of discountenancing defects rather than in encouraging virtues. The spread of democracy has of itself both augmented its work and rendered it largely rudimentary. The inculcations of culture must wait till its inhibitions are assimilated. Before the potentialities of prose are realized its limitations are to be learned, and appreciation of its character must precede the exploitation of its capacities.

Any illustrative reference to the evolution of our English prose tradition as bearing on prose theory would naturally therefore begin in this way by noting preliminarily the elimination in prose of

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its surviving surplusage of unassimilated poetic amalgam obstructing its own flow and confusing its own order. It would thereupon naturally proceed to eulogize disproportionately the prose resulting from this purification as first exhibited on a general scale in the Augustan age. And its own logic would tempt it to ascribe the faults of Augustan literature, finding none in its style, to its substance. This is the line that, in fact, Arnold followed and the conclusion he reached. And, as his exposition of prose theory, which I have already described as having done more than any other to define the limitations and indicate the character of prose, is nevertheless marked by a tendency to establish its non-poetic character a little too rigidly and thereby render it prosaic, so his practical conclusion, in the matter of the tradition, that the literature of our great prose age was "second-rate and provincial" in spite of an unimpeachable style, seems to me rather literal logic. The author of *The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century* would perhaps have raised his eye-brows at the conclusion, and I think it would be easy to contest the premises by maintaining that Augustan style had a good deal to do with such inferiority as Arnold felt in the literature. The law of reaction operates as regularly in literature as in the life of which literature, as the expression, follows the impluse, and the age of prose quite inescapably turned prosaic when its turn came. Beauty's lines settled into primness; brilliance, become general, made paste popular; art lost its independent inspiration in adaptation to the mode. Congreve succeeded to Herrick, Pope replaced Donne. When the Town developed its tyranny style in prose sacrificed its state to society. Order was pattern and movement a minuet. Intelligence gave no quarter to the affections. Steele is the only writer of the age who eminently had heart. Everybody wrote well—as today; but—also as today—without that tincture of emotion that warms and lifts adequate utterance into æsthetic correspondence with the substance stated. In fine, the age itself, surcharged with manner, formal or familiar, formalized style. Its taste stanched its sentiment, and style without sentiment is music for the deaf. On the other hand from the point of view of substance it seems to me much more can be said for it. Certainly we may say that its style which made its prose easy reading, is not what

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makes it always read and read again. In the next age, at all events, prose regained, also in reaction, its ceremony with Johnson and its pageantry with Burke.

I have said that the inhibitions of Arnold's doctrine were particularly fruitful but it is also true that his intimations were not universally approved in all their strictness and that his readers differed a good deal in their ability to follow his applications in their full explicitness. They are to be taken no doubt as literature, not dogma. They were in no wise dogmatically proclaimed. But even his followers felt less interest in the didactic than in the purely critical implications of his views and were more concerned with their suggestiveness and soundness than with their universal imperative; and with their contemporary pertinence rather than with their prophetic importance for the guidance of posterity. If he was too anxious to rescue for poetry some of Ruskin's prose, his suggestion nevertheless disclosed the weakness of Ruskin's emotional effusion. Prose of the centre rather than of the circumference was no doubt the aim and Bossuet's stylistic rhetoric fitting garb for significant and striking intellectual perceptions and conclusions,—and even Thiers, who nevertheless had his own kind of fatuity, furnished a commendable contrast to the personal effusion of Kinglake or the mannered brilliance of Macaulay. But while it was true that no one had treated the general subject critically with such stimulating success, it was perfectly plain that the *Essays in Criticism*, the *Lectures on Translating Homer*, *The Study of Celtic Literature*, were not merely in this respect so many post-graduate text-books but the ranking literary literature of their period as well, and that the prose they practised excelled the precision they preached.

Arnold himself had not always written verse when lyrically inspired—he who so eminently could when so minded! Witness, for a single instance, the apostrophe to Oxford—illuminating example of eloquent and elevated fervor, style vibrant with personal feeling, yet perfectly subdued to that conjoined restraint of feeling and freedom of gesture, that fusion of meaning addressed to the reason with the emotion awakened by the beauty and truth thus specifically declared, which is, though surely not prose poetry, as surely poetic prose. And it would be easy, as at this

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date it should be superfluous, to cite passages in practically parallel vein throughout the works of this admirable prose artist. But what his style illustrates, in abundance and with precision, that is particularly germane to the matter of English prose tradition, is the transformation of the conditioning elements of clarity and simplicity into constituting factors by saturating clarity with color and accentuating simplicity by making it organic instead of uniform and giving it a physiognomy as well as a silhouette. It illustrates this so strikingly in fact as, on occasion—rare occasion—to caricature it; caricature clarity at all events by veritably implacable iteration. More and more the burden of his prose has come to be part of our general thinking and feeling and people hold his views and writers parrot his phrases with such a secure sense of accord as to have an obscure sensation of ownership, not to say the illusion of origination. Such a result in itself contributes to the tradition a demonstration that prose is not merely an art, but as much an art as any other.

And the echoes of *Essays in Criticism* were still vibrating and its counsels in everyone's mind when, a decade later, Pater's *Studies in the Renaissance* appeared, and without essentially or precisely modifying the *Essays* unveiled a new point of view, one less strict and more sensuous. Preaching by example, at least, the *Studies* gave renewed sanction to the element of style touched with emotion in English prose. Style touched with emotion may very well be the defining characteristic of what is to be called æsthetic as distinguished from plain prose, the words being used as strictly as those of Arnold's famous formula of religion being morality touched with emotion,—that is to say the emotion being that evoked by the style itself as forged in the writer's heat and hammered on the anvil of his concentrated thought, as well as that inspired by the substance it arms and fortifies. Thackeray must have had over his style many moments when he felt as he did over his inspiration of making Rebecca admire her husband in spite of her own difficulties, when he struck the table with his fist, exclaiming: "That was a stroke of genius." Every writer consciously a writer must, in his own degree and fatuity aiding have had analogous experiences. Assuredly Pater did not invent æsthetic prose, but very definitely he underlined it. This he did, not only

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through the detachment of a higher relief and a richer color than the style of the English essay had ever known, but by a franker concentration on this abstract element, thus disengaged and rendered concrete to an extent that brought it immensely into the foreground. The reader's attention in turn became concentrated on the author, "burning", to borrow his own figure, with his "hard gem-like flame." This did not in the *Studies* distract one from their substance—the author was too obviously as well as too subtly identified with the substance, almost as novel among us in the seventies as the style. No one who "discovered" Pater in those days will have forgotten the experience. Style introducing art through the medium of beauty common to both was a memorable transaction. I can still hear at will the chanting tones of Montgomery Schuyler, our bookish hierophant, reading aloud to our Saturday afternoon group in *The World* office of those days, the honey-dripping cadences, the stately strophes, celebrating the loveliness of the School of Giorgione. Later came *Marius the Epicurean* and established in many quarters the cult of Pater.

The desultory remarks that Mr. Yeats lets fall about style in his reminiscences are often as I have already shown, so suggestive as to make one wish they were a little systematized. One of them records that a few years ago he had re-read Marius expecting to find that he cared for it no longer, "but," he says, "it still seemed to me, as I think it seemed to us all, the only great prose in modern English." Many readers, however, could not hold the pose and fell away. To speak a little in the vein of the period, the "cause" of English æsthetic prose suffered a reaction. One recalls the slight feeling of relief experienced when that *enfant terrible* of the expiring Victorian age, Mr. Max Beerbohm, now nearly thirty years ago, made public confession and avoidance beginning as follows: "Not that even in those more decadent days of my childhood [five years before when he was a freshman at Oxford] did I admire the man as a stylist. Even then I was angry that he should treat English as a dead language, bored by that sedulous ritual wherewith he had laid out every sentence as in a shroud—hanging long over its marmoreal beauty or ever he could lay it at length in his book, its sepulchre." Obviously Mr. Beerbohm was still under the spell. In spite of these brave words it is evident from them

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that the fascination of still earlier days at school when he "had read *Marius the Epicurean* in bed with a dark lantern" still remained. *Nemo repente est* faithless to early loves. But it may be doubted if *Marius* has not on the whole taken its permanent place in the literary pantheon in virtue of being a great book rather than great prose. Its style forced the note of style. It got between the reader and the book, displacing what it aimed to exhibit. Such divorce of substance and style is far from uncommon. Poise between them is as difficult to achieve as either style or substance by itself; especially when the artist is initiating a "movement" in favor of one of them. Moreover, if Pater's style possessed great beauty, it lacked accent. Many disciples must have found the posthumous fragment, *Gaston de Latour*, unreadable. Still, if one shrinks a little from a surfeit, one feels graceless when long passages of *Marius* recur to the memory; that at the close of the book, for example, where the atmosphere, one would say is at first everything but where one soon perceives that the soft radiance suffusing it is in such harmony with the substance it illumines as to sublimate the union of the two into the closest unison. To exact transmutation into poetic form of such prose would be pure formalism.

An earlier example of prose style which is so clearly æsthetic prose as almost to beguile the reader's attention from the subject is Newman's. It seems to celebrate the subject rather than expound it, as a song does its words. It has exacted a nearly unanimous tribute from critics and it is perhaps the clearest instance in English of that continuity which sometimes seems so much the inner essential trait of style as to stand in full equivalence for style itself, when it undulates in pitch and period through such sustained passages as those of Newman. Employed in controversy, as in the *Apologia*, its air of almost saintly detachment has, or had, so captivating an effect as, quite apart from the argument, to make the reader a willing convert. On the other hand it seemed in general so far away from the stress and variety of life and reality, the multifarious concerns of any active reader, so merely musical a murmur, so smoothly flowing a current, that what it said or sang or carried appeared to lose its character as a message and be lulled out of any very momentous meaning. The

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message perhaps was adapted to the style, not of necessity in being doctrinally "impossible", as Arnold called it, and therefore counting for us mainly as a medium for its own literary expression, but certainly in confining itself so largely to historic ecclesiastical and theological themes under the ribs of which even the theory of evolutionary theology could not put a soul of widespread interest to modern men of many minds. Matter of tougher fibre would have called for a style of greater vigor than one marked by those "subtle, sweet, mournful" accents that Arnold praised, but happily for us, never emulated—even in his poetry.

These two illustrious writers aside (and perhaps one should add Landor, so monumentally "marmoreal" and De Quincey, so elaborately exalted) there are, I imagine, few moderns of unquestioned eminence in whose prose style the æsthetic element is too steadily salient, too persistently dominant. Here and there, it is true, this element, though decidedly present is decidedly not always handled to the best advantage. The prose of Carlyle and Ruskin, for example, "those two grand mannerists upon whom the literature of our neighbors," says Scherer, "so mistakenly plumes itself," is largely responsible for so acid a judgment—if not indeed for their frequent association, though this was, rather vaingloriously, vaunted by Ruskin himself on other grounds. One can hardly call æsthetic in the usual sense a prose which a critic of Scherer's sobriety can call "a conscious, wilful, calculated jargon", and the author of which has the contempt that Carlyle, willing that the devil should "fly away with" them, showed for the fine arts. But Carlyle's prose is indubitably quick with the sensibility originally intended by the word æsthetic, and instinct with feeling always as genuine as its envelope is often perverse and occasionally grotesque. And for pure expression, for style impregnated with manner and personality truly protean, heroic and even grandiose as well pathetic and even plaintive, style mirroring the mood rather than subserving the mind, there is, one feels at times, no prose to match it. On the other hand Arnold selects as his purest and most beautiful prose the Youth's dirge over Mignon in his translation of *Wilhelm Meister*, a decade before he had invented what Scherer calls his "jargon". And if later the earlier beauty and purity were thus sacrificed to the essentially,

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however brilliantly, artificial, it was doubtless because as he went on he fitted his form to his extravagances of feeling with less and less thought of the qualities of purity and beauty in the abstract. Ruskin's excesses are less defects of style than of personality, manner, mannerism—as Scherer says—becoming thus defects of *his* style in the gross. The formal element of *style* in his style is very generally beautifully handled, especially its movement. Intemperance is rather a moral than an æsthetic delinquency and though it not rarely characterizes his expression its effect chiefly is to compromise his taste. In such passages as, for instance, the rhapsody over the church and square of San Marco, certainly his style riots in exuberance but its excess is that of feeling catching up and whirling in accelerating momentum the order and movement of his periods. Detachment is the leaven *par excellence* that as writing his writing needs—to say nothing of the general expediency of having a little of everything in order to achieve perfect perfection! But defective æsthetic process does not discredit the values of æsthetic qualities, as such, either in the abstract or, where these values are sound and keep their place, in the concrete. Certainly the ideal of æsthetic prose is not invalidated by its practice either exaggerated as it appears often in Ruskin or eccentric as so largely it figures in Carlyle.

In the prose of Burke, and in that of Gibbon, too, the æsthetic element does keep its place. Though marked it is ancillary and the stylistic attitude of the writer is immaculate. The style is integral rather than integumental on the one hand and yet in itself objectively envisaged, with its ideal function in mind, instead of inspired by a surrender to impulse and personal expansion. At moments it may be felt to fringe the artificial, but the fact that it often has the air of being express rather than instinctive is no impeachment of its genuineness, and it is naïve to expect all traces of artifice to escape scrutiny in an art so plainly involving the taking of thought as the art of prose composition. In prose composition the only alternative to the careful is the slipshod. Even if the composer's æsthetic consecration is conspicuous rather than completely concealed, it is generally satisfactory as long as from the thought it carries it does not filch primacy for itself. Naturally in such a case one would savor a little more finesse; but this is a

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relative world and if in any art the essential interrelations of its elements are soundly established hypercriticism is overweening.

Gibbon's devotion to style was conspicuous, but it was, I fancy, extremely fortunate. Professors of rhetoric will perhaps hesitate to prescribe emulation of it to any of their pupils save those who may have in view anything as important as the *Decline and Fall.* Perhaps no writer could sustain so monumental a work through such a succession of grandiose phases *without* preliminary provision of a style commensurate with its proportions and significance, a style bound to seem artificial when considered in connection with common needs and uses. Even so, Gibbon himself, placid and persistent as he was, found the strain too great. Horace Walpole noted the decided falling off in subsequent volumes from the standard of the "enamelled" first. But the momentum was great enough to preserve the interest which would have disappeared without it in spite of the material, and Carlyle's "splendid bridge from the old world to the new" reached its farther shore still retaining vastly more than the mere remains of its initial splendor.

And in the æsthetic strain I have been rather arbitrarily skeletonizing in our English prose tradition, together with Burke and Gibbon, Landor and De Quincey, Carlyle and Ruskin, Newman, Arnold and Pater no one would deny a place to other modern figures of undeniable eminence;—*imprimis,* no doubt, Macaulay and Thackeray. Macaulay is always cited as a model of clearness, and most justly. But there are other clear writers and clearness is as elementary as, conjoined with any depth, it is difficult. Macaulay's famous style certainly had style in a marked degree, but its order and movement were so concentrated on point as quite measurably to overlook sensuousness. They appeared therefore, after all, as rhetoric which is to style inspired by the genius of style, as skill to art. His purple patches are fully salient enough, but rather in chiaroscuro than in color. Besides, they rhapsodize the theme rather than beautify the treatment—after the manner of the canticle rather than that of the ode, one may say—and consequently as style illustrate a taste too primitive to be otherwise than primitively æsthetic. The genius of Macaulay so integrates the two as to exact for his style more than a fair

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share of the effect of his substance, always nevertheless notably effective. His true distinction is signalized in Thackeray's tribute: "He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make one line of description." Such opulence was too tempting for a North Briton to forego its exploitation. But the use he made of it to qualify as a master of style as well as of scholarship made him a glorious text-book as well as a classic. His purple patches were therefore on the one hand prodigiously, even enthusiastically, "packed" and fairly vibrant with erudition made exoteric—refreshing reversal of the erudite type!—at the same time that their "tigers and camelopards bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre" to the delight more particularly of his own schoolboy; the schoolboy within us all, the schoolboy who will doubtless still exist in undiminished vigor to greet the traveller from New Zealand on his arrival to sketch from a broken arch of London Bridge the ruins of St. Paul's. But in Macaulay's own Scotch spirit we may laud the extraordinary utility if not the æsthetic fastidiousness of his style and indeed go so far as to commend it to writers of our own time who may happen equally to deserve Thackeray's eulogy.

Thackeray's own incomparable style is all the most austere pedant could ask in respect of simplicity and clarity, but it is made what it is by the infusion of these with a personal manner of such marked æsthetic quality—germs of which are manifest enough in his verses if not very salient in his drawings, but which come to full development only in his prose—as wonderfully to enrich his clarity and simplicity, and in fact to convert those qualities into something far more intricately *sui generis* than the most complicated and ornate rococo. No prose so conceals art so consummate. Its clarity involves no sacrifice of subtlety and its simplicity is the very genius of simplification. In sustained passages his prose is, in this respect, supreme; but take the first sentence that comes under one's hand—this, on Congreve: "A touch of Steele's tenderness is worth all his finery; a flash of Swift's lightning, a beam of Addison's pure sunshine, and his tawdry playhouse taper is invisible." Obviously its style makes it a language new and beautiful, as unlike everyday English as a different idiom.

Modern writers, too, less central in the stream of the tradition

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here, less noteworthy as being substantially of minor importance compared with the major prose succession, have nevertheless even more markedly served the ideal of æsthetic rather than that of prosaic prose. Passages taken almost at random from Mrs. Browning's essay on the Great Christian Poets, recall the days of prose eloquence as vividly as Macaulay. This, for example, on the language which has with us so largely ceased to be even "a college fetich":

> No other language has lived so long and died so hard—pang by pang, each with a dolphin color—yielding reluctantly to that doom of death and silence which must come at last to the speaker and the speech. It is wonderful to look back and listen. Blind Homer spoke this Greek after blind Demodocus, with a quenchless light about his brows, which he felt through his blindness. Pindar rolled his chariots in it, prolonging the clamor of the games. Sappho's heart beat through it and heaved up the world's. Aeschylus strained it to the stature of his high thoughts. Plato crowned it with his divine peradventures. Aristophanes made it drunk with the wine of his fantastic merriment. The later Platonists wove their souls away in it, out of sight of other souls. The first Christians heard in it God's new revelation, and confessed their Christ in it from the suppliant's knee and presently from the bishop's throne. To all times, and their transitions, the language lent itself.

The same strain sounding in this rhapsody of the "fair-coined soul that lay rusting in a pool of tears" and that "Browning stooped and picked up", as Francis Thompson said, is to be heard in Thompson's own impassioned eulogy of Shelley, of which the following outburst must have established the new record in prose outbursts that it probably continues to hold:

> He is still at play, save only that his play is such as manhood stops to watch, and his playthings are those which the gods give their children. The universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors nuzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kenneled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out of the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.

Undeniably such fervor dates. And I am far from wishing that the whirligig of time might bring it about again even if it brought

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also writers able, as it were, to bend the same bow. Like Macaulay's it celebrates, incenses, in fact, its subject, instead of developing it. The censer however is swung by poetic, rather than purely rhetorical sentiment, and the acolytes being poets, as Macaulay was so far from being,—especially when in metre he especially tried to be,— are perhaps to that extent culpable for blending *genera*. Nevertheless the result outranks rules, and feeling thus expressed is conveyed in too full measure to cause us to desire its suppression. It is feeling flowering in disciplined decorum, and moving us through its consonant style as well as through its fervor. If it is tagged with a different taste from ours of today, it has all the same its lesson for our own prose in just this regard. The liberal dietitian authorizes an occasional debauch—now and then a lump of sugar, once in a while a pinch of salt. The weakness of this strain in prose, whether rhetorical or poetic or both, is a certain quality of externality inseparable from the attitude of the writer. This is, artistically considered, a manifest attitude of detachment almost in proportion as, otherwise than artistically, it is partisan; producing also the impression that what is being communicated has already been, rather than is being, created—a kind of chewing of the cud of the classic instead of origination. It is exclamatory rather than expressive, with the effect of heat not light. Its style accordingly is applied rather than formative, frankly constructed decoration not decoratively constructive.

But that this attitude and character are not of necessity involved in the expression of feeling in prose, and of feeling as regards treatment not less than theme, not only appears in the style of the major masters, but far from occasionally in that of figures less commanding but of the truest distinction in the world of letters. For an exceptional example, the *Essays Classical* and *Essays Modern* of the late F. W. H. Myers, published in the eighties of the last century, undoubtedly still keep in the esteem of all who then or thereafter made their acquaintance an altogether special place. As perfect illustrations of prose style, not suggestive of prose poetry, but on the one hand of prose suffused with feeling subdued to the service of style, and, on the other, of the genius of style so informing a sustained sequence of noble thought

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and refined emotion as to endue it throughout with an exquisite æsthetic element, consider the following sentences from the essay on Virgil:

> In literature as in life affection and reverence may reach a point which disposes to silence rather than to praise. . . . Yet possibly if his [the admirer's] admiration has notoriously been shared for nineteen centuries by all whose admiration was best worth having, he may venture to attempt to prove the world right where others have attempted the bolder task of proving it mistaken; or rather, if the matter in question be one by its very nature incapable of proof, he may without presumption restate in terms adapted to modern readers the traditional judgments of sixty generations of men.

And this *obiter dictum* later in the essay, briefer, but equally marked by perfection:

> It is not always at a man's crowning moment that his destiny and his duty close; and for those who fain had perished with what they held most dear, fate may reserve a more tedious trial and the sad triumphs of a life whose sun has set.

Nor is it necessary either to confine illustration of æsthetic English prose tradition to heightened expression of an elevated imaginative mood or to seek it so far back as even the last century. The current product might be winnowed for it with the result of a reasonably rich residue. My only contention is that this residue might be richer still—far richer—and would be if the ideal of it, instead of a rigidly and pedantically prosaic ideal, were more general. Only the other day, it seems, contemporary English letters suffered the irreparable loss of a brilliant exponent of æsthetic prose theory and practice in the death of Maurice Hewlett. His distinguished series of romances needed no addition for a complete critical induction as to his contribution to the art of fiction, but the last volume he published, *Extemporary Essays*, the preface of which is dated September, 1922, is eloquent in suggestion of his having reached a period of ripeness, of reflection, of knowledge irradiating wisdom, charmingly fitted for a crepuscular career of commentary on the art of literature, with the documents of which he was saturated, and with the principles as well as the practice of which he had obviously long been preoccupied. From this volume I can cite precisely the passage I need to exemplify incontestably pure prose—prose ostensibly indeed almost as casual as

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that of a typical book notice—nevertheless prose so impregnated with the spirit of style expressed in the language of literature as immensely to reinforce the plain facts, simply stated, not only with a romantic atmosphere revealing the intrinsic interest of these but with a classic accompaniment of indirect allusion relating them to the stored treasures of culture. Naturally, for the full appreciation of such a passage *some* acquaintance with these treasures is necessary. But where is the logic of writing for those who, never reading, can hardly be expected to read what one writes even if, writing exclusively for their benefit he sacrifices the interest of those preferring an educated idiom? Hewlett is perhaps a shade bookish, but the trait has become so rare as to be welcome in greater excess than his. Besides he is so clever about it that those who would resent, will hardly discover, the tendency. Here he is writing a half dozen pages of book review and begins with this paragraph:

> Serious intention has combined with happy memories to make Mrs. Stirling's *Memoir of William and Evelyn De Morgan* a beautiful book. For the De Morgans were lovely in their lives and in death not long divided. Few such wedded pairs have shone, like a constellation upon a naughty world. No doubt but there are plenty of them with a more local beam. But such households are hidden from the main of us. We may come upon them—to pursue the figure—unawares when we are groping in the darks, a mild and steady radiance illuminating some inches of a mossy bank. But the De Morgans shone above the hiving streets. One could steer by them, if need were. And one did. There, beyond these voices, there was peace. The book therefore preserves a valuable thing. It might easily have been spoiled in the doing; yet because it has been done with great simplicity, it could hardly have been better done.

Extemporary Essays is also a beautiful book and all the essays "were written for and published in daily newspaper or weekly or monthly review." They were accordingly journalism, but, continues the preface: "Rightly or wrongly they were to be literature as well as journalism" and "No man needs be the worse journalist for taking immense pains to be something beside." This it is to have an education—a real one—to have the heart of a poet, to have the love of beauty and the sense of style and consciously to take "immense pains" in the specific business of weaving them all into a prose that is at once exquisite and exquisitely in char-

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acter, as far removed from the prosaic and pedestrian as it is abounding in the admirable relevancies of its own art. Do they order this business better in England also as well as in France? No doubt Hewlett was an exceptional journalist!—was in fact an exceptional writer in any kind—in his own country. We have ourselves exceptional writers. We have exceptional journalists too. But have we our proportional quota of exceptions? And if so, do they, if journalists, take "immense pains to be something beside"; and do they, though not journalists, betray in general a conviction that taking "immense pains" is equally essential to the writing of any prose that, possessing requisite qualities of substance, is properly to be called literature precisely because it is not properly to be called prosaic. In any case any prose writer among us plainly has the torch of a long and continuing tradition to light his footsteps if, conceiving prose as an art rather than merely as a medium, he desires to follow in the path that it illumines—and transfigures.

W. C. Brownell.

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THE PROMISE OF THE PRESENT DARK AGES

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

READERS have become so inured to having new organizations bolt out upon them from the blue on any morning that no one will be surprised to hear now for the first time of the International Association for Producing and Supporting a Renaissance. It is the object of this article to give a brief account of the I. A. P. S. R., explaining its aims and describing its activities, and thus incidentally pointing out the ultimate intention of the present black era upon which we have entered, an era often puzzling to uninformed minds.

The desirability of having another Renaissance no one can question. It is now at least three centuries since the last one ended, and even the man on the street would agree that a second great outburst of human glory, arranged to occur in the not too distant future, would be an immense stimulus to business. With our modern advantages in efficiency and organization, the members of our society are confident that the splendid efflorescence of the intellect immediately succeeding the Dark Ages will be completely surpassed by that second great revival of genius which we are endeavoring to inaugurate. Our confidence is based on the force of our underlying theory. Our logic is so simple that a child could operate it. Concisely stated, the principle of all our activities is that you cannot have a Renaissance without having Dark Ages to precede it, and therefore if you want to get a Renaissance, get your Dark Ages first, and thoroughly.

We have so far met with the most gratifying coöperation from all nations. Practically the only opposition has come from the inhabitants of Central Africa. These have had their own dark age so long that, naturally, they have found it a little monotonous, and also not having so far observed their benighted condition to be followed by any intellectual revival whatever, they are

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somewhat skeptical as to this inevitable result. Among Christian countries, however, we have found public opinion unanimous that the immediate abolishing of civilization is the surest way to induce once again a period of transcendent achievement for the human spirit.

One of the great advantages of modern times is that we can now control our own destiny. Past ages had to take their history just as it was handed out to them, but we of today are in a position to dictate the terms upon which our future will be acceptable to us. It is inspiring to realize that we can now at last direct the course of human genius, commanding it to wither or to effloresce at will. Obviously the one process requires the other as its complement. You cannot have an awakening without a sleep to precede it. The more profound the sleep, the more splendid the awakening. Analogously, the darker the Dark Ages, the brighter will be the revival following them. For the present, therefore, the International Association for Producing and Supporting a Renaissance is concentrating all its forces on recreating the conditions of mediæval disruption that proved indispensable to the first Renaissance. To those conditions we have added a few modern improvements tending to speed up the processes of annihilation.

At this point it is necessary to emphasize one aspect of our endeavors that is too rarely appreciated, and this is the enormous personal sacrifice that must be endured by each individual of our illustrious company. Our membership is composed of people who are kindly in sentiment and conservative in politics. Our personal sympathies are constantly outraged and our domestic comfort destroyed by the very conditions we are sworn to produce. But we are indefatigable in our efforts toward anarchy solely for the glories bound to emerge from it.

The general public will be interested in knowing just how long a period we are allowing for the development of our plans. Business men, especially, and politicians, even more especially, will be glad to learn directly from our own headquarters how we propose to manipulate the immediate future. In regard to the whole matter of the time needed for the consummation of our aims we have made the most careful calculations. Our prospectus as at present arranged requires one century for the complete reproduc-

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tion of mediæval chaos, and another for the scientific reawakening of the world from her scientifically induced coma. Our schedule therefore calls for a second great rebirth of the human intellect to occur anywhere between 2123 and 2200. By this time the late lamented Renaissance will be five centuries old, and a second one cannot endanger the health of the parent plant, or incur any opposition from the adherents of birth control. We guarantee that the two hundred years intervening shall be sufficiently sterile of all achievement.

Two hundred years may seem a forecast optimistically brief in view of the long centuries of blank despair that preceded the former great era of light and learning; but we do things better now, and faster. How much we may be able to accomplish in the two hundred years before us can be seen by what we have accomplished in the ten years behind us, for it is needless to call attention to the already widespread extent of the back-to-chaos movement. The fact of the movement everyone has observed for himself; the purpose of this article, therefore, is merely to show that the sporadic outbreaks of savagery occurring all over the world are part of a concerted and conscientious organization. The existence of our society would long ago have been evident if it had not been for our settled policy of allowing every nation complete liberty of action. Each country has its own pet way of destroying its own institutions and safety, and the sovereign rights of a people to its own form of cataclysm we have never questioned. Although we impose no super-government, the advice of our experts is available to all. We have our research departments which have made exhaustive studies of the downfall of Assyria and Babylon, Greece and Rome. Our committees and sub-committees stand ready to organize any nation in such way as to secure any preferred style of decay, ancient or mediæval.

According to text-books once familiar to all, the two primary causes of the Dark Ages were incessant warfare, which frustrated all the constructive pursuits of peace, and a total break with the past, which prevented all transmission of its hard-earned enlightenment. Our study of the years 500–1500 has been most illuminating as to causes and effects. Most thoughtfully have we observed how Goths and Vandals poured down over the Roman

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Empire and swept its splendor into oblivion, completely burying from knowledge all the treasures of classic civilization, treasures of art and literature and statecraft. For century after century the world lay tormented with war and sodden with ignorance. Then people began to discover the long-hidden empires of Greece and Rome, and the stimulus of that contact of present with past occasioned the greatest creative outburst this earth has ever seen. This impressive lesson from history, however, has until recent years been neglected, for not until lately has it occurred to anyone that the best way to repeat this magnificent result would be to repeat its cause, and once again to shut away from the present all knowledge of the past. How otherwise can the men of today or of tomorrow have the stimulus that comes from finding buried treasure? Obviously, things that are to be found, must first be hidden. Acting on this simple principle, our association has for some time been endeavoring by every available means to sever today from yesterday. The clipping of classic studies from college curricula is a noteworthy achievement along this line. It is probable that within a few years the average young American will be as starkly ignorant of the civilizations of Greece and Rome as was any serf in the year 900. At some happy future date we may therefore picture some clever young illiterate, as he pokes about in the archives of some excavated library, suddenly meeting the gracious ghost of Plato or of Horace, still imperishably vital amid the dust and shadows, and our young barbarian's find may cause as great a furor as did the exhuming of Tut-ankh-amen in our own times. These little matters of rediscovery should, however, no longer be left to chance as in days when history merely occurred instead of being, as now, under incorporated control.

In this effort to segregate the modern mind from all contact with the achievements of earlier ages, our own United States has done its noble bit, for it may be confidently asserted that our young intelligentsia read nothing published prior to 1900. The promising results of this severance are already seen in their poetic utterances, which compare very creditably with those of sixth and seventh century Europe in point of quaintness and incoherence. But it has remained for Russia to make the greatest single contribution toward interment of the past as surest preparation

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for a resurgent future. The youngsters in her schools are instructed in nothing but Communism. All art and aspiration occurring before 1917 have been forcibly confiscated. The field-workers of our association are justly elated over their accomplishments in Russia, for they feel that intellects exclusively confined for the next two hundred years to the tenets of Communism will be so starved that only the fittest will survive.

One great contributing cause of that era of embattled ignorance which succeeded the downfall of Rome was the general disappearance of books from the life of everyday man, and the consequent decay of reading as an occupation. We have found it difficult to parallel under modern conditions this mediæval illiteracy, but we have done our best and are beginning to see our reward, for it is becoming increasingly difficult to get any book published in Germany or in France, a state of affairs that will undoubtedly soon extend to other countries. Obviously, if a writer cannot get his works published in his native land, he can hardly hope that foreign publishers will be more hospitable, so that we may confidently expect that before long the art and learning of one nation will cease to spread into any other, and the diffusion of culture will be brought to a stop quite as effectively as it was a thousand years ago. Another promising tendency toward the spread of illiteracy is the growing prominence of radiograph and screen as educational methods. One of the greatest scientists of the age has lately prophesied that in the space of a few years the screen will entirely displace the book in the public school. All knowledge that cannot go in by the eye will thus be excluded from the mental content, and no activity of the young idea, beyond mere gazing, will be possible. Under this process we can cheerfully look forward to the atrophy of many faculties, such as imagination, reasoning, inventiveness, which, if they should continue alert, might interfere with our plans for the complete dormancy of the human intellect. We are therefore trying by every means to promote the movies as the sole mental food of many millions. In this way we hope not only to banish books, with all their attendant stimulus, but in the end to abolish altogether the use of words.

But with all our concentration on severing present from past,

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we have not neglected the second of the two supreme causes of mediæval brutishness, warfare. The Dark Ages were even redder with blood than they were black with ignorance. Yet out of them issued the most superb achievement in the history of man! Inspired by this glorious sequence, we plan to make the coming century so bloody that when the consequent peace of exhaustion occurs, no living being will ever dare to break it, and the uninterrupted advance of humanity will thus be automatically assured. This phase of our campaign must long have been plain to anyone; what is not so plain, as I have before intimated, is the self-sacrifice involved. No conservative wishes to hate a radical, no laborer wishes to hate a capitalist, no Gentile wishes to hate a Jew, no American wishes to hate an alien, no Christian wishes to hate a Turk, but everybody is doing it as the surest way of producing a millennium. Every nation is so revolted by the thought of war that every one of them is inventing more and more hideous engines of destruction, simply to get the whole bloody business done and over as quickly as possible, and so to usher in the splendid era of international coöperation.

We believe that the surest way to inspire enmity between nations is to inspire enmity between individuals. Any man who practices cruelty toward his neighbor can more readily practice it toward a foreign foe. While, in theory, everybody would subscribe to this truth, we find that the average man shrinks from it in practice. By constantly appealing to the spirit of service, however, we have been able to persuade many people to a ferocity that would otherwise revolt them. Whipping bosses have wept at the idea of inflicting torture, but we have persuaded them that the only way to get a square deal for the prisoners of the future is to beat to death the convicts of the present. Christian gentlemen have shuddered at any breach of courtesy, and yet by diligent argument our field-workers have convinced them that to permit ministers to hiss each other at a church convention is the best way to induce the general public to accept the teachings of Jesus. In all directions, we may proudly point to our many accomplishments in fomenting animosity of man to man, and of class to class, as the best means to reinforce the savagery of international warfare.

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A secondary advantage of having as much war as possible in the world is the decimation and mutilation involved. During the era of unprecedented violence that must precede our unprecedented Renaissance, we hope to reduce the population of the earth by about nine-tenths. The residue will be able to function as a single cohesive unit. Not only the numbers but the type of survivors will be auspicious. The Sunday supplements have made us all familiar with the marvellous feats of the crippled and blinded when rehabilitated and reëducated. Without question, therefore, the achievements of the human derelicts of another century of war will outdistance in every respect the accomplishments of men merely normally intact.

While ignorance and war were undoubtedly the two greatest factors in causing the Dark Ages, and, concomitantly the cessation of both the two greatest factors in causing the Renaissance, there were other contributing circumstances. These also we have been endeavoring to reproduce. We have given great attention to that period of mediæval history which begins to show gleams of the coming effulgence, and we are trying to make present history show the same gleams. For instance, we know that at the fall of Constantinople in 1453 an exodus of scholars carried their learning into the untaught western world. Under modern industrial conditions we have been forced to accomplish this dissemination of scholars in quite a different way. Instead of driving learned men from one country into other countries, we have tumbled them out of one class into other classes. Their exile nowadays is economic, not geographical. Artists, scholars, musicians, are no longer able to support life in that stratum of society to which they are born. Today, to earn his bread, the sculptor must become a plumber, the scientist a plasterer, the musician a carpenter. While under our management the dispersion of the learned is no longer lateral and across country, but longitudinal and across class, there will result the same spread of intelligence from the enlightened to the ignorant that followed the events of the middle fifteenth century. For example, the sculptor-plumber may sometimes find a half hour for his clay, the scientist-plasterer may carry about a pocket laboratory for use after lathing hours, and the musician-carpenter beguile a few minutes of

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his lunch hour with a jew's harp. All their artisan companions, between gulps of coffee and bites of ham sandwich, will stop, look, listen, and profit by these leisure-moment diversions of artist-laborers, and the inspiration thus received will be exactly analogous to that felt by the mediæval baron who entertained some learned exile from the Constantinople of 1453.

There are other concrete and suggestive examples from pre-Renaissance history that we are endeavoring to make recur today. As an illustration, there was a widespread belief that the world would come to an end in the year 1000. It didn't, of course, but that does not deter us from making the same prognostication today. Of course we have to translate the expectation into modern speech. We put the thing into the familiar tongue of science, and say that the glaciers and the sun-spots and the atmospheric density indicate that the earth is about to burn up or freeze up, or to burst up—it does not matter which, since, clearly, what we are after is simply to recreate in convincing modern terms that sense of general instability and futility which so effectively paralyzed the mediæval soul in the year 1000 A.D.

Again, the mind of the Middle Ages was superstitious and believed in quaint ways of obtaining wealth, and in even quainter ways of obtaining health. But our Committee on Popular Superstitions feels, with excusable pride, that it has completely outdone the Middle Ages in the whimsicalities it has successfully popularized today. Alchemy is the mediæval word for getting gold out of the most unlikely substances; oil stock is our word for getting oil out of the most unlikely regions. People that stayed at home needed gold to make them comfortable; people that are always rolling about need oil to make them comfortable, but the naïveté of the search either for gold or for oil is identical. As to quackery, our research workers have made a detailed study of the old methods, and have been able to adapt them to modern needs with amazing success. As an instance in proof, we have persuaded thousands of seemingly intelligent men and women to send a drop of their blood thousands of miles away to a well-advertised wizard, and on his resultant diagnosis to submit their money and their persons to the miracles of electric vibrations.

Mediæval quackery is, we find, closely allied to mediæval big-

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otry; under experiments in our historical laboratory quackery is found to be a superstition concerned with the health of the body, and bigotry is found to be a superstition concerned with the health of the soul. Our society has been just as fortunate in spreading bigotry as in spreading quackery. In fact, at the start there was not one of us who dared to hope for the success we have had in converting a freeborn people to the most thorough-going intolerance and suspicion in all directions. We are closing up avenue after avenue of intellectual adventure. Opinion is now so carefully tested that there is very little of it left anywhere. We have improved on the Dark Ages conspicuously, for while they bowed to what they believed to be expert opinion, we now bow everywhere to inexpert opinion. We choose aldermen to pronounce upon our text-books and our teachers, and politicians to pronounce upon our church creeds. It all produces a glorious confusion of mind and of method, for while opinion used to be met by argument, now it is met by blows. This manner of reasoning is growing in popularity all over the country. In our proudest city, at its proudest university, a group of students lately carried off one of their fellows and, with due regard to the safety of numbers, pounded him to a jelly largely because they didn't like his looks. In days of witchcraft a woman had due process of trial, but now a group of men, again with due regard to safety in numbers, may take a woman out and switch her until satisfied that they have improved her manners and the tone of their community.

It is in religious intolerance, of course, that we have found our most fertile field. As ever our method is to study mediæval technique and then to adjust it to modern needs, and express it in modern terms. The underlying parallelism, however, cannot escape any intelligent reader of history. Of course we are assisted by the fact that there are very few readers of history in these days, and still fewer are intelligent, and so it easily escapes notice that heresy hunters are a close replica of the Spanish Inquisitors both in religion and in tactics; in fact, the heresy hunter is held by some students to date back as far as Cain. The present warfare of church against science we have patterned on the experiences of Roger Bacon and Galileo, with the difference that in

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earlier centuries religionists were appeased with a contemporary victim, but today they are so enthusiastic that they run back fifty years to dig up Darwin from the harmless grave and stand him up for attack. How promising the present vogue of bigotry is for the future restoration of religion may be seen from the historic fact that the Inquisition was directly provocative of the Reformation.

It is with pardonable gloating that our association points to the many modern improvements it has made on the general blackness of the Dark Ages. For example, with all their disorder, their ignorance and lawlessness, they managed to preserve respect for women, and a reverence for the marriage bond. Even in their deepest midnight the Dark Ages held that the relations of the sexes should be spiritual rather than bestial. The frank animalism of our present psychology, fiction, and cinema would have been inconceivable to the ninth century; this animalism is the splendid accomplishment of the twentieth century—and, let me proudly add, of the Association for Promoting and Supporting a Renaissance. Always consistent in our principle that one extreme automatically produces its opposite, we have induced the sexes to wallow together, in order that they may ultimately soar together. With a view to their final emergence as angels, we have persuaded men and women, led by the indulgent philosophy of Freud, to take one brave backward leap into emotions which even the apes long ago repudiated. Once again I must emphasize the pain occasioned to many individuals of our society by this reversion. Men and women could not have borne this agony of indecency except for the ultimate benefit of the whole race. No members of our association have been more faithful to our cause than some of our younger American novelists. Preferring to write, as they have proved they can, in colors of iridescent subtlety and loveliness, they have chosen, out of single-hearted devotion to our aims, to dip their pens in mud, and by painting matrimony at its ugliest have probably contributed more than any other single influence to the future decency and reserve of married life.

The thoroughness of our forward-looking policy is shown not only by what the coming Renaissance will say, but by how it will say it. We congratulate ourselves that we have today made the

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expression of thought and emotion quite as chaotic as the thought and emotion themselves. We are now cultivating every variety of frenzy for the sake of that ultimate repose in which alone the great works of genius may be conceived and brought forth. In all the arts,—music, the dance, painting, poetry,—we are rapidly approaching those depths that are in themselves the assurance of unguessed heights to come. We believe in getting all the savagery out of the system, in order that our new Renaissance may have free play of soul. The more jazz we can make and the madder we can make it, the more will the spirit of music in the future respond to harmonious and orderly sequence. The Marathon dance prepares for an era of unexampled grace and dignity of movement. The delirious colors and shapes appearing in present day pictures point toward a period of sheerest beauty in the plastic arts. What glories may we not expect from those future artists who shall rebel against the cubists! In poetry we have been singularly successful in bringing about that incoherence which must be precursor of noble clarity, for we are now able, without exciting public protest, to award poetry prizes solely for unintelligibility.

Some of our younger poets are to be particularly congratulated on their signal contribution to the future limpidity of American verse. Possessing, as these young men and women must, the natural craving for an audience, they deny themselves all possibility of being understood, by barricading themselves into verses like these:

A slash of angular blacks
Like a fractured edifice
That was buttressed by blue slants
In a coma of the moon.

A slash and the edifice fell.
Pylon and pier fell down.
A mountain-blue cloud arose
Like a thing in which they fell,

Fell slowly as when at night
A languid janitor bears
His lantern through colonnades,
And the architecture swoons.

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It turned cold and silent. Then
The square began to clear.
The bijou of Atlas, the moon,
Was last with its bedroom leer.

It cannot be conceived that anyone would write like this except for purely self-sacrificial reasons.

This brief outline of our activities may serve to show how widespread and how tireless have been the efforts of the Association for Producing and Supporting a Renaissance. We think that we are justified in feeling that no detail of mediæval chaos has escaped our research, and that we have not only faithfully sought to reproduce each one, but enthusiastically thrown in many modern improvements for good measure. Our society welcomes from any source any suggestions as to how we may intensify our activities and thus hasten the complete undoing of civilization. The sooner annihilation is rendered perfect, the quicker will be the resurgence, which after all is our chief concern.

Our chief danger, however, is from circumstances that we are not yet fully able to control. Successful as we are for the most part in dictating the terms of our future and exacting their fulfilment, we are troubled by the inconvenient tendency of history to allow its periods to overlap. It is hard to make all our forces of retrogression present an unbroken front. Some units press obstinately forward, and refuse to go back at all. The agencies of Quaker Relief, for example, prevent our completely establishing an age of utter savagery. Denying our basic conviction that there can be no dawn without a midnight, these Quakers continue to hold high their beacon of Christian kindliness against all our efforts to institute a night of utter blackness and bloodshed.

Then we meet another obstacle in the plain common sense of the middle-ground working man. Irrespective of nationality, he is beginning to see that he might be the hub of the wheel if he chose. While our society succeeds in keeping governments at each other's throats, we are becoming afraid that some day the populace back of governments may join hands across boundary lines, and plain working men and women, French, German, Russian, English, American, may dictate peace to all their overlords, whether politicians or financiers. If this calamity of comrade-

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ship should occur, we could not accomplish that exhaustive blood-letting that this earth must have before it will react into a Renaissance.

But our worst trouble is with the young men. While they are still perfectly willing to be cannon-fodder if they can see any sense in it, they are increasingly reluctant to be butchered without a good and sufficient reason. I need hardly point out how inimical to our purposes is the publication of such a poem as Carl Sandburg's *Unknown Soldier*. Now in order to keep the spirit of war at a flaming point, it is plainly necessary for our society to have in the seats of power only the most inept and least-visioned men we can find. These are peculiarly unfitted to give good and sufficient justification to youth why it should be blown to bits every few years. Our dilemma as war-makers is precisely: wise statesmen, no war; stupid statesmen, no soldiers.

Then the airship is against us. One great fact influencing the first Renaissance was that men sailed unknown seas and found a new world, and brought back stimulating tales of wonder. And here they are again sailing unknown seas, with the constant possibility of finding a new world again. Nothing could fit in with our plans for a Renaissance better than the stimulus of a new world discovered, but it would wreck all our hopes if it were discovered too soon. To insure against such premature occurrence, we are taking two precautions; we devote all activities of the air service to war and destruction rather than to peace and creation, and we choose our young soldiers from the bravest and noblest youth in all the land and then proceed to kill them off as fast as we can, to prevent their bringing back, before we are ready, news to a tortured earth of a new world of beauty discovered in the skies.

In conclusion, I maintain that we, the members of the I. A. P. S. R. are justified in our hope ultimately to bring about a Renaissance that shall be as golden as the intervening centuries shall be black. The only danger is that our new Renaissance may get ahead of our schedule and occur before we have made our new Dark Ages dark enough.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

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THE DOCTOR ON THE STAGE

BY MARIAN P. WHITNEY

It is so much the fashion to decry the drama of our own day, to consider it as trivial, decadent, purely imitative, given over to sensationalism or to sensuality, that very few of those who have not busied themselves especially with the subject realize how much serious and really valuable work is being produced. Dramatists in all countries are striving as never before to hold the mirror up to nature, and we are accumulating a body of plays which are not only effective on the stage, but which give a picture of our own time, of its manners, morals and ideals, of what it tries to be, what it imagines itself to be, and what it really is, such as no former age has ever possessed.

In their search after new dramatic values, many of our playwrights have turned from their long preoccupation with love, youthful or illicit, with sex in all its aspects, and have asked themselves what other motives and emotions deeply influence our lives. And they have discovered that for the average man the profession or business which he chooses becomes the dominating factor of his life, and so in reality his "fate." It determines his actions and associates, often also his opinions and even his moral standards; its claims upon his time and strength cut him off from other interests and pursuits and bring him into conflict with other duties, domestic and social. Such conflicts are easily understood by those who make up the modern audience, since most have felt them in greater or lesser degree, and they will therefore excite that emotional response, that "melting mood" which, Bernard Shaw tells us, is the final test of a good play.

From the earliest times representatives of the military class have been accorded a place upon the stage; the artist, too, is generally acknowledged to be a romantic and emotional creature and therefore a fit person for dramatic presentation. But the

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contemporary dramatist has shown us that the life of the lawyer, the clergyman, the business man, the physician, the man of science, even the professor and the school teacher, contain elements no less dramatic and perhaps of even more general appeal.

No accusation is more generally brought against the present age than that it is bent on material things, that it has less respect for learning and for art than had the past, that it reserves all its prizes for the man who succeeds in business or politics, passing by the scholar with half concealed contempt, and granting him but a modicum of the material rewards of wealth and high position. Yet the contemporary drama accords to the man of science and to the scholar a place which he has never before occupied, giving to him, his problems, struggles, and ambitions, the center of the stage, which no other age has granted him.

It is natural enough that a great number of such plays should be concerned with the man whose science brings him into the closest contact with life, that is, the physician. Of course, the person who occupies such an important position in our hygiene-ridden age must play a part in many a domestic and social drama, as the arbiter of fate, as the dispenser of life and death, of hope and despair; even as the apothecary provided the draught which put an end to all the troubles of Romeo and Juliet, or as the "English doctor" tried to minister to Lady Macbeth. But we are not concerned here with those plays in which the physician exists for the sake of the other characters, but with those in which he is the leading character, and whose interest centers in his professional career, in his relation to his patients, to the community and to humanity, rather than to friends or family.

It is not surprising that his very position of power has given rise to a certain antagonism, and that the character of the doctor and the validity of his knowledge are frequently made the subject of attack. This is the case in Brieux's play, *L'Évasion*, in which he satirizes the attempts of a physician to regulate the lives of his patients according to theories of heredity based on his own experience and research, which he falsely considers as immutable laws. Like most of Brieux's plays, the main theme is well conceived and well posed, but the working out is superficial and unsatisfactory. We cannot feel that Dr. Bertry, with

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his small ambitions and his cocksureness, is a real man of science. Bernard Shaw has also taken a hand at trying to prick the bubble of medical infallibility. In the play, *The Doctor's Dilemma*, his group of physicians is delightful. And their protagonist, Sir Colenso Ridgeon, is a really dignified and convincing figure. He has discovered a cure for one of the worst diseases to which flesh is heir, but the matter is still in the experimental stage, and he can at present treat only twelve patients at a time. There is but one place open in his hospital. Shall he give it to a brilliant young artist, a painter of undoubted genius but morally rotten to the core, or to an elderly and honorable but mediocre physician? For each it is the only hope of life. This is "the doctor's dilemma." In showing how Sir Colenso solved, or failed to solve, his problem, Shaw finds an opportunity for many witty and delightful scenes and much fun at the expense of the ignorance, incapacity, and self-sufficiency of the modern physician. Yet in spite of the satiric tone and the bitter ending, Shaw respects his hero, and he shows us, among his doctors, some fine types as well as some comic and some despicable ones, and brings out effectively some of the most vital problems of the profession. The groping after exact scientific knowledge of disease; the effort to combine honesty as to what is really known with the necessity for doing something to relieve even the most obscure illness; the impossibility of satisfying patients who demand of the physician superhuman power and knowledge, and whose credulous readiness to believe in anything which promises health and recovery fairly forces all but the noblest into a certain amount of charlatanism; the difficulty of harmonizing human and professional relationships; all these are real and vital problems.

Other plays show us the physician's life, his professional success, as determined not alone by his relations to his own patients but to the community for whose health he is ultimately responsible, or to external forces and interests with which his work brings him into conflict. In this field, as in so many others, the great Norwegian, who has shown such a keen instinct for searching out the dramatic conflicts which lie hidden under the somewhat drab exterior of our modern commercialized society, was

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the pioneer. Dr. Stockmann, the hero of Ibsen's play *An Enemy of the People*, has discovered that the mineral springs on which depend the whole prosperity of the little watering place in which he lives are infected at their source; only immediate renewal of the whole water system can prevent illness and epidemic. The doctor expects gratitude from those whom his discovery will save from such disaster. But the leading men of the place see nothing but the cost in money and time of relaying the water mains and the loss of immediate gain which it will entail. The doctor's information is received at first with dismay and incredulity, then with indignation. His motives are impugned, his scientific reputation and even his good name attacked and vilified; he is dismissed from his position as physician to the baths; he is, in short, "an enemy of the people." Professor Bernhardi, who gives his name to a play of Arthur Schnitzler's, is as disinterested and noble a man as Dr. Stockmann, but far more intelligent and clear-sighted than he, and he is set against a far wider and more sophisticated background. Schnitzler has given us here not only a scientific hero and a series of the most modern problems and conflicts, but he has also proved the futility of some of our most cherished traditions as to the qualities which a "successful play" must possess. A comedy, Schnitzler calls it, but it is a comedy in the sense in which *Le Misanthrope* is comic. Even if one smiles over the weaknesses and failings of those who should be the leaders of humanity in its struggle to shake off the shackles of prejudice and ignorance, it can be only a bitter smile.

François de Curel has chosen a physician for the central figure of his drama *La nouvelle idole*, but he approaches the problems of the profession from a different point of view, which is ethical rather than social or economic. His hero, Dr. Albert Donnat, is far more a scientific investigator than a physician. He is seeking the origin and cure of cancer with a passion which makes him oblivious of every other aim or duty. His experiments with animals are not enough; he needs to observe the beginnings of the disease in human beings, and he persuades himself that he is justified by the great benefits which will accrue to humanity if the germ is isolated, in secretly inoculating with cancer some

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of his hospital patients who are so far gone in incurable illness that there is no chance of their recovery. One of these patients is a poor and friendless young girl, apparently in the last stages of consumption. By one of those miracles which are never impossible in that treacherous disease, she recovers; but the doctor has done his work all too well. She has a cancer and can live only a few months at the most. Albert is horrified at the result of his experiment, but the fact and his share in it cannot remain a secret and a series of tense and moving scenes show the effects which the knowledge of it has on his colleagues, his family, and on the little victim of his experiment. She forgives him; she is willing to give a life that has never known joy or hope for the good of suffering humanity; she even teaches his wife, who at first recoils from him in horror, to understand the high purpose which has led her husband to this disastrous act. But the doctor feels that he can only prove his disinterestedness, his honesty of purpose, by sacrificing himself as he has been ready to sacrifice others. He inoculates himself and successfully. He will observe and note his symptoms as long as he can, and then another can take up the torch and carry on the work.

In the American play, *Why Marry?* by Jesse Lynch Williams, which had so long and successful a run in New York, the hero is a young bacteriologist and the heroine, a college girl, his laboratory assistant. The action of the play centers about the attempts made by Helen's rich relations to regulate according to their own conventions and traditions her relationship with this, in their eyes, most undesirable young man, and there is much amusing discussion of the value of scientific investigation to the community and to the world, and of the proper rewards for scientific research and discovery as contrasted with those for business or other professional services. It was pleasant to hear the New York audience laugh derisively at the smug self-satisfaction of the representative of "big business", at his conviction that "three thousand is not a bad salary for scientists, college professors and that sort of thing", and that "there is no future in science." The play is light comedy, but with a serious basis of social criticism of a very modern sort; and the Judge, who fills very pleasantly the place of the chorus or the *raisonneur*, has

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the audience with him when he exposes the folly of our present attitude toward a man who, like the hero, has, by his discoveries, "saved more human lives in a year than were lost in the whole Spanish War."

In another comedy, *Das Konzert*, the Austrian playwright, Heinrich Bahr, has given us a delightful study of the modern man of science. Dr. Jura, the brilliant young naturalist, has risen from the ranks by force of talent and industry, and is full of the most modern theories of life as well as of science. Through his marriage with a pretty young heiress he finds himself suddenly a rich man and a member of the upper middle class, but without any of the inherited traditions and conventions which determine the thoughts and actions of his new associates. The way in which he meets each new situation and tries to solve each new problem which life brings by the light of pure reason, of natural feeling and of common sense, and the effect on the other characters of his failure to show the expected reactions, is one of the most delightful features of this comedy.

To speak of the hero of a Russian drama would almost always be a misnomer, but in Andreieff's play *To the Stars* the astronomer Sergius Ternovsky easily occupies the first place. It is a noble if somewhat vague and romantic picture of the man of science as the high priest in the great service of trying to harmonize man with the universe in which he must dwell and which he finds it so impossible to understand. It is in no sense a popular play, but a tribute to the power of science, and to the belief that it can lift man above the sorrows and disappointments of his own life into the realm of the eternal.

Even the archæologist has not escaped the call of the stage, but has been cast by d'Annunzio for the rôle of hero in "that most perturbing of modern dramas," *La Città Morta*. The scene is set on the hot and thirsty plain of Argos, where the young Hellenist Leonardo is seeking the tombs of the ancient kings of Mycenæ. When they are at last found, after days and weeks of unceasing labour and of tense excitement, something of the wild and unnatural passions which rent the breasts of the descendants of Tantalus seems to pass over into those of their modern discoverers. All the relationships of the

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four noble and beautiful people who have gathered there for the work are altered; natural affection changes to wild passion which brings despair and death in its train. It is a strange and terrible story, but full of power and beauty, told in magical prose and set in an atmosphere so vivid that no one who has seen or read the play can ever forget it. It may be decadent and unhealthy; one would say that its motives and passions are as foreign as possible to our materialistic age. Yet for months in Paris crowded houses sat in tense emotion while these four souls worked out their destiny under the shadow of the accursed house of Atreus.

Other plays of like subject might be added to those already discussed, but enough have been given to sustain the contention that the modern world is interested in the man of science and the scholar, that it is ready to enter into his joys and sorrows, his aspirations and ambitions, that it respects and honors his calling and appreciates his value to the community. Certainly no one has a right to stigmatize our age as grossly materialistic, interested only in practical affairs and in men of action, unless he can prove to us that some other has accorded to its men of learning a superior, or at least, an equal place in the mimic world of the stage.

MARIAN P. WHITNEY.

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THE MOTHER OF THE VIOLINIST LISTENS

BY LEONORA SPEYER

She knows that fleet victory of fingers,
And every flight of the Mercury-winged bow;
She does not play herself,
She is not a musician, no,
But is he not her son?

She knows those fingers,
Laughed as they fumbled at the toy fiddle brought to him, her baby,
On Chanuka,
Marveling a little even then;
Knew them at her breast
And before that,
In the warm shadows where they first stirred.

O world of tuneful purpose since then,
Persistent, patient,
O conquered world where he, aloof and lifted,
As on a hill,
Stands with his violin against his face,
Child's face, and boy's, and man's:
O comfortable, lovely world.

She sits alone,
Serene as Buddha in the great building.
So she sat in the Crimean market-place
Among her chickens and red cabbages,
Haggling a little,
Counting her kopeks stolidly.

She knows those fingers!
And yet . . .
There is such sweetness in that bright, edged sound
Cutting into our hearts,
Imperious clamor of four strings rising above the surf of orchestra,
Quivering like heat in the air. . . .

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She pushes from her plump shoulders the fur he gave her,
And beneath,
His diamonds bear witness to the glittering years;
The mother of the violinist listens.

Does one note falter? Fail?
Slip like a star from that steep firmament?
She knows!
The mild face grows intent,
The fur slips . . . slips. . . .

He is her son,
And every pregnant note is hers
To bear,
Like the great pain;
To bear. . . .

O slim and obdurate master of the shining Strad
Held high as harp in heaven,
Your mother listens and her body breaks with birth again;
O aching, silver trumpets,
O screaming larks!

A-a-a-h . . .
A thousand hands strike together,
The sound is arid,
Flat as a sandy road,
In any key.

She smiles:
The English coat looks fine;
And easy to play in, he says.

One concert more,
One concerto more;
He still likes Brahms' the best.

"*Tchudno!*" a voice bawls from a far, slanting bank of faces;
She smiles again:
Tchudno . . . da. . . .

She does not stay to hear the symphony.

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CATHEDRAL

BY ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

Perpendiculars
Stemmed upward, blossoming,
Bend over from a sky of stone.
Stars,
Stars larger than the moon in heaven, swing
Circles of blue and crimson through the blown
And frozen branches of a granite tree.
A slanting rope
Of light unravels fraying into dark:
As of a bee
Mumbles across the gloom and echoes grope
After it following. A sullen spark
Rings from reluctant bronze and smouldering
Flares up and falls.
Silent, an imminence of walls
Leans on the world with overreaching wing.

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NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

TYPES OF MODERN HUMAN NATURE

BENJAMIN CONSTANT. By Elizabeth W. Schermerhorn. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

POINCARÉ. By Sisley Huddleston. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MARY PUTNAM JACOBI. By Ruth Putnam. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

WILLARD STRAIGHT. By Herbert Croly. New York: The Macmillan Company.

The old question whether human nature changes has been found to depend, like many of our intellectual puzzles, mainly upon definitions. It seems clear that fundamental *instincts* do not change. That the general level of intelligence has been elevated appears at least doubtful. But if we mean by human nature *personality*—the interaction of the self with the civilization in which it has its being, then not only change but improvement may be fairly claimed. And this is what really matters. For we *are*, in fact, the sum of our attitudes and acts and philosophies, and we *are not* in any practical sense the (more or less hypothetical) instincts and intellectual potentialities disclosed by a too restricted and abstract analysis. Practically it is hard to resist the conclusion that throughout the modern period there has been a continual change in the direction of better balance between individual desires on the one hand and social or physical restrictions on the other. The modern captain of industry hardly knows the impatience of an Alexander for "more worlds to conquer": despite the shrinkage of distances or rather because of it, the world is big enough for him and to spare. Nor does he tend to sink into the cynicism of an Augustus or the suspicion of a Tiberius. As the modern man lives in a larger universe, his efficiency has increased together with his opportunities. Without raising the question of comparative intellectual power as between the ancient and the modern world, one may boldly affirm that Darius Longimanus could not have handled the affairs of Henry

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Ford. A recent writer has declared that Napoleon Bonaparte could scarcely have performed the work of Marshal Foch—he was not a big enough man! The ideal of Service—however sickening the mere sentiment of the cult may be—has opened up an apparently limitless field for the expansion of the whole human personality. Because of the widening of horizons, sincerity is commoner, bigotry less common than it used to be. Ultimates are clearer; morality is less a matter of loyalty to a group or to oneself. Happiness, therefore, in some form or another, is both more stable and more precious—and stoicism has gone out of fashion.

The change has presented itself to the modern consciousness largely as a struggle for Liberty. But in point of fact it has been equally a progress in self-restriction. The opposite forces of personality and environment, Liberty and Government, have created by the very intensity of their struggle a wider field for the contest—have made more room for themselves and for each other. In common they have brought about an increase of liberty—not in the sense of unhindered desire, but in the sense of *opportunity*.

In view of the enormous practical change in civilization—in the efficiency and in enlightenment of the individual—it seems reasonable to hazard the opinion that M. Poincaré is a happier, because a more moral, man than Julius Cæsar—and perhaps really a more powerful man; that Mary Putnam Jacobi was a greater power for good than Madame de Staël; that Willard Straight was a more effective personality than Benjamin Constant.

Benjamin Constant (born, 1767; died, 1830) belongs partly to the new and partly to the older order of humanity. His life may be divided into two parts, of which the first division is characterized by the extreme of romantic futility. A precocious child, ill-educated, impulsive, affectionate; an unbalanced adolescent, always madly in love, infatuated with women, enamored of his own ideals; a man witty, cynical, disillusioned, but always supersensitive and dependently affectionate, Benjamin seems the last person who could conceivably make a mark in modern life, and it is amazing that he influenced his own era. Even after he had attained years of discretion, there persisted in his personality

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much of the spoiled child; he continued capable of the more or less theatrical *coup* of attempting to poison himself when he felt that due affection or admiration was withheld.

His love affairs seem to have been for years—and to some extent throughout his life—the positive element in his development. Without some feminine influence his mind was infertile. Yet it is a curious fact that he was apparently not of the robustly masculine type, like that of Goethe, which appears to require the stimulus of sex in order to realize its own strength. In Constant's loves, on the contrary, there is always something of the filial, and the strongest emotion seems always in the end to be the fear of giving pain to the beloved. In his amorous relations he did not dominate except as he charmed and bewildered or enforced his will through the tactics of an *enfant terrible*. Yet in Benjamin's frenzies was there much real emotion? Or was it all, as Miss Schermerhorn suggests, in her fascinating life of him, "less a malady of the heart than of the nervous system"?

"During the first part of his life," writes Miss Schermerhorn, "Benjamin drifted; in his second period he was led or driven; and not until the last fifteen years of his life did he develop the initiative which insured definite accomplishment."

During the earlier stages—a prolonged adolescence, one might almost call them—he came under the influence successively of Madame de Charrière, and of the "*trop celèbre*", the high and mighty intellect, the intellectual *tragedienne* of her time, Madame de Staël. The former humored him, spoiled him, deepened his egoism, assisted while she soothed his malady of the soul (or nerves?), but really loved him and gave him that training in *esprit* which sharpened both his wits and his tongue and taught him to establish his defensive reaction toward an unsympathetic world. It seems all very curious and not a little futile. "And what could it all amount to in the end, this intercourse of theirs?" wrote Sainte-Beuve. "*De l'esprit, encore de l'esprit, et toujours de l'esprit.*"

The parting was as natural as it was inevitable if Benjamin was to find his true self. Yet, as represented by Miss Schermerhorn, the whole episode is not without its own pathos and charm.

Coming under the influence of Mme. de Staël, Benjamin was

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dominated and as nearly as possible enslaved. The tyranny was complete, both intellectual and emotional. To Constant, the daughter of Necker seems to have been a Socrates, a Cleopatra, and an exigeant French mother, rolled into one. It is difficult to imagine a more trying and painful situation for a man of mettle. Yet Constant's mettle was of a quality to survive even this. And his inamorata gave him needed direction and really developed his intellect. This man of many loves seems to have married at last—and he married a woman of decidedly common characteristics—largely in an agonized effort to regain his liberty. And even so, his nerve nearly failed him at the last moment.

A weak man, by all modern standards, a personality with all the diseases of pride, egoism, romanticism, and lacking even the release of poetry—for Benjamin was distinctly unpoetical! A drifter, a self-pleasing, whimsical, impulsive sinner, at once unstable and obstinate, a self-tormentor, yet secretly proud of his faults! Nevertheless, he became an influential statesman and has deserved the gratitude of posterity. Goethe said of him, "Whoever recollects what this excellent man accomplished in after years, and with what zeal he advanced without wavering along the path which, once chosen, was forever followed, realizes what noble aspirations, as yet undeveloped, were fermenting within him." A high French authority has called him "one of the most vigorous and brilliant minds of the first thirty years of the nineteenth century", and asserts that "among the best representatives of the doctrine of State Sovereignty as limited by individual rights, none are superior to Constant".

The truth is that Benjamin Constant was essentially a modern. And in the advancement of modern ideas, in which he himself assisted, he found his true function and personality. Almost a successful opportunist, like Cavour, really a man of principle who adapted principles to circumstances and appeared to change policies and parties; often accused of inconsistency and even of treachery—Constant was modern in his passion for true liberty and for toleration. Intellectually superior to most contemporary political thinkers, he was in his day a "Progressive", and he had to tread the hard path of the independent or "mugwump". As one follows his career, one escapes from the close air of the

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salon, from the stifling atmosphere of the eighteenth century, from the lurid climate of the Revolution and of the Napoleonic period, into the common light and air of the nineteenth century day. His feelings and his virtues are to be explained equally by the man's temperament and his period; and Miss Schermerhorn deserves commendation for the exquisite balance she has preserved between the personal and the exterior elements of the story. Poor Benjamin, criticized by his friends, mastered by his affections, despised by his enemies, and damned by his own temperament, is set forth with significance and charm as a personal failure, a public success; and the personality which is half the private Benjamin Constant and half the time in which he lived, becomes a part of the common human story and of that historic life in which we all participate.

From "genius" to man of affairs, from the inconsistent to the too consistent! To his friends Benjamin Constant must have been enigmatic enough, but it is apparently only out of deference to a convention which prescribes that uncommunicative statesmen shall be represented as sphinx-like that Mr. Sisley Huddleston has written of Poincaré the man as an "enigma". Psychologically, Mr. Huddleston's portrait of the former Prime Minister appears to be mainly a problem in the deft avoidance of the too-commonplace in characterization—a remark which does not mean that the portrait is either untrue or devoid of significance. Only in M. Poincaré's character there is really little to "feature", for plain virtues notoriously do not make good features.

Doubtless, the "enigma" is in the whole situation, rather than in the man himself: it is a situation which, like most things growing out of the war, tends to submerge personality, and which calls for the greatest wisdom and forbearance from everyone. It results that Mr. Huddleston has written an excellent book about French and English policies and the Ruhr—a book that might have been even better, one thinks, if it had not aimed to be primarily a portrait.

As for Poincaré himself, he is a plain, unaffected man, lacking all theatrical appeal to public interest. Of unbending rectitude, wholly sincere; a lawyer by training and temperament, methodical and industrious, courageous when he has once taken a stand,

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he has won his way to commanding influence through persistent labor, through skill and pertinacity as a writer, and through unfailing honesty and consistency. The great point is that he truly represents French opinion: even now that he has ceased to be Prime Minister, there is a suspicion that he still does so. To close one's eyes to this fact or to underrate the man in this capacity is a cardinal mistake. His so-called stubbornness, affirms Mr. Huddleston, is "not the stubbornness of ignorance or of indolence, but the stubbornness of intellect and of careful calculation". M. Poincaré performs his historical function almost perfectly; another in his place could have done little if at all better; and he himself is perfectly sincere and logically correct in all that he does. It is not his fault that he did not have his innings earlier—though this, thinks Mr. Huddleston, might have been a good thing, because then his policy would have proved impracticable so much the sooner, and the solution of the Franco-British problem would have been just so much further advanced! Mr. Huddleston, who is, of course, a hostile, though perfectly fair, critic of French foreign policy, really makes M. Poincaré appear magnificent in character and in talent. So far as the Ruhr policy is concerned, his epitaph upon the statesman might be, "He done his damnedest—angels could do no more"—which is, apart from the æsthetics of style, a good enough epitaph for any man.

So far as Poincaré's personality has been the key to the situation, its importance is mainly due, Mr. Huddleston thinks, to two closely associated factors. The former Minister displays, in the opinion of this able publicist, the fixed resolution of an essentially timorous man who finds it difficult to recede from a position once taken. He has also played the part of influential journalist as well as statesman—a combination of functions which Mr. Huddleston disapproves on principle—and doubtless feels bound by his previous utterances: he is "the prisoner of his own propaganda". Too consistent, and yet inevitable—a fact that one may as well accept philosophically!

It is easy to underrate M. Poincaré. In the winning of the war he played a part scarcely if at all second to that of Clemenceau. His reconciliation with the latter statesman was an act

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of real magnanimity. "There are two periods in the history of the Third Republic," writes Mr. Huddleston: "the pre-Poincaré period, and the period which followed 1911; the period during which France was crushed, divided, and afraid, and the period in which she was again strong, united, and fearless. . . . It can hardly be disputed that one of the greatest artisans of the new France, erect, smiling, and serene, was M. Poincaré." A patriot and at the same time a "visionary" who looks forward to ultimate friendship between France and Germany, Poincaré cannot be accused of narrowness or of a want of imagination. If a true comparison could be made between him and many a more showy figure of the past, he would almost surely appear to be one of the greater statesmen. For the rest, a little more tact upon the part of the British Government might have saved the muddle in the Ruhr; and if events have been too much for Poincaré, the same is true of every man alive today.

It is, of course, difficult to see the world today in anything like historical perspective, and hence it is not easy to be just to one's contemporaries. But one's failure to find in M. Poincaré the key to the European situation is rather to his credit and to the credit of our much-abused civilization. Those epochs in which a single personality exercises a dominating sway, or by obstruction holds back events, are not the most blessed. And it is quite possible that there are numbers of rather matter-of-fact public men in high position today who possess greater ability, courage, and vision, than most of the heroes of past ages. Though the difficulties of the world seem at times to call for greater wisdom than is forthcoming, yet character and intellect do develop to meet the changed conditions. One feels fairly confident that with men like Poincaré (or indeed his successor), like MacDonald, or Coolidge, or Hughes—the list could be extended—in positions of commanding influence, tragic mistakes will be avoided.

The freedom of a nation or a people to work out its own destiny in conformity with principle of morality such as men can agree upon—this freedom, as variously conceived by a Poincaré or a Constant, may be of more importance than the freedom of the individual to achieve his appropriate expression in society; but the two are essentially the same. The passion for personal free-

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dom expanding toward an ideal of high service is spiritual force. "Liberty," wrote Mary Putnam Jacobi, "is the very breath of life." Although the career of this remarkable woman was not devoid of difficulties and opposition, still her heredity, the influence of her family, her larger social setting, and the age in which she lived, were all favorable to the successful development of a rare personality.

She was modern in the complexity of the factors that formed her character. These were mainly a thoroughly Yankee heredity, a Victorian background, a French scientific training, and the influence of a grandmother "absorbed in a vivid, militant theology". The result was a character strong, self-contained, and original. As intellectual beings should be, when they live in a free country and in a truly civilized world, Mary Putnam was unconventional but self-controlled, fitting into no formula but capable of reconciling the differences within her. Deeply religious she always remained, although in her twenty-first year she separated from the church which she had joined under pressure of her grandmother's suasion and her own early convictions. Her philosophy became a sort of rationalism united with a warmly humane spirit and held with religious fervor. "Heaven," she wrote, "means the Region of Pure Thought. . . . It is the life of Humanity that is infinite; it is the mysterious progress of Ideas that we understand by the workings of Providence . . . these are the great things of life—union with Humanity, Friendship, Love."

Such a career as that of Mary Putnam was almost unprecedented in her time, yet in the story of her early life all appears to happen simply and naturally. Obstacles yield at the touch of common sense, of talent, and of good nature, and we feel that we are reading the record of a highly civilized and talented woman living in a world that is becoming every day freer and more civilized. It is pleasant to read of how she surmounted the difficulties in the way of her entrance to the *École de Médecine* in Paris and of her success there. And it is with appreciation of her own serious yet gleeful spirit that one follows her through her various social and professional adventures. "It is so jolly," she declares in one of her letters from Paris, "to come to a place and begin

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by shocking the most profound social prejudices of the people and so live them (the prejudices) down simply by holding your own course that they (the people) all come on your side."

On the whole, true freedom of thought—which is at the opposite pole from the vagaries of the imagination or the "wandering of desire"—is the note of her character which rings out with most bell-like clearness. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of self-reliance in one who could write quite casually: "I cannot understand how anybody ever asks the assistance of other people in their thinking. I rarely feel inclined to ask for advice in action and certainly never in thought." This Emersonian utterance is matched by another: "One never can be lonely, if endowed with a certain intensity of intellectual consciousness." Her political opinions took their color from the same trait. Speaking of her association with a group of French reformers (red-hot Republicans), she wrote: "Wherever exists this ideal tone, whether among the Christians in the catacombs at Rome, among the Waldenses in the mountains, among the Pilgrims on Plymouth Rock, among the Socialists at Batignolles, there you have the salt of the earth."

The world is coming to see more and more clearly that except for governmental or administrative purposes, it is idle to assign individual praise or blame. Saint or sinner must bear the consequences of his own errors or defects, and others must bear them too. Successful living is the resultant of forces of personality and of social conditions which make success possible. Discarding a crude fatalism, which would make the thought of helplessness (of all thoughts!) the controlling idea, men are beginning to see that enlightenment and health of the physical, intellectual, and emotional natures are the conditions of righteousness. All share the disadvantage of error, but all benefit by the achievements of right living, for which the whole world, past and present, is responsible. Without indulging, then, in the silliness of eulogy or apology, we may legitimately take pride in the fact that such a life as that of Mary Putnam Jacobi—a life of free though self-controlled emotional expression and of intellectual honesty and freedom—was possible in our time, and we can justly admire the individual life and take inspiration from it. In these

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our days, a more effective direction of impulse, a higher sublimation of instinct, a more inclusive and tolerant mentality exist than have generally existed in the past.

Whether or not the liberty of modern life has been precisely good for the younger generation, is a moot question and one not to be hastily answered. Upon the general problem, the life of Willard Straight may perhaps throw some light. For while Straight did not belong precisely to what we now understand by "the younger generation", being considerably older than the boys by whose side he served in France, yet he had much in common with them. The present generation of young folks doubtless has its faults, serious enough as measured by the standards of its elders, but they do frequently illustrate, as did Straight, the humanizing influence of liberty and enlightenment upon aggressive and sensitive temperaments.

The general impression that one receives from Mr. Croly's competent and sympathetic biography of this lovable young American is that Straight mainly did just as he pleased and pleased to do well. Much repression would have spoiled him. Discouragement on the part of those to whom he looked for approval quickly sapped his spirit. His whole career seems somewhat fortuitous, after the fashion of the modern youth who has to be well-pleased with his job if he is to remain in it. Yet when his imagination was once engaged, he worked with great buoyancy and steadfastness. It is painful to reflect upon how many men of the Straight type must in the past have been frustrated by unfavorable conditions.

Inability to survive or to succeed under any and all conditions is not, however, a sign of weakness; and real strength, as well as adaptability and resourcefulness, is evidenced throughout Straight's career in the Far East. Probably no one else would have made quite what he made of the not very inspiring office of Consul-General in Mukden. Thoroughly familiar, through previous experience in the Customs Office and in journalism, with the Chinese language and with Chinese life and problems, he was well prepared to give effect to his dominating idea that only through the participation of American financiers in the exploitation of the country could China be stabilized and safe-

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guarded from the aggressions of Japan and Russia. "The creation of a strong quadruple banking group would be," he thought, "the best insurance against the old spheres-of-influence idea." Nor was he playing at the game of what was afterwards called "dollar diplomacy"; for the evidence seems clear that the State Department was endeavoring to use the American bankers to further its policy, and that the financiers were by no means attempting to use the State Department in pursuit of their own interests.

The signature of the contract for the Chinese currency loan in 1911 was really a personal triumph for Straight. The Chinese revolution seriously interfered with his plans; Russia and Japan were eventually admitted to the consortium; and a change of administration in the United States deprived the American Group of the support of the State Department, leaving them no practicable course but withdrawal. Nevertheless, Straight originated and did much to realize a Far Eastern policy which, though abandoned by President Wilson, was resumed, Mr. Croly says, and completed by Mr. Hughes. "The most important event in Far Eastern politics since the Chinese Revolution," writes Straight's biographer, "has been the Washington Conference of 1921–22. In substance and effect it approved and confirmed the group of ideas which had prompted Straight's work in China."

The whole story is the more appealing and instructive because one never loses the feeling that Straight was in an especial sense "one of our own"—of our particular age and country. One sees him as the typical college man—lively, humorous, terribly in earnest; always loyal, devoted to work when his imagination and his emotions are involved; and with sufficient pride to carry him through uninspiring tasks; none too patient of bonds; resourceful and far more able than his attitude toward routine work would seem to suggest. In school and in college, Willard Straight easily stood high. But it is said of him that his education failed to arouse in him a vital enthusiasm for the things of the mind. Confronted, however, by a real situation that touched his spirit, he responded vigorously and effectively—as men of his breed and training always will.

CLARENCE H. GAINES.

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BASES OF SOCIETY

THE BIOLOGICAL FOUNDATIONS OF SOCIETY. By Arthur Dendy, D.Sc., F.R.S. London: Constable and Company.

THE GROWTH OF CIVILIZATION. By W. J. Perry. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

THE NECESSITY OF ART. By A. Clutton Brock, Percy Dearmer, A. S. Duncan-Jones, J. Middleton Murry, A. W. Pollard, and Malcolm Spencer. New York: George H. Doran Company.

In all three of these books, representing entirely different fields of endeavor, we are aware of the new principle guiding all lines of investigation, and shaping all ways of thought, that of growth, evolution, process. Such conception of the organic nature of all life and of human institutions, of the unity of life, and of continuity in all human experience, is the distinctive mark of our age. These discussions are among many that make us aware how the doctrine of evolution has touched life and thought to new vitality, quickening, with its suggestions of boundless possibilities of growth, the mind of man in his long search for truth.

The object of *The Biological Foundations of Society* is "to trace to their sources, as far as those sources can be detected in the evolutionary history of the animal kingdom, the springs of human action, more especially in relation to the organization and behavior of human society", and "to show that, from the study of biology, we may derive much that is valuable in the way of actual guidance and inspiration".

The purpose is successfully carried out, and the book is a valuable one, intelligible to the uninstructed reader, full of information, clearly presented, in regard to "the laws which governed organic evolution in the earlier stages, . . . not repeated when man arrived upon the scene". This study of physical development in its various stages, from the beginnings of life up through the more complex processes of growth, through active response to stimuli, and of degeneration through failure to use latent powers, is clear and interesting. The steps in growth are carefully traced, except that, in the study of the cell, the leap from such lower orders as jelly fish and crab to the brain of man seems a long one. One could wish that here and in the discussion of the nervous system more stages of development had been pre-

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sented. The lay reader might, too, excusably, plead for a fuller explanation of natural selection.

The author, in endeavoring "to indicate some points of contact between biology and the moral and political sciences" is finely reserved in making his suggestions. It is a pleasant surprise, in a book with this title, to find a maximum of biology, study of facts, for the most part a careful tracing of processes, and not wordy over-application in which fancy plays a major part. Mr. Dendy is aware of the fundamental problems of ethics, sociology, and international politics; such recommendations as he makes as to their solution, based on study of man in the light of his physical history, give pause for thought, and make us regret that many theorists, ignorant of the organization of life and the laws of growth and progress, have built systems upon the unsure foundation of man as he is not.

Especially interesting in this volume are the remarks about capitalism, the woman question, the family, sacrifice for the sake of coöperation, and equality. As regards the first, he affirms that the principle of capitalism is as old as life itself, that each generation gets a better start than its predecessor because of the habit of accumulating capital. Through this method, in plants and in animals, of sharing surplus energy, progressive evolution has become possible. It has remained for mankind to abuse the principle. That which he has to say in this connection on the woman question should at least command the ear of the present age. In regard to the last point he shows that, with the endless differences in nature in the matter of response to stimuli, and the complexity of all processes of growth, the doctrine of equality is utterly unscientific.

The last chapter, in which the chief application of the study of the laws of physical development to social and ethical problems is made, is especially interesting. By human beings a new environment of mental images and emotions is created, under which the mind builds itself up in much the same way as the body builds itself up under the physical, and this plays a dominant part in progressive evolution, progress now consisting in the formulation of high ideals and the adaptation to these. Discussions of improvement of physical environment, of education

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of the bettering of the social organization, and other topics, leads on to cogent suggestions in regard to the League of Nations. "If the conception of a league of nations be fully realized, we shall then have an individual of the highest order that is conceivable under earthly conditions."

Mr. Dendy is unduly concerned because of the recent action on the part of certain American legislators in attempting to forbid the teaching of evolution. Can anything be conceived which would more surely convince the young of the importance of studying the subject? The book is one that may be heartily recommended to old and young, to people of a scientific and those of a non-scientific turn of mind. The author is no mechanist, but a believer in intellectual and spiritual values as factors in the long progress of the race. "The case against mechanism seems conclusive when we come to consider the phenomena of consciousness." A latent idealism pervades the book. Ethically it is sound and valuable, and nothing in it is of greater importance than its affirmation of belief in the validity of the will. "The power of the will to foster ideas that are beneficial to mental and moral development, and to repress, if not eradicate, those of opposite tendency, cannot be too strongly insisted upon, for it is upon this power that the building up of character depends. . . . Even such simple organisms as the amœba appear to have a certain amount of choice." Sex-obsessed writers of modern so-called realistic fiction, who evidently think that man has none, will please take notice.

There is enduring fascination in following the story of human development in the Old Stone Age, with its use of flint, its discovery of fire, its later fashioning of bone awls and needles, its sculpture, engraving, painting. Something from far away and long ago stirs within one, that submerged shaping creativeness which is in all of us, and which gives to *Robinson Crusoe* its lasting appeal. Quickening of this creative instinct attends the reading of *The Growth of Civilization*, a book not technical enough to overshadow a vacation, but chiming pleasantly with those vacation impulses which draw us back into the Neolithic, bringing a certain refreshment of spirit even as do our play-day activities,

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from learning to build a camp fire to learning to drive a motor car. From the food-gathering to the food-producing stage one follows with sympathetic understanding, and the joy of old tales of adventure and exploration in circumnavigating the globe, in opening up new countries, comes in reading the account of the transmission of early culture from land to land, as adventurers from Egypt, the mother country, questing for gold and pearls, carried their arts and crafts with them, and shared them with more backward peoples.

It is to the land of the Sphinx that, in this treatise, civilization is carried back; possibly this may account for some of its mysteries at the present day. Here was invented the copper chisel which, with its stimulation of the crafts of carpenter and stone worker, meant a vast step forward in human development. Here, from studying the habits of the Nile, men found out the method of irrigation; here flourished workers in gold, makers of pottery, inventors of weaving; here the first calendar was devised. Mind and imagination are challenged and stimulated as we follow the trade routes of these early adventurers, enkindling civilization throughout the world: Crete, whence sprang the culture of Greece; Italy, Spain, France, Britain, Phœnicia, Carthage, India, the East Indian Archipelago, Polynesia, the Caroline Islands, South America—so runs the breath-taking tale of archaic civilization.

Certain convictions are stated at the outset and sustained throughout the study, making us freshly aware of the unity of all life, and of continuity in human progress. There was no spontaneous development of culture in different lands, the author affirms; all peoples, advanced beyond the food-gathering stage, owe their cultural capital to some other community, and, ultimately, all derives from one. That the earliest development of civilization came in the Mediterranean region does not startle the reader; that Egypt, who learned of none, so far as is known, taught all, comes more as a surprise, and doubtless some of the learned dispute the theory.

Certain preconceived ideas are challenged in the book; for instance, that of an early wandering pastoral stage of life, preceding the settled agricultural state. The nomadic pastoral mode, the author states, was a degradation from the agricultural method.

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But the most interesting, and the most important, of these subversive statements is this: that in its early stages society was peaceful, and that war is an outcome of so-called civilization. So is reinstated in our minds the much-derided gentle savage of Rousseau and other eighteenth century thinkers; so is ushered in again, by investigating science, that early age of gold, fabled by poets, which gleams alluringly through much of classic literature. One reads with increasing thoughtfulness the account of the way in which early peaceful civilizations were broken up by irruptions of warriors from outside, and the theory that civilizations have fallen less from internal sources of decay than from the impact of peoples more given to fashioning and using weapons. Closely interwoven with the ideas here presented are those roused by the account of the formation of a class system, and by the coming into existence of ruling dynasties, interrelated, dominant, holding the reins of power in their hands. War grew up with the class state, and is an acquired, not a native, tendency.

This last section of the book, with its affirmation that man is not inherently cruel but becomes educated in cruelty, is the most arresting part of the volume. Two great tendencies are at work in civilization, the constructive, showing itself in invention, in all crafts, in the arts, and the destructive, due to tension that has resulted from the complexities of human relationships, making, often, for discord. It may not be impossible, the author suggests, to frame a society in which each member may live a calm, happy, creative life. To the reader it would seem as if decisive choice on the part of the national consciences of the world not to make weapons of destruction would not be too difficult a step forward for humanity at this stage of development. But, as Mr. Perry says, human progress is extremely slow.

Authentic voices, and voices long awaited, sound in *The Necessity of Art*, the work of a group of English essayists. Something in the inception of the work, and in a certain devoutness in facing both life and art, reminds us of that earlier group who founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Again we feel that art

. . . . might still
Kneel in the latter grass to pray again.

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An attempt to make clear the fact, as the preface states, that "art is essentially religious, meant to express the highest spiritual realities"; that it is not "the mere production of beautiful objects in the realm of matter"; an effort to help the age escape from "that blindness to the eternal values which it has inherited from a quantitative and materialistic phase of thought", suggest the significance of the volume, and the depth of the endeavor.

The first essay, by Mr. Clutton Brock, is a plea for the development of individuality through appreciation and creation of art, for escape from content with pleasure of the senses, and from the tyranny of mere knowing. It is not sex repression but repression of spirit that ails our age, he happily and truly affirms. Unceasing spiritual effort, consciousness of higher aims, are necessary if we are to avoid the danger of "a set of beliefs which, though they are supposed to be scientific, we have contracted rather than acquired, and which, half-consciously held, poison our minds and enfeeble our wills, as the body is weakened by some unknown septic source". The affirmation that we are not selves to start with, but that the self is created by conscious aim, conscious effort, suggests the central doctrine of our idealist-philosopher, Josiah Royce. These are among many notes that will keep the voice of Mr. Clutton Brock still sounding in our ears, after his much regretted death.

Christianity and Art, by Percy Dearmer, and *The Puritan Objection to Art*, by Malcolm Spencer, discuss the misconception that art is irreligious. The former contends that, far from being antagonistic, art has reached under Christianity a significance, power, and beauty never known before. "Beautiful though art has been all over the world, for God has never left Himself without a witness, there is no parallel to the painting of Christendom, except in the exquisite but comparatively limited art of China; little to its sculpture, outside the Greece of a short period; little among all the beautiful buildings of the world to the breadth and richness and content of its architecture, and no parallel of any kind to its music. . . . So far from the Church being opposed to the human form, she required that form . . . for the teaching of her doctrines, because her message was the incarnation of divinity".

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The Art of Movement, by Mr. A. S. Duncan-Jones, is an interesting and suggestive study of Christian music and ritual. *Literature and Religion*, by Mr. J. Middleton Murry, digs far down into the hidden sources of power in life and in art, and ably affirms great truths: that the central fact of existence is man's consciousness of himself as free—he cannot mechanize himself; that religion, a sense of the binding relation between the soul and God, is the deepest emotion of the human soul; that literature, an expression of the free human soul, is fundamentally religious, and sets forth spiritual struggle. He pleads for a new understanding of religion, free, not bound by dogma; interpreted, as everything in life must be interpreted, in terms of growth and progress, the most joyous high adventure of the soul.

In the last paper, Mr. Dearmer, carrying out Mr. Clutton Brock's purpose, develops an idea that one finds suggested in most of the papers, and that, happily, shows the soul of Ruskin still marching on, of art as a necessity, a vital part of the life of the people, not as *The Encyclopædia Britannica* states, "a sort of luxurious fringe to life".

The essays are of varying worth, but unity of thought, feeling and imaginative perception of values pervades the book. The ideas held in common and developed in different ways are great ideas: the essential spirituality of life, and of art as fundamentally life; the individuality and freedom of the human soul; the conviction that real art, springing from that which is deepest in the human soul, is essentially religious. The treatment of the various subjects is full of vitality, broad, suggestive rather than exhaustive. This concerted effort to set forth an idea of a progressive revelation of beauty, goodness, truth, is enriched by insights of great thinkers and poets: Plato, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats, making us newly aware of our vast heritage of thought, and thankful for the fineness of spirit and the insight of those who touch the great messages of old to new life. There is about the book something of the freshness of the moment when the tide turns, and one feels again the stirring of an invigorating breeze.

MARGARET SHERWOOD.

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STUDIES IN POLITICS

HISTORY OF POLITICAL THOUGHT. By Raymond G. Gettell. New York and London: The Century Company.

ROMAN PRIVATE LIFE. By Walton Brooks McDaniel. Boston: Marshall Jones Company.

THE PURPLE OR THE RED. By Charles Hitchcock Sherrill. New York: George H. Doran Company.

HISTORY OF THE TORY PARTY. By Keith Feiling. New York: Oxford University Press.

THE SOUTHERN OLIGARCHY. By William H. Skaggs. New York: The Devin-Adair Company.

AMERICAN DEMOCRACY TODAY. By William Starr Myers. Princeton: Princeton University Press.

DEMOCRACY AND LEADERSHIP. By Irving Babbitt. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

HISPANIC-AMERICAN RELATIONS WITH THE UNITED STATES. By William Spence Robertson. New York: Oxford University Press.

INTERNATIONAL LAW AND SOME CURRENT ILLUSIONS. By John Bassett Moore. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Otanes, Megabyzus, Darius: These three, in the ever vivid narrative of Herodotus, epitomize the age-long history of politics, which is the science of government. In their exchange of counsel at the fall of the Magian, they set forth the three elemental systems, to some of which every national rule has belonged; and belongs today. The three have in almost every age existed side by side. But while in early ages that of Darius greatly predominated, the slow process of the centuries has caused it to decline, and that of Otanes, at first by far the least, to gain the primacy, in name if not always and entirely in fact; though in all time the system of Megabyzus has encroached upon one or both of them, sometimes, perhaps, through benevolent necessity, but usually with pernicious results. But if these three epitomize the science of government, their ramifications and specialized developments have been all but innumerable; many of which, like the shoots of the banyan tree, seem almost independent of the parent trunk.

This latter is the first if not the strongest impression produced by perusal of Professor Gettell's fine *History of Political Thought*, though with it is coupled a certain wonderment and admiration

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of the author for his diligence in ransacking the authorities of the world, and for his discrimination and skill in compacting within a single volume a wealth of material which might have filled many larger volumes without injurious dilution. His purpose has been, commendably, neither that of a propagandist nor of a dry annalist, but that of the true historian who seeks to find and to record truth without regard to the establishment of any preconceived thesis, and who analyzes and expounds that which he records, with relation to its background, its environment, its causes and its effects. For the first time, so far as we are aware, there is thus presented a comprehensive and integral view of the development of political thought, in all ages and lands, displaying it as a coherent unity, just as is the geological or the zoölogical history of the world. It is a book which every political student must take into account, both for the author's own illuminating text and for the veritable thesaurus of references to authorities with which it teems.

An interesting corollary to some of the major themes of Professor Gettell's work is presented in Professor McDaniel's admirable little treatise on *Roman Private Life*. We too often, and of course erroneously, think of old things—for example, in Italy—as having passed away, and all things having become new. The fact is that the life of the people has been more enduring in its characteristics than their architectural monuments. To the average reader, who has not taken this fact into account, it will be almost startling to find from these pages how largely the essential principles of domestic and social life have survived the vicissitudes of time, and prevail today in those regions which were the heart of the Republic of the Consuls and of the Empire of the Cæsars. Changes there have been, no doubt; largely induced by the change from Roman mythology to the Christian religion—though a larger volume than this might be written on the impress which what we idly call the paganism of ancient Rome made upon the Christian church, notably in its calendar, its festivals and its ceremonies. What our author has most felicitously and successfully undertaken to do, however, is not so much to argue and demonstrate the connection between ancient Roman and modern Italian life, as vividly and vitally to

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reproduce the former, leaving it to the reader to make the further analysis and application, and to observe the degree to which the political thought of "the brave days of old" is reflected in the principles and the aspirations of the Italian nation today. The publishers have issued many valuable volumes on various phases of *Our Debt to Greece and Rome*, but none, we should say, of more general interest and practical worth than this.

General Sherrill, in his fascinating volume, instinct with both subjective and objective personality, continues our master theme with a demonstration of the utility of royalty in the twentieth century. Not yet can it with universal truth be told that "God said, I am tired of Kings." The fact is that various kings and queens are very truly and efficiently doing God's work in the world. The manner of doing it, no less than the character of the work itself, differs vastly from that of the days of "Divine Right", though indeed the essential principle of those days, grossly abused then, still prevails. "*L'État, c'est Moi!*" was from one point of view an intolerable arrogance, though it was probably not meant in that sense at all, but in a highly commendable one, to wit, that the Great Monarch embodied in himself not merely the power and authority but also the responsibility and the service of the entire nation. What is of present pertinence is, however, that a modified form of that same identification of the sovereign with the State now serves to inspire and to maintain a national sentiment among those people of monarchical countries who have not yet learned to regard themselves as a sovereign nation. It is the personality of the sovereign, and the tradition of monarchy, that holds the people together until such time as they shall learn the lesson of sovereign democracy. Thus the title of General Sherrill's volume, *The Purple or the Red*, is no mere touch of rhetoric, but is a most practical setting forth of the fact—that the choice of much of Europe is today between the purple of royalty and the red of Bolshevism. The new use for kings which the author discerns, and which he has been studying on terms of intimate personal contact, is to symbolize the continuing traditions of nationality, and to serve as a make-weight for stable and ordered government against the crimson chaos of Radicalism running amuck.

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In no country since the Greece of Plato's time has political thought been so active, so fecund and so significant to the world, as in England. From Rousseau to Napoleon there was, it is true, extraordinary intellectual activity among the politicians of France. But that was for a comparatively constricted period. In England such activity was measured by centuries rather than decades—from the time of Alfred, through such mighty epochs as those marked by Magna Charta, Simon de Montfort, Hampden, the Commonwealth, and the passing of the Prerogative. In England, too, there has been the most noteworthy development of that party system of popular government which we in America long ago adopted as an essential feature of our politics. These circumstances invest with interest, even to Americans of the twentieth century, Mr. Keith Feiling's brilliant study of the *History of the Tory Party;* albeit that famous organization perished more than two hundred years ago. It is of course of the first Tory party that Mr. Feiling writes; that puissant and devoted—even when hopelessly wrong-headed—body of patriotic cavaliers who so largely dominated England from the days of Elizabeth to those of Anne. We may learn little or nothing of political philosophy from them. But we cannot help finding in their story much of interest in our own political conflicts, since it is the story of the first real party warfare in England, a warfare and a party system the effects and traditions of which were transmitted to our own shores in colonial days, and here made marks which time has not yet wholly effaced.

Indeed, the very essential connection between English Toryism and American politics is most impressively and convincingly pointed out by Mr. William H. Skaggs, in the extraordinary volume which he has produced under the significant title of *The Southern Oligarchy.* Some of the worst qualities of both the earlier and the later Tory parties of Great Britain seem to be prevalent, and indeed to have been prevalent for generations, in some of our own States. It is not alone as an earnest American but also as a Southern man, profoundly sympathetic toward and devoted to the welfare of those States, that he writes in righteous protest against a system which rests like a deadly incubus upon one-third of this nation and extends its evil influence over

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the whole of it. To say that the Southern States are misgoverned by a provincial and despotic oligarchy needs no other vindication than the deadly array of facts and figures which Mr. Skaggs adduces, facts and figures from official and authoritative sources and therefore indisputable. The public has heard much from various sources of the limitation of the ballot to from only five to ten per cent of the qualified electorate, of the abuses of child labor, of the horrors of the chain gangs and convict labor camps, of the repudiation of public debts, of the backwardness of education, of the frequency of lynchings and other crimes, and what not else. It is an inestimable service, to the South and to the whole nation, to have the whole story completely, instructively and authoritatively told; and to have it told not in a spirit of railing or censorious denunciation, but rather in one of sympathy and generosity, and of unquenchable faith in the great masses of the Southern people. It is as a spokesman and champion of the South, against the oligarchy which oppresses and despoils it, that Mr. Skaggs has written this tremendous revelation in what deserves to be one of the most outstanding political histories and treatises of this generation, a work which no thoughtful and public-spirited American citizen, North or South, East or West, can well afford not to read.

Another volume which deserves the widest possible reading is Professor Myers's little treatise on *American Democracy Today*. Always conspicuous for the clarity and vigor of his thoughts and of his expression of them, and for what we may, in the best sense of the term, call his power of popularization, the author in these essays discusses precisely those subjects which are today foremost in the public mind, so far as that mind concerns itself with affairs of state—the actual status and temper of American democracy today and its conditions and tendencies; the place of the Presidential office in our political system; the powers and duties of the Congress; the essential functions of the Supreme Court; and the State Governments and their relation to the federal authority. Amid so much loose thinking and looser expression on these subjects, it is heartening to listen to the words of one who has the trained mind of a scholar as well as the intense interest of an active and aggressive citizen. Those who are be-

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wildered—as how many are!—by the controversies over the respective powers of the President and the Congress and the Supreme Court, and by the multitudinous clamor for an overhauling of the Constitution, will find revelation and reassurance in Professor Myers's volume.

While Professor Myers is intensely practical, and makes his appeal to the man in the street as well as to the cloistered scholar, —indeed, rather more to the former than to the latter,—Mr. Irving Babbitt in his *Democracy and Leadership* is profoundly philosophical; which of course is not at all to suggest that he is not also practical. In reviewing the development of democracy, and its condition and outlook today, it cannot be said that he looks through rose-colored glasses. We should not call him a pessimist, but he certainly is an observer who sees the seamy side of political life, and who does not hesitate to call a seam a seam. Perhaps the crookedest and worst seam of all is in our educational system, which he perceives to be dominated by a mixture of utilitarianism and sentimentalism, and in which strong and sound ethical principles are lacking. These evils are most perniciously potent in our higher education, and they result, among other things, in a lack of efficient leadership. And because of lack of leadership, the people suffer increasing infringement upon their personal rights and liberties. The gospel which he preaches is one of sturdy individualism, and positive and critical humanism. In the fashionable philosophies of today he declares himself to be unable to perceive the fundamental truths of the inner individual life. For that reason he dissents from current political and social philosophies, and he urges that if American civilization is to be saved, it must be through the development of a higher type of leadership than our democracy commonly knows, a leadership instinct with aggressive loyalty to those fundamental truths. And in that contention, he is by no means singular or alone. It is a stimulating and thought-provoking gospel that he preaches, regardless of whether it is acceptable to all his hearers or not.

The supreme test of democracy, or of democratic leadership, one might say, is in the conduct of foreign relationships. It is there that the individuality of the nation is most essential, and

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for the accentuation of that factor the personality of a monarch, as General Sherrill has reminded us, still counts for much. We are, however, happily outgrowing the old conception of international treaties as personal compacts between sovereigns, the chief remaining trace of it being in the investment of the President alone with the conduct of foreign negotiations and the framing of treaties, with the ratification of treaties committed to the single and comparatively select body of the Senate, instead of undertaking diplomacy through the town meeting of the entire Congress. This, however, is no more a relic of the old practice than it is a counsel of common sense practicability. How well the United States, as a Republic, has cultivated and developed international relations with its neighbor Republics of Hispanic America, Professor Robertson's opulent volume discloses. Despite the fact that the first fine flush of affectionate fraternity between us and them, inspired by our example in establishing independence and in adopting a written Constitution, by our early recognition of their independence, and by our epochal promulgation of a purely national policy of our own which nevertheless instantly proved to be the Magna Charta of their security —despite, we say, that all this was undone by our brutal stupidity in the matter of the Panama Congress, we have in the last hundred years had a volume of diplomatic intercourse with the countries to the south of us compared with which the record of European diplomacy seems poor and sordid. As this comprehensive record of *Hispanic-American Relations with the United States* most gratefully reminds us, with very few exceptions our dealings with those Republics have been contingent upon peace, while, as we unhappily scarcely need to remind ourselves, a very large proportion of European diplomacy has been consequent upon wars or rumors and dangers of war. This circumstance makes it peculiarly appropriate that this volume should have been prepared under the patronage of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

In discussing *International Law and Some Current Illusions* Professor John Bassett Moore performs a doubly valuable work, in correcting errors and in presenting pertinent truths. Two of the most mischievous of current errors are, first, the notion

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that "old things have passed away and all things are become new"; especially that, in the new conditions of the world and the transformation of human nature itself, old rules of conduct and principles of ethics have become obsolete and the experience and examples of the past are of no further value; and, second, the counsel of despair, that since treaties and laws have been so flagrantly disregarded and broken, it is not worth while to make them any more. Both these suppositions are not only false, but so pernicious as to be grossly dangerous. Bad as was the World War, it was not comparable in atrocity with wars of old. Serious as have been violations of international law, it still controls the world today to a greater extent than ever before in human history. If we take, then, as we well may, Professor Moore's essays as a sort of summing up of the long survey of political development which these volumes before us present, the result is seen to be on the whole optimistic.

Otanes, Megabyzus and Darius still engage in their tripartite controversy. But it is now a Darius chastened, restrained by constitutions, and existing only through sufferance; while it is an Otanes possessed of the courage of his convictions and vindicated by successful experience; and as for Megabyzus, it is entirely the fault of the others that he exists at all.

WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON.

RECENT FRENCH BOOKS

LA PRISONNIÈRE. Par Marcel Proust. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

L'EQUIPAGE. Par Joseph Kessel. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

LA MAISON NATALE. Par Jacques Copeau. Paris: Nouvelle Revue Française.

DEUX HOMMES. Par Georges Duhamel. Paris: Mercure de France.

ARICIE BRUN, OU LES VERTUS BOURGEOISES. Par Emile Henriot. Paris: Plon-Nourrit et Cie.

Modern French literature that tends to be radical, or as they say in Paris, "of the advance-guard," is attacking a different order of problems from that which chiefly preoccupies the young school in America. Here, novelty for the moment seems to arise

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from the turning of a vision sharpened by a rediscovery of old truths toward a society the structure of whose relations is based on an idealism that corresponds no longer to the extraordinary variety of our population. In France, a not dissimilar movement occurred some fifty or sixty years ago: M. Homais lived not far from Main Street. But to-day, the moral shock of the war and the tremendous upheaval it has caused in Europe, combined with recent troubling developments in science and philosophy, have made men doubt the very texture of their own inner nature. Not only is there an old order to be overthrown; a new rhythm of thought and feeling must be found if readjustment to the future is to be possible.

The new rhythm has not yet been achieved—unless perhaps by Marcel Proust. His work is obscure and often repellant for those of us whose moral and intellectual formation was completed before the war. The two latest volumes of *A la recherche du Temps perdu*, *La Prisonnière*, are even more monotonous than those that have come before: interest in such an insufferably commonplace person as Albertine is extremely difficult to maintain, Yet there is more than intellectual snobbery in the flash of gratitude that illumines the French schoolboy's eyes at the name of Proust. He has found, it would seem, in these pages without paragraphs, a response to his unavowed longings, perhaps also a balm for the wounds inflicted by the harsh and fixed world of self-sufficient grown-ups into which he is being projected. For back of the very real novelty of Proust's conception there hides this insidious doctrine implied in all his work: happiness is to be found by the refraction in beauty of ever-changing reality through our ever-changing self; and only on condition that neither our will nor our convictions come to obscure or deviate this fascinating process. Of course one must have the prism. But it is easy for youth to be sure of this.

These two volumes are taken up largely with events of the winter after Marcel had captured Albertine and "imprisoned" her in his family's apartment, his mother being in the country. Albertine is, to be sure, in herself, absolutely uninteresting: but the image of Albertine, as refracted through the prism of Marcel's jeal-

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ousy, is less so; and when for a time Albertine is forgotten, and it is a question of the morning street cries of the old Faubourg drifting in on Marcel's late-lying idleness, or of the death of Bergotte at an exposition of Dutch painting, even the oldest of us may well forgive him many a yawn.

The most evident originality of Proust in these volumes lies in the naïve unexpectedness of his associations: "in our inner life, all is interwoven and superimposed," he says. That he should call "hello-girls" the divinities who preside over the telephone, or that he should compare young ladies resting by their bicycles to immortals leaning on a cloud, is not surprising and perhaps a little flat; in such sentences as "the eternal pantomime of panic terror has changed so little that this old gentleman, victim of a disagreeable rebuff in a Parisian drawing-room, reproduced unconsciously the few schematic attitudes in which early Greek sculpture represented the fright of nymphs pursued by the god Pan," the analogy is at least piquant. But when it occurs to him to go for enlightenment in his relations with Albertine to the treatment of the cook Françoise by his old aunt, his proceeding is certainly unusual, and such comparisons as the following are not readily explainable:

> But if the former salon (of Mme. Verdurin) seemed to (Brichot) superior to the present one, it was perhaps because our mind, like old Protæus, unable to remain a slave to any one form, even in the social world, slips suddenly away from a salon brought slowly and with difficulty to its point of perfection and prefers to it a less brilliant one, just as the "touched-up" photographs which Odette had had taken by Otto, where she appeared elegantly robed in a princess gown and undulated by Lenthéric, pleased Swann (her husband) less than a little "album picture" taken at Nice, in which, dressed in a cloth cape, her disordered hair escaping from a straw hat embroidered with pansies and adorned by a knot of black velvet, although really twenty years younger (women looking generally more faded in less recent photographs) she seemed a little parlor-maid twenty years older.

Such sentences are undoubtedly the revelation of an extraordinary mind. For the older reader, however, the labor necessary to understand them seems ill rewarded by the mediocrity of their effect, and he will turn with relief to clearer passages. But the sentence quoted should not be passed over too hastily, for it may well be an excursion, painful but courageous, into the mode of feeling of to-morrow.

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L'Equipage, awarded the Flach Prize for 1924, is one of several war books that have appeared in the last few months, and undoubtedly the best of them. It is the story of an *escadrille*, that arm which seems to have taken all that is left of joyous action and glorious freedom in war, a story of men quick to decide, ever ready to dare, living in graceful frankness the hours that may separate them from death. A modern aviator is to a modern soldier what the king of Greek tragedy is to the hero of a Balzac novel: high above circumstance, he is free to carve his own destiny. But M. Kessel has been careful to avoid false heroics. His plot is intertwined in the life at the front without ever affecting the military side of it. A handsome youth leaves the rear, his parents and his mistress, and joins an escadrille. There, he forms a warm friendship with a lieutenant twenty years his senior who is timid, awkward, self-conscious, easily wounded. He is tortured not only by embarrassment with his comrades, but by doubt as to the love for him of his young wife. During a leave the young aviator discovers, to his horror, that his mistress is his friend's wife, and on his return to the escadrille, he cannot prevent this painful secret from becoming gradually apparent to the anguished husband. During the last battle of the Marne, the older man, pilot of the machine that carries them both, arrives, in the midst of a flight, at the absolute conviction of his wife's infidelity, and seeks death for them both in battle with the enemy. Escaping as by miracle, he brings the plane down in safety only to discover that his friend is dead, his temples pierced by a flying bullet.

"Sometimes he went, of an evening, not to a vaudeville or a moving picture, but to the theatre: he represented a lost age." Thus, in the characterization of one of his amusing puppets of the kind "that Pierre de Coulevain calls *Vieille France*", does the most "modern" and most flippant of French novelists dispose of the French drama. But it was with a feeling of real sadness that America learned, a few weeks ago, that M. Jacques Copeau was giving up the *Vieux Colombier*. Opinions may differ as to the dramatic achievement bearing the name of Jacques Copeau. The high seriousness of his purpose and the inspirational power of his faith are proven by the new and passionate vitality that the

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drama has taken on, the world over, in a multitude of little theatres whose original foundation is due to his influence. (The world over, but not in France? Can it be that a man is never a prophet in his own country?) Almost as if it were a legacy to his thousands of admirers, M. Copeau has published this year a play throbbing in intensity, swift-moving as passion is swift, perfect in the fullness that only meditation and inspiration can give.

It is the story of a provincial family living in the house beside the factory which they own. Years ago the head of the family was forced to withdraw from the business because he dreamed of other things. He gave his daughter in marriage to his foreman, who has since managed the enterprise. An admirable executive, hard but just and good, his workmen have accorded him a willing and entire coöperation. He has ruled, and his reign has brought prosperity and success. But in his home, things have been different. His father-in-law, despised as a weakling, is relegated to a garret-room where he plays all day with a theatre of marionettes; his wife has worn out her youth in serving her husband, faithful, loving, submissive, ignored; his two older sons, drawn by a longing for they know not what, stung to revolt by parental hardness, have run away and are lost; the youngest son, doggedly resentful, hides his secret dreams in silence, and when questioned, lies; the child daughter, bruised but not broken, suffers and wonders.

Hersant dies—that is the play. He too is cut deep by the eternal misunderstanding which his fierce and irritable energy is too proud, too hard, to dissipate. Who will continue the business? An uncle, called in consultation, puts the question bluntly to young André, the natural successor. He refuses. Why? He cannot explain. Then comes back Maxime, the oldest son, with the stick and bundle of the wanderer:

I am thirty years old, and I am not even a man. I have done nothing useful, my decisions have all destroyed each other, the effort of one day never continued that of the day before. I have given none of my labor or of my love. I am ashamed of myself. But I know that the choice of a man's work is important, that God does not allow any and every thought and does not bless any and every task. I hate and renounce all that attracted me. I thirst only for submission, for patience and monotony. I swear to you that I have found nothing in my wanderings so fine as the three great trees before the church, or so beautiful as your face that I have never ceased adoring, my mother.

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She takes him upstairs to pray beside his father's body: "André: 'The coward! Oh, the coward! I am going! I am going!'" He picks up Maxime's bundle and stick, and walks slowly out of the house. The tragedy is in the agonized repetition of the pronoun. "The self is hateful," says Pascal.

M. Georges Duhamel has published another whole volume devoted to that strange creature Louis Salavin. Readers of *Confession de Minuit* and *Les Hommes abandonnés* will remember him, type of the eternal failure, plaything of a hundred diverse and contradictory petty vanities, petty spites, petty obsessions, forever sinking under the crushing and melancholy load of his unconquerable moral weakness. This time Salavin has found a friend (the motto of the book, printed on the cover, is the first line of that delicious fable of La Fontaine: *Les deux Amis*), a friend whose situation in life is exactly similar to his, like him a modest employee of a well-established house. But there the resemblance ceases: where Salavin is weak, Edouard is strong; where Salavin is sad, Edouard is gay; the work so hateful to Salavin is the joyous bread of life to Edouard. But Edouard admires Salavin, for there is in his nature a poetry unsuspected of the cheerfully prosaic: and Salavin is overwhelmed with astonishment and satisfaction to have found someone who admires him. Gently councilled, lovingly cherished by their wives, they become inseparable, then ecstatic, too little considerate of each other, finally quarrel and break forever.

M. Duhamel's work is primarily psychological. At least that part of it which is purely artistic, the evocation and transformation of the milieu in which his characters move, is definitely subordinated to the description and analysis of their mental states. One would not go to his work for the atmosphere of that most charming quarter of Paris in which Salavin lives: the Montagne Sainte-Geneviève. Much rather to Hugo or Balzac. No, the value of his work is in the analysis and exposition of man in what he has of most universal, the inner self, and in that he is close to the French classics. His manner of conceiving man is clearly and definitely opposed to that of those among the moderns who think according to Freud (the successor of Hoyle), in that he believes in

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the essential unity of character, and in that he refuses to reduce all mental disturbances to a sexual cause. Note that in the story both Edouard and Salavin are happily married. Their "sex life", as we say so horribly nowadays, is normal, and continues so throughout the whole adventure of their friendship. And each successive episode of this strange friendship seems to make firmer, more complete the original conception of the characters of both men. For Salavin, this is the third volume in which he has continued to appear essentially himself. But as a novel is not after all a scientific demonstration, the reader will be convinced or not in so far as the figures give or do not give the impression of real humanity. For his pleasure it is perhaps desirable that he allow himself to be convinced, for the friendship of Edouard and Salavin is vastly more encouraging as to the stuff that men are made of than that, for example, of Proust's M. de Charlus and Charlie Morel, more in harmony though the latter be with the latest discoveries of psychology.

The French Academy has awarded its Prize for 1924 to a book whose sub-title might be translated *The Oldfashioned Virtues.* The book is *Aricie Brun, ou Les Vertus Bourgeoises,* by Emile Henriot. Like many others that have been appearing with increasing frequency, it is what the French call a "regionalist novel", for the scene is laid at Bordeaux. Unlike, however, the works of François Mauriac, Raymond Escholier or Georges Imann, its virtue is not in delicacy of style or accuracy of treatment, but in that it is a generous, unashamed, near-historical reincarnation of a whole group of people who live in the age when exactly that method of writing was most appreciated. No vain subtleties, no fatuous rounding of luscious phrases. An ample, moving story of a family of provincial merchants, neither better nor worse, more nor less remarkable than those who surround them, hardy, serious, limited, for the most part, but the sort of natures of whom one feels: "a nation made of such people is destined to endure". Aricie Brun is born in 1824, and dies in 1914. Her aunt and her grandfather both lived longer than she. She is the servant of her family, and indeed the saying of Jesus to Martha is the only passage of the Gospels which she has never been able to accept.

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Twice close to marriage, missing it once through the death of her fiancé, again through her inexplicable renunciation in favor of her more fortunate cousin, she grows old in the service of her relatives, her mother and brothers, then her aunt and uncle and their children, incidentally her brother's children and grandchildren. "What makes in my opinion the worth of the ever-sacrificed Aricie Brun," says the author in his preface, "is that unconsciously, by her constant fidelity to her own nature, this white-haired Antigone appears the living expression of those old-fashioned virtues, austere certainly, unpretentious and far from brilliant, but made up of foresight and reasonable prudence, of altruism and modesty, of a high conception of duty triumphant over right, of pious respect for domestic tradition, and serving that ideal which is the preservation of the family and the home. Let us love those calm virtues of bygone days. They have made our France for us."

It would be venturesome to attribute either a particular or a general significance to any of these books, still more so to attempt a prediction of the future from them. None can be said to be the product of a school nor illustrative of a current of artistic endeavor. "Anarchy", perhaps, as older Parisians would have it, but not death. All are the result of sincere meditation, of a real and living contact with the world. And an art that has the sinews of long life within it.

PERCY CHAPMAN.

KING CARBON

THE COAL INDUSTRY. By A. T. Shurick. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

THE BLACK GOLCONDA: The Romance of Petroleum. By Isaac F. Marcosson. New York: Harper and Brothers.

Just as "the eye is not satisfied with seeing, nor the ear filled with hearing", so the modern world is not content with its present power. The more coal it finds, the more it burns; and the more oil it drills, the more it wants. There seems no end to its capacity for consumption. Machines beget more machines, and these live on coal and oil. In the United States alone 15,000,000

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automobiles are forever stopping at filling stations to drink up gallons of gas, and a million tons of coal go up in smoke each day. In the mad rush for power no one stops to see whither we are bound, nor even to inquire into what is left to us. The world cries "more, more!" and our miners sink their shafts deeper and the drillers drive new wells.

Of the two industries—coal and oil—the former is by its very nature more staid. Coal has been used for heat and power for many generations and its production is more or less stable, whereas oil is as volatile in production as it is in nature—a veritable child of the twentieth century. This may explain why Mr. A. T. Shurick's excellent and informative volume, *The Coal Industry*, makes less of an appeal to the imagination than Mr. Isaac F. Marcosson's romance of petroleum, *The Black Golconda*. Both are valuable books for the layman, and both should be read by anyone interested in either industry. Mr. Shurick with admirable clearness and simplicity describes the coal industry in all its phases, from the discovery of the veins and the sinking of the shafts right through to the factory and the family kitchen. Based on long years of familiarity with the subject, his book is full of instructive information, confined almost exclusively to production in the different American fields. It contains a series of statistical tables that give a wealth of facts covering all phases of the industry.

Mr. Marcosson, on the other hand, approaches his subject not as an expert technician, but as an expert journalist. And to his credit be it said that he has produced a volume of fascinating interest. Although he too deals with some of the technique of the industry, the most interesting portions of his book are devoted to the rôle which oil is playing in the affairs of the world. We are in the age of oil, and today oil is power, oil is empire. In peace as in war it has become a vital necessity, for our entire civilization now depends upon it to such an extent that were our sources of supply completely cut off tomorrow, not only would our 15,000,000 automobiles run down, but most of our locomotives, steamboats and other machines of all sorts would have to stop for lack of adequate lubricants. We are prone to forget that oil is used to smooth the movements of countless millions

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of mechanical devices, as well as to furnish the heat for their propulsion.

Of the romance of the oilfields most persons have already heard much. Mr. Marcosson's book adds many interesting items about the luck that attended certain men who "struck" oil, and about the fortunate few who held oil lands when a boom proved successful. So also does he tell of those fools of fortune who parted with their savings to professional wildcatters such as the notorious Dr. Cook of North Pole fame. He sketches the lives of the successful oil kings here and abroad, and tells of their co-operation during the war.

But the most interesting, and perhaps the most romantic, of all his chapters are those which deal with the great oil war in which three nations have taken a principal part—the United States, Great Britain and Holland. He describes some of the battles fought all over the world—in Oklahoma and the Orient, in Mesopotamia and Mexico, in China and Colombia. How the longheaded foresight of the British led them to stake their claims to the best oil deposits—outside of the United States—throughout the entire world is graphically told by Mr. Marcosson, and how Mr. Hughes earned the sobriquet "Secretary of Oil" in endeavoring to protect America's interests abroad. Incidentally, as one reads the history of his fight against British and Dutch monopoly, and of his protection of Americans seeking oil reserves to supplement our already partly exhausted supplies, it is not hard to see that the day may come when the term "Secretary of Oil" will be an honor instead of a reproach.

Mr. Marcosson makes a strong plea for a consistent American oil policy. "We have been exhausting our stores for the benefit of all the nations of the world while they have left their petroleum resources largely undeveloped," he says. Here is the whole matter in a nutshell. Not only have we gone about the production and consumption of oil with our usual devastating wastefulness, but we have furnished other nations freely from our rapidly dwindling reserves. The British and Dutch learned the lesson of oil before we did, and since the armistice (and even before) have captured practically all the available reserves of oil throughout the world. This does not mean that they have actually

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driven wells and stored the petroleum. But it does mean that they have prospected and obtained exclusive concessions, and when we have sought equal rights for ourselves and others in new foreign fields, they have resisted and resented our insistence on the policy of the "open door".

In 1921 Secretary Hoover summed up the problem as follows:

> As a result of a survey of our own and the world situation, it is evident that our domestic sources of oil will last only a generation at the present rate of exhaustion. Meanwhile foreign nations are rapidly preëmpting the available foreign oil-bearing territory. Unless our nationals reënforce and increase their holdings abroad, we shall be dependent upon other nations for the supply of this vital commodity within a measurable number of years. The truth of the matter is that other countries have conserved their oil at the expense of our own. We must go into the foreign fields in a big way. Though individual initiative will count for much in the location of deposits, the larger American end will be served by concerted action in production.

There is now greater coöperation in oil expansion. The Department of State has repeatedly championed the rights of Americans abroad. But even so, the American producers are handicapped by the lack of a consistent foreign policy such as Great Britain has put behind her oil producers overseas.

It is hard for the American—especially in a time of falling gasoline prices—to realize the connection between his flivver and Mr. Hughes's fight for the open door in Mesopotamia. And yet the war of oil has had and will continue to have a direct bearing on the ease and speed with which Americans rush about. As our reserves run down, the price of gas will run up—unless we are able economically to replenish our stores from foreign fields. This is part of the romance of petroleum which Mr. Marcosson has so interestingly described. To read his book is to have a new sense of the power of economic imperialism. Incidentally, it helps to disassociate the word "oil" from the evil connotations which it has recently acquired in the realm of politics and world affairs.

NICHOLAS ROOSEVELT.

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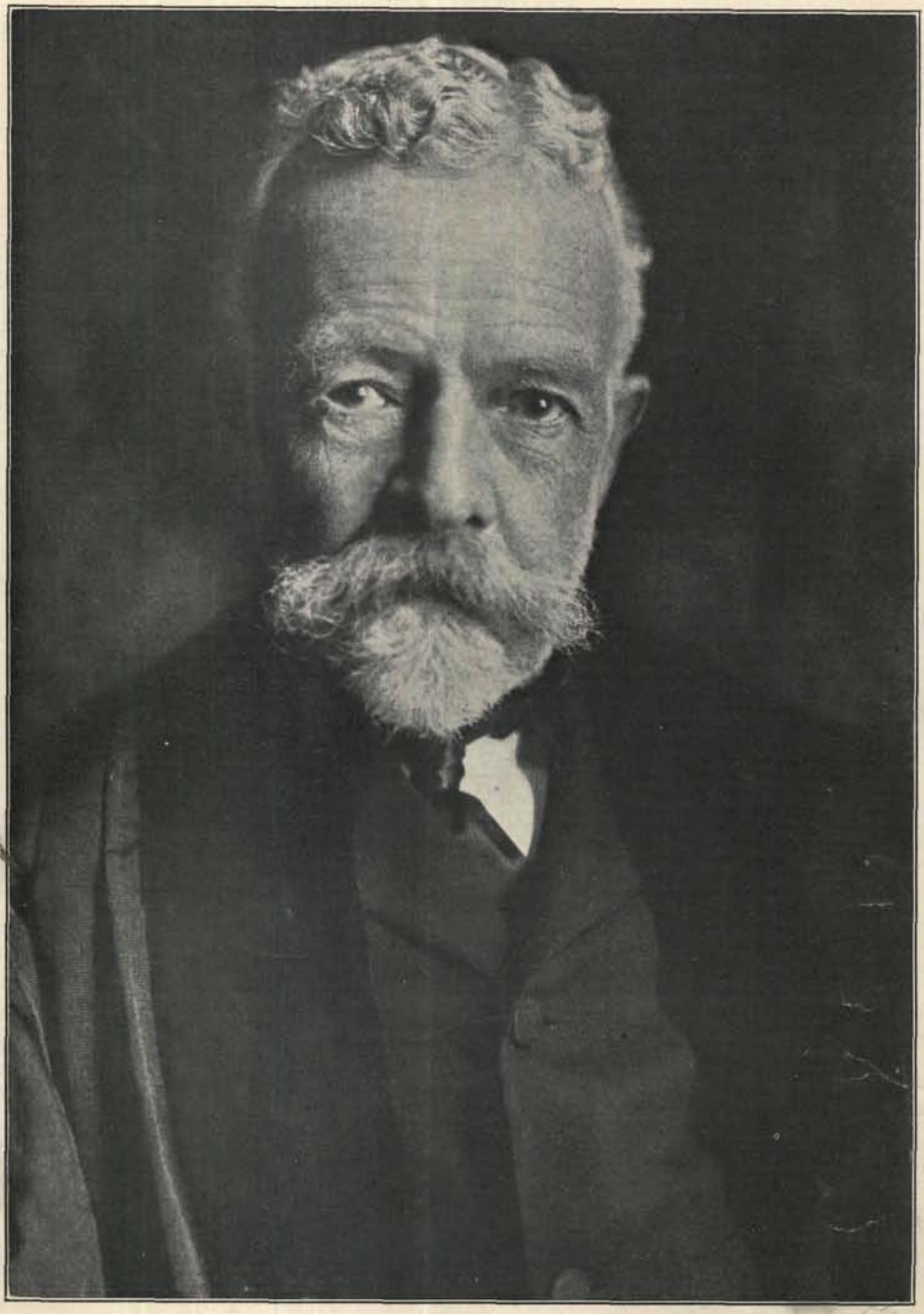

HENRY CABOT LODGE

1850-1924

EDITOR OF THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, 1873-1876

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